



messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 26– Number 2

June 2008

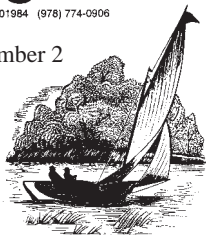
Special Features This Issue
“No One Owns You Here” – “Sea Snakes and Caviar”
“Back River Journal of 1855” – “Origins of Canoe Building”
“Dolly Varden” – “The Limits of the Speed Launch”



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Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



Howdja like the "Snubbin Thro' Jersey" serial run in the last three issues? A holiday outing in a chartered coal barge on a commercial canal in New Jersey 120 years ago. What a slice of life as it was lived by those who could afford it then. And now all gone. I am drawn to these tales of times long gone and so they keep turning up on our pages from time to time. In addition to enjoying the way the writers used the language, I find the engravings used prior to the advent of the photo offset printing process so evocative of the times they illustrate, more so than photographs would have been somehow. The engravings were works of art and the engravers were artists imaginatively enhancing the scenes beyond what today's photo images can achieve.

In this issue I launch another serialization of a long ago adventure tale afloat. It's entitled "Chief Factor James Anderson's Back River Journal of 1855." This one is quite different than the Snubbin' tale for it is the log of a task assigned to one of the Hudson Bay Company's managers (factors) in the Canadian Northwest to have another look for the lost Franklin Northwest Passage Expedition. Following on the recent "Utokok Odyssey" featured in the April issue, it provides an interesting comparison of small boat travel in the far north country 153 years apart.

John and Lynn Sperry's modern day canoeing adventure alone in the sub-arctic was enabled by being flown in to their put-in and flown out from their take-out and had some potential of communicating with the outside world via VHF radio contact with occasional overflying aircraft (the ubiquitous cell phone being useless with no towers network in the region). They successfully carried out their recreational adventure unassisted, but had anything major gone wrong there was some potential for summoning assistance.

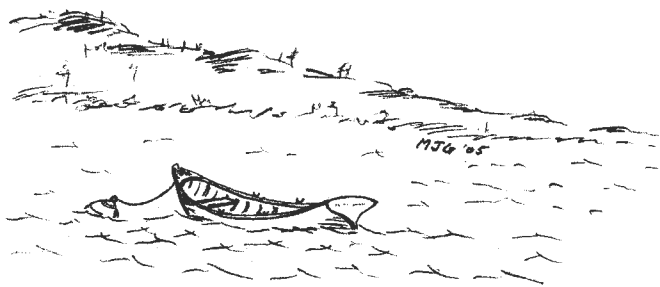
One hundred and fifty-three years earlier James Anderson led a crew of the Hudson Bay Company's local hirelings and native guides from Great Slave Lake in the Canadian Northwest to the Arctic Ocean via the Back River, a canoeing expedition that was a job of work, not a recreational outing. Anderson was already at his put-in managing company affairs in the region far from the civilized world that had assigned him there to supervise the gathering of precious furs for Europeans. His task was to look for the missing Franklin Northwest Passage Expedition, itself a good example of how, when anything went wrong beyond the capability of the expedition to cope with, there was no recourse to help from the outside world. Eventually concern for the expedition's fate arose from its failure to arrive at its goal or to return in failure.

Anderson's expedition went forth with the same need for total self-sufficiency for it was only a few years after Franklin had disappeared. His crew was entirely on its own but it did follow a river route to the Arctic Ocean pioneered a few years earlier by British soldier George Back who had been assigned the task of looking for Franklin, and established that the river which since bears his name did indeed lead to the Arctic Ocean near where Franklin's remains were eventually found.

What I like about this sort of narrative is that it is written in the protagonist's own words at the time it took place, revealing his view of the ambience of his time and place. As you read on through the succeeding installments (if you choose to do so) you'll feel how the experiences routinely described accumulate and build into a real understanding of what it was like when men were out there on their own, utterly relying on their own skills and those of contemporary natives to accomplish their tasks or journeys. Just doing their jobs, not adventuring for its own sake.

On the Cover...

Canoeing adventurer Dick Winslow takes us on another of his outings on the wilder waters of the Maine woods in this issue, savoring the freedom from life's everyday demands that he finds in that natural solitude.



From the Journals of Constant Waterman

By Matthew Goldman

The southernmost suburb of Dublin, on Dublin Bay, is known as Dalkey. The Dublin Area Rapid Transit whisks you from Dalkey, describes an arc around The Bay and, after numerous summary stops, deposits you at the end of its line in the fishing village of Howth. If you find the unmarked public way, you can climb the unpeopled headland via sheep paths that part the yellow gorse. From the breezy summit you will look down at the lighthouse on its rock and, to your south, see most of Dublin and across the Bay to Dalkey.

They say that on a clear day you can even see Holyhead in Wales, across the Irish Sea. But they also say that from Dingle on a clear day you can see Boston. Especially after nightfall from inside the pub.

I used to fly over to visit my sister at Dalkey in early autumn. By then the tourists had all departed and Dublin had resumed its unhurried ways. The large pink hotel in Dalkey stood nearly vacant. The public houses catered again to mostly local folk.

When I say that my sister's home overlooked the water, I mean you walked down her broad front steps to the flagstone terrace, took four steps to the waist-high wall, and startled at a breathtaking drop of 80 feet to the shingle straight below. Visitors bet on the time remaining 'til a storm undercut her precipice and tumbled her house to the sea.

You could swim from my sister's beach once you waded among the slippery stones. A winding and irregular set of steps ascended the hill nearby where it wasn't so steep.

Dalkey has a public swimming place, a huge outcropping that runs down into the ocean. The only way out of the water consists of a steel ladder anchored to the ledge. Going in, of course, one can dive, the rock shelves off within a few feet of the sea. Only men used to frequent this swimming spot, nobody wore bathing suits. That has recently changed, albeit slowly, naked women are taking over the rock.

You can swim in the sea in October without your extremities turning three shades of purple due to the Gulf Stream. This tropical influence keeps the seashore moderate all winter. Dublin, 700 miles north of New York, rarely experiences frost. My sister had palmetto trees that flourished in her yard. The sea stayed so warm we used to boil our eggs for breakfast by lowering them in a colander over the cliff at high tide, although it took them nearly ten minutes to cook rather than four.

One day we visited nearby Glendalough, the site of Saint Kevin's monastery, dating from the sixth century. What remains, including a magnificent round tower, stands stark and stunning amid a wood, artistically set off by ascending pastures. The lough, limpid, placid, and rural, invited us. The sandy bottom sparkled. We shucked our clothes and went in. It felt a bit colder than the Irish Sea, bracing and delightful.

Later we climbed the hill beyond and followed the narrow stream that feeds the lough. The hill becomes rather abrupt, the stream becomes, in places, a vertical torrent. A vigorous waterfall has scoured a hemispherical basin from the solid rock to several feet in depth. What could prove more entertaining on a bright October day than a quickening dip in a sunny hillside pool? Again we stripped off our wrinkling clothes. The smoothed rock basin, pale in hue, reflected the sun back through the swirling water. Nothing obstructed the bottom. We waded knee deep among the surrounding rocks, then flung ourselves in. By the time I had waded in knee deep I could no longer feel my toes. I dove in and surfaced beneath the waterfall.

I understood then how a lamb chop feels when you take it from the frying pan and thrust it into the freezer. The Gulf Stream, somehow, hadn't made it quite as far as this pool. My hands and feet no longer responded to repeated frantic messages from my brain. I turned and floundered back to the bank. My fingers and toes would not obey, I hauled myself out with my teeth.

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You write to us about...

Activities & Events...

No-Octane Regatta

The Adirondack Museum, Traditional Arts of Upstate New York, Adirondack Watershed Alliance, and the Town of Tupper Lake will host the No-Octane Regatta on June 14 at Tupper Lake, New York, on Little Wolf Lake. Bring your canoe, kayak, guideboat, or rowboat for a day of fun! Races and demonstrations begin at 11am.

On the Water activities include workshops on traditional canoe paddling and a youth boating workshop and demonstration of classic gunnel paddling.

Friendly races scheduled include: Kayak Races, Hurry-Scurry Race, Dump Race, Pick-up Relay, Guideboat Races, Bang-and-Go-Back Race, Doggy Paddle Race, Canoe Races, Sailing Race, Jousting, and a War Canoe Race. A Grand Parade of Boats will wind up the day's activities.

Demonstrations and children's activities are planned throughout the day on land.

Off-Site Activities include a Nine Mile Race on the Raquette River organized by the Adirondack Watershed Alliance on Saturday, www.macscanoe.com or (518) 891-2744, and a Paddle Making Workshop on Sunday at the Adirondack Museum at Blue Mountain Lake, cdavis@dublinschool.org or (603) 731-3701.

For further information contact the Adirondack Museum at (518) 352-7311, or www.adirondackmuseum.org



Philadelphia Wooden Boat Festival

I want to let you know that the Philadelphia Seaport Museum at Penn's Landing is hosting a "Wooden Boat Festival" June 14-15. I am coxswain for the *Kalmar Nyckel's* ship's boat *Little Key* (the guy you photographed at St Michaels last October with the "Colonial cell phone"). We hope to be part of the Philadelphia event which will be in-the-water. The sandbaggers *Bill* and *Bear* are the headliners for the event but the Museum is trying to get a good representation of traditional watercraft to take part.

Dave Dawson, Northampton, PA

Editor Comments: We have no details from the Museum.

North House Folk School Courses and Harborside Wooden Boat Display

Our North House Folk School in Grand Marais, Minnesota, has ten courses on boat building still remaining in 2008. Full details can be viewed at www.northhouse.org or our course catalog can be ordered by mail.

Also, owners of all types of wooden boats, novice or professional boat builders, paddle makers, restorationists, and sailors

are welcome to bring their boats to display during our Wooden Boat Show and Summer Solstice Festival June 20-22. The Harborside Wooden Boat Display is a great opportunity for boat builders and wooden boat enthusiasts to gather and share insights about their watercraft. Log on to www.northhouse.org special events page to learn more.

North House Folk School, PO Box 759, Grand Marais, MN 55604, (888) 387-9762

Summer Sailstice

Just came across copies of your publication in San Francisco and thought it would be a good place to invite small boat sailors to join Summer Sailstice, a global celebration of sailing, on the weekend of June 21-22, the longest sailing weekend days of the year. Begun in 2001, Summer Sailstice was created as a holiday just for sailors to be celebrated wherever you sail in the Northern Hemisphere. To participate sailors need to simply sign up at www.summersailstice.com <<http://www.summersailstice.com/>> and then go sailing on that weekend. The website allows you to post your sailing plans, invite others, or see what other sailors are doing in your area. Whether you've just launched the boat and are taking the summer's maiden voyage or you're in the middle of your racing season, you can sign up to be part of this global celebration of sail.

By signing up you're also eligible to win prizes donated by Hunter Marine, Sailtime, Moorings, West Marine, Hobie, Offshore Sailing, Sunsail, and other marine businesses. Prizes include a one-week BVI charter with the Moorings, a Hobie Kayak, a sail at one of Sailtime's 30 bases, and over 300 other prizes.

For more information email john@summersailstice.com or visit <http://www.summersailstice.com> <<http://www.summersailstice.com/>>

Also, for 2008 join us again in a virtual circumnavigation to save the seven seas! Summer Sailstice has teamed up with The Ocean Conservancy to help inform and mobilize sailors in support of ocean conservation. Join the celebration and support healthy seas as you sail.

Sail Locally, Celebrate Globally

44th Annual Antique Boat Show and Auction

Fabulous Fifties: Rock Around the Dock is the theme for the 44th Annual Antique Boat Show and Auction August 1-3 at the Antique Boat Museum in Clayton, New York, in the Thousand Islands Region on the St Lawrence River. Restored, original, and reproduction antique boats, along with unique vintage motors and engines from the automotive-inspired boat designs of the 1950s will be featured. The 2008 Boat Show honors all boats that have ever earned Antique Boat of the Year and Small Craft of the Year to compete for the Best on the River Award and the Queen of the River Award.

For those on the outlook for boats and parts there is the auction conducted by Antique Boat America on Saturday. Here can be found both project and collector boats. Throughout the weekend the Nautical Marketplace vendors will be selling engine parts and unique chrome pieces sought by the home restorer.

Sunday concludes the weekend with a Grand Parade of Antique Boats which will include the featured Fabulous Fifties boats as well as the Best on the River and Queen of the River antique boats, cruisers, runabout, and St Lawrence skiffs.

And the Antique Raceboat Regatta

Quest for Speed is the theme for the Antique Raceboat Regatta August 15-17, an opportunity to witness bygone outboards, classic hydroplanes, and antique inboards from the last century carving high speed turns on the flyby course adjacent to the Museum's shoreline. The public will have the unique opportunity to visit the pit area and meet the owners and drivers of these historic boats. Antique motorcycles and vintage race cars will also be on display.

The 21st Century Club Sponsorship opportunity offers the privilege of riding in one of the famous raceboats as well as seat and snacks on the private viewing porch.

On Saturday evening vintage raceboats and other racing memorabilia will be auctioned and several Legends of the Past will be honored. Peruse the Marketplace all three days, sit in on a forum, and each evening catch the spectacular St Lawrence River sunset. Bring your cameras and sunscreen for a memorable experience.

Antique Boat Museum, 750 Mary St, Clayton, NY 13624, (315) 686-4104, www.abm.org

Eastern Messabout in New Jersey

If you would be so inclined could you put an announcement in you magazine about the second annual Eastern Messabout to be held at the Hawk Island Marina in Delanco New Jersey. The dates are June 27, 28, 29. For more information the link is <http://geocities.com/sneakeasykatie/index.html>.

Steve Bosquet

Adventures & Experiences...

Too Late Now

When I was a kid on the Lower East Side of Manhattan during the '30s I used to roam the waterfront down to Wall Street. I am probably the last one around who can say that he had observed the last "working" Whitehalls close enough to touch. Time is closing in on me so I better move, my kids will think that a "Whitehall" is some kind of new tire. The NYC waterfront was quite large and active, spread out to Brooklyn, Greenpoint, East Side, West Side, Jersey side of the Hudson and we haven't touched Staten Island, all nooks and crannies with many crotchety individuals. Researchers have never even skimmed the top. Too late now.

Stan Markocki, Port Washington, NY

Information of Interest...

Good Old Boat Galley Book CD

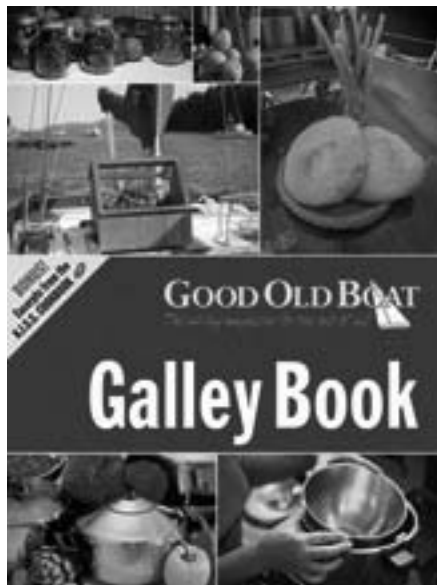
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like your boat's galley. Since the magazine was founded ten years ago, the editors of *Good Old Boat* have recognized that it takes skill and a sense of humor to produce meals in a cooking space smaller than most shore-side bathrooms. Many of the galleys in the early fiberglass boats lacked amenities such

as ovens, adequate stowage space for food and utensils, and coolers that stayed cool for the duration of a weekend cruise.

No oven? No refrigeration? No ice? No problem! From the outset the magazine began running articles about life without a cooler, baking bread on a stovetop, and pressure cooking. These articles and many more have been collected into a useful volume on a lightweight CD known as the *Good Old Boat Galley Book*. The volume is further enhanced by a bonus collection of tips, tricks, and recipes from Corinne Kanter's ever-popular *KISS Cookbook*.

Additional topics covered by articles in PDF format on the CD are drying foods, canning meat, what to do when the salad is gone, harvesting the bounty of the sea (fish and shellfish), making your own yogurt, growing sprouts, how to raise herbs aboard, preserving cheeses on extended voyages, simple bread recipes for small ovens, one-pot meals, solar cooking, conserving water, provisioning, storing and preserving the food you catch or collect, stove fuel alternatives, and the bare necessities if your mini-galley is in an even smaller trailerable boat!

If you are a cruiser or soon will be, many of the subjects covered and recipes contained in the *Good Old Boat Galley Book* will be highly useful, even if your boat's galley is a well-equipped and modern miracle. This collection of articles also emphasizes the coping skills important for circumnavigators and long-distance cruisers. It's \$19.95 and available from *Good Old Boat*, http://www.goodoldboat.com/books_&_gear/collections.php



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Columbia Trading Company has offered nautical books and artifacts since 1983 (they are one of our original advertisers—ED). In 2007 we moved to 1022 Main St (Route 6A), W Barnstable, MA 02668, and we invite summer visitors to Cape Cod to visit us. We have one of the largest collections of used and antiquarian maritime books for sale in the United States, along with an interesting assortment of related art, antiques, ship models, and ephemera. Our Cape Cod store on the historic Old King's Highway is open throughout the year with regular business hours according to the season and subject to staff availability. Appointments are welcome

any time. Please call in advance if coming from a distance (508) 362-1500.

Our catalog, a simple list of 500 to 600 recently acquired new and used maritime books, is published about six times a year and distributed by mail to more than 1,000 collectors, researchers, hobbyists, sailors, historians, libraries, and other institutions, dealers and readers.

Our entire inventory of new and used books and most other items are listed on our secure website, www.columbiatrading.com, where customers can search for specific items, browse by category, and order. We are glad to provide images of items that are not accompanied by photos on the website.

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Opinions...

Higher Levels

John Sperry has taken us to a higher level with his contribution, "Utukok Odyssey" in the April issue. Chartering a bush plane to transport a collapsable canoe above the Arctic Circle? I'd call that a full-on expedition. Surely it is very demanding to maintain poise inside a tent with one's wife while waiting for entry of the grizzly bears just outside. Mountaineers have a term for such as that, exposure.

Bravo also to Shemaya Laurel for "Gimp Cruising, A Team Effort" in the same issue. She made it out for more nights aboard her sharpie last season than most of us did, I'd wager, in spite of daunting physical limitations. Now that's the right stuff. Cheers to you, madam.

Walt Donaldson, Tallahassee, FL

Projects...

One-Sheet Boat

I have to thank you for posting the note I sent you about my search for information about the One Sheet Speakeasy, "Hunting Down That One-Sheet Boat" on the "You write to us about..." pages in the March issue. I received a note and a couple of pictures from Bob Dailey soon after I got the March issue. I have since gotten the plans for that little boat and plan to build it after I finish a couple of other projects around here. Thank you, again, for posting that note.

Bayard "Stix" Cook, Orlando, FL

New Gundalow to be Built

The Gundalow Company of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, has scheduled the construction of a new gundalow to begin this spring at Strawberry Banke in Portsmouth, to be built by master shipwrights and volunteers using timber from New Hampshire and Maine forests. Certified by the US Coast Guard to carry 40 passengers on educational trips on the Piscataqua Region's rivers, the new gundalow will provide a unique experience on a regionally significant historic vessel while fostering

awareness of regional heritage, traditional skills, and coastal marine life.

Further information is available at www.gundalow.org

The Gundalow Company, Portsmouth, NH

College Memories

A recent newsletter from my old college alma mater reported on an engineering class involving students building boats which could transport maximum cargo across a swimming pool within a tight time limit, and the winning boat (pictured) reminded me of the "sled" I built back in my days there (1942-48). It was built of two sheets of 1/4" masonite and two 14" wide cypress boards. Barge design, 10hp Johnson, slick bottom, it would get up on a plane fine but would not turn until I put some 1"x1" strips on the bottom.

Maurice McIntyre, Mobile, AL



Best Possible Arrangement

My father and I have a 17' Simmons Sea Skiff framed up in his garage. Ever since he retired and I left boat building as a career I now have the best possible arrangement. I show up on Saturdays, we make an enormous mess, I go home, and he spends the rest of the week cleaning it up, sanding glue joints, putting tools away, and preparing for the next step. I show up the next Saturday and we do it all over again. This has worked for us building two Shellback Dinghies and now the Simmons.

I am now keen on building Bolger's Long Micro for our next project and would like to obtain copies of several articles about it listed on your online archives.

Remember, a boat in the harbor is safe but that's not what boats are built for!

Seth Benn, Lantana, FL

Editor Comments: Our archives, listing the contents of all issues from 1983 through 1999 can be found on our website messing-aboutinboats.com. There is a \$5 minimum charge for up to five articles, additional articles are \$1 each. This covers our costs for removing each issue from its binder, marking the desired article(s), lugging each issue to the local copy shop with our other copying needs, making the copies, and mailing them. The articles themselves (thousands of them) are not on our website, only the index. There is no index from 2000 to the present, I have no time nor funds to have this work done.

This Magazine...

More Meat

After three of the new monthly issues I have to tell you how much I like the changes the monthly format has brought. Larger articles have more meat that the added space allows. Hopefully you will continue to find such good content. Keep up the good work!

Ron Carter, Branch, MI

Of Boats: On the Collar

How It Was
in One Newfoundland
Fishing Community

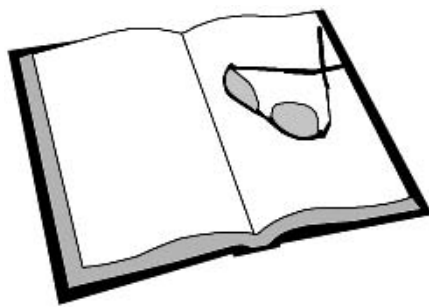
By Hilda Chaulk Murray

Flanker Press, St John's, NL, Canada, 2007
info@flankerpress.com

Reviewed by John C. Nystrom

Bob Hicks handed a book review over to a NON-BOATER, a near landlubber! I'm not really a bad person, I'm just a beginner in the watercraft world. I confess that my boating experience has consisted of a Canoeing Merit Badge earned at Boy Scout camp, two short outings on large sailboats, the occasional kayak or canoe rental on vacation, and two "sailing lessons" on friends' small sailboats. One of those "lessons" consisted of Dave Gray (Polysail International) chasing me around a small pond in his electric Hot Tub while I mismanaged one of his Puddle Duck Racers. My fascination with boats (like my *MAIB* subscription) is only about two years old and my first boat, a PD Racer, is approaching completion in the garage. Dave suggested I contact Bob about a possible article on the growing fleet of PD Racers here in Indiana, before our call ended I had conned Bob into letting me do a review for him.

Of Boats On the Collar is about a Newfoundland fishing community and the boats they built to fish their local waters. The half of



Book Reviews

the book that concentrates on the boats, boat builders, and boat building had its start as a graduate research paper the author wrote in 1970. She was able to interview the fishermen and builders, often relatives, before their passing and collected tools, molds, and models.

The Collar refers to good holding ground just offshore where the fishing boats were moored overnight (Elliston, Newfoundland, faces the open North Atlantic, in winter the boats were hauled and engines removed for storage). The pictures of the Collar tell both the story of the transition from sail to engines and the ultimate demise of the cod fishery. The circa 1920 pictures show more than 60 boats, most with masts visible, moored on the Collar. The 1928 photo has less than 40 boats with no rigging showing, though the author states she saw the sailing gear still carried in the '50s as backup in case of engine failure. The 1970 snapshot shows only three boats still on the water, and now there are none. The fishing stages and fishing rooms are, likewise, now all gone from the shoreline around Elliston, Newfoundland. I felt like I was back on the California coast, growing up in the 1960s, watching the fishing boats disappear from Santa Cruz and Monterey and the fleet shrinking in Moss Landing, Half Moon Bay, and all along the West Coast.

One of the main reasons I loved reading this book is the author's description and illustrations found in the chapters "Building a Boat" and "Suiting Style to Need." In the last two years I've read a dozen different descriptions of traditional boat building processes but now I can "SEE" it and have a better understanding of building from either molds or half models. This was some accomplishment for someone whose grasp of boat construction looks at a Bolger/Payson Brick as an advanced project! Those chapters cover not only the motorboats used for fishing the traps just offshore but also the "rodneys," the local name for the rowing boats, also locally built, used to get from shore to the motorboats moored on the Collar. The author's drawings, the photographs of the boats working that she collected from the local community, and her interviews with local boat builders and fishermen more than justify getting hold of this book.

The other half of the book covers the history of the Elliston community, the fishing methods, especially trap fishing, fishing stages and rooms (this is the first time I was able to adequately picture the things Farley Mowat describes in *The Boat Who Wouldn't Float!*). For someone who's understanding of the history of the cod fishing industry was once limited to romantic visions of school-

ners and dories, this book was a delight and a thought provoker. This was a great companion to be reading alongside Phil Bolger's recent series on proposals to save community, fishery, and way of life in New England. Hilda Chaulk Murray has recorded for us a community that is now changed and especially the work boats that are now gone.

Cabot Island

By Gary Collins

Flanker Press, St John's, NL, Canada
2007 - \$15.95
info@flankerpress.com

Reviewed by Ron McIrvine

The east coast of Newfoundland is very rugged and it is wide open to strong storms coming unchecked out of the North Atlantic, one of the world's stormiest oceans. The coastal terrain contains many reefs and shoals just waiting for the unlucky mariner. In the 19th century the government of Newfoundland began installing lights and lighthouses in the most treacherous locations around the island of Newfoundland. Cabot Island, off the east coast of Newfoundland, lies just west of the most dangerous nest of rock, reef, and shoal ground on this lowland coast. A large lighthouse was installed on Cabot along with a foghorn to warn vessels away from these uninviting shores. In the 1950s the site was manned by a keeper and an assistant keeper. A large residence was built containing two complete sets of living quarters.

At the time of this story, November 1954, the Cabot Island light was manned by two brothers, Alex and Bert Gill, both from the little village of Newtown on the Newfoundland east shore not far from Cabot Island. Alex was the keeper and Bert, the youngest, was assistant keeper. They were both married with families who lived in Newtown. Alex and Bert got along well and were very close. They were born and raised on nearby Princharde Island. This is a true story of the love between two brothers, a love that perseveres in the face of death.

It was on November 27, 1954, the brothers were alone, their families having returned to Newtown, and the weather was beginning to break down. A storm was moving in from the NE when tragedy struck. Alex died suddenly and Bert was left to care for the lighthouse, his dead brother, and his grief for Alex. Because the storm swells made the use of a boat impossible and their only ship-to-shore radio was broken, Bert was isolated and very easily could remain so for days until the ocean swells calmed. The storm continued to worsen, keeping Cabot Island isolated and without radio communication. Bert fell back on unusual methods of communicating his brother's death to the people of Newtown.

The book is not long (154 pages) but it is a touching story, a true story, and it makes you think. There is a map to enable visualizing the geography surrounding the story, and at the end of the book are 18 black-and-white photos showing the lighthouse, surrounding coastline, and a picture of Alex Gill and one of Bert Gill.

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Maine Boatbuilders Show – 2008

By Greg Grundtisch

It has been over ten years since the lovely and talented Naomi and I attended this show. We found ourselves in Maine this past March to pick up a Tomcat hull (see following report). So as long as we were going to be in the neighborhood we thought we would stop by and have a look at the show. This happened to be the same show that we had the good fortune to meet Mr Bob Hicks and his lovely and talented bride Jane back in 1997 or thereabouts.

At this 2008 show we were very surprised at the number of large, high-end boats built mainly of fiberglass. They are very nice, well-made boats with some beautiful wood interiors and trim. But they were built and designed for folks with six and seven figure incomes. There were few builders or boats that would interest the average middle-income boater, and even fewer built of wood. We did find a schooner that was being restored in the show building (see following report).

WoodenBoat magazine had a booth, as did *Down East* and *Points East*. Some of the boat building schools were there such as The Boat School of Eastport, Maine, and the International Yacht Restoration School (IYRS) from Newport, Rhode Island. Typical of the several small wooden boat builders there were Beetle Inc and West Point Skiff. Pert Lowell Co also had a display of their very pretty Town Class sailboat, (aka a Townie) along with their mast hoops, dead-eyes, and other related products. They do make a very fine product, none better. I've been using and recommending their hoops for years. They also make the world's largest mast hoops.

All in all it was a very different show compared to the one we attended over a decade ago. At that time there were many builders of smaller wooden boats of all descriptions. Some full-time builders, some part-time

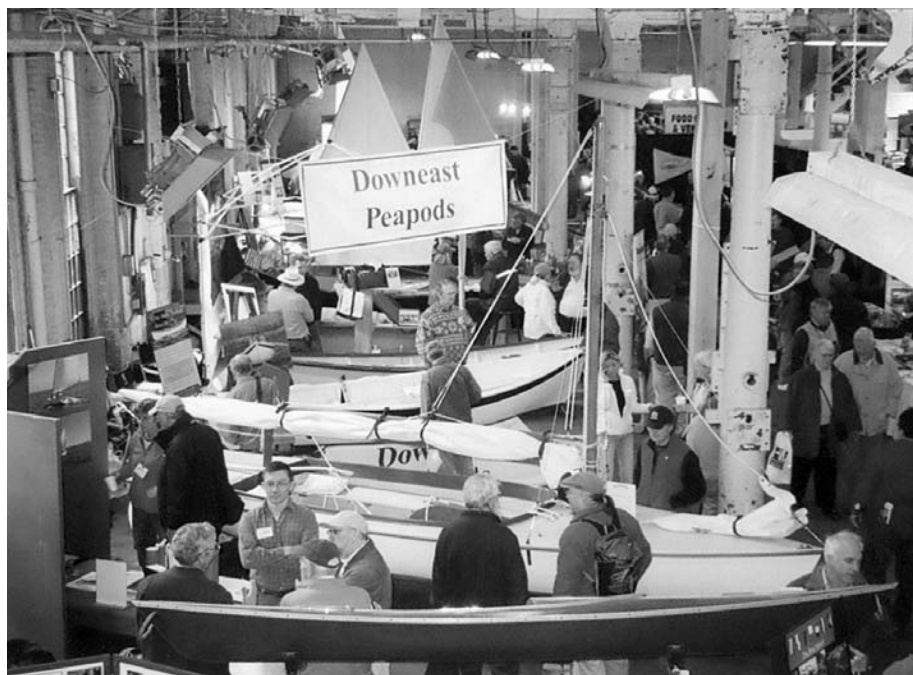
building just a boat or two a year, and some accomplished amateurs as well. It was a show with products and services geared toward the average "workin' squid." Back then there were plenty of displays, presentations, and boats that a small boat messer would find interesting and possibly affordable. It was worth spending a day or two looking around. Now, if you have a ton of money, by all means see this show. You will enjoy it and see some very well-made and beautiful boats. But you have to love plastic.

I have read about these changes over the years, the big guys edging out the little guys, buying up the main floor space and causing the prices to rise out of the reach of smaller builders. Just like the big box stores killing small town businesses. It's too bad that happens. Maybe someone will promote a boat builders' show that features smaller boats and builders to the exclusion of the big guys.

To see lots of small wooden boats and builders, professional and amateur, one should attend the Mystic Small Craft Workshop at Mystic Seaport in Connecticut, the Mid-Atlantic Small Craft Festival in St Michaels, Maryland, and the Florida Gulf Coast Small Craft Festival in Cortez, Florida. But they are not "shows" intended as gatherings for builders to offer their boats for sale.

On a more positive note in regard to affordability, the "food court" had excellent food that was very affordable. For me it was the best part of the show. One other positive was the guy selling two plywood skiffs at the front door. They were built by kids at some school. They looked good and were well built. The price was \$500 or best offer. One couldn't ask for a better opportunity to get a good deal on a boat. I went back 15 minutes later thinking I would buy one. Gone!

Happy sails!





The author at the helm nearing Flamingo.



Everglades Challenge – 2008

By Ron Hoddinott



Bill Fite rowing through Florida Bay channels.

Moonshadow on Tampa Bay with mizzen staysail.



Four West Coast Trailer Sailors Squadron members participated in the Watertribe's Everglades Challenge this year. Noel Davis crewed for Gary Blankenship aboard Gary's *Frolic 2*, John Johns sailed his Hobie Adventure Tri, and Bill Fite and I sailed his SeaPearl 21 *Moonshadow*. John dropped out due to a broken pin in the Mirage drive of the Hobie, Noel and Gary finished eighth, completing the course in four days 20 hours and 41 minutes and Bill Fite and I finished third overall in three days 11 hours and 35 minutes.

The race for us featured mostly northeast and east winds between 10-20 knots and we raced to Flamingo in two days and seven hours, which is close to a record, but Florida Bay held us up for over 15 hours with its wicked mud and strong opposing winds in the channels that have to be used to get through to Key Largo. When the wind finally shifted just a bit more to the south on Tuesday we sped through the rest of the way and finished before sundown on Tuesday.

Some very well-known and accomplished sailors were in the race this year including Randy Smyth, who is a world famous sailor. Randy was sailing a trimaran of his own design which he claimed could potentially do 45 knots! It was very light and carried a lot of sail but broke up in the seas on Sunday off of Naples.

The winners of the EC this year were two sailors in a Tornado 20, Steve Lohmayer and Jamie Livingston, who have done a lot of long distance sailing in their catamaran, including the Worrell 1000 and the Tybee 500. They finished in under two days, a new record of one day 11 hours and 48 minutes. Second place was last year's winner Graham Byrnes sailing his own designed EC 22 *Southern Skimmer*. Graham and Randy Marshall finished two hours ahead of *Moonshadow* and at one point on Monday night were mired in the same channel that we were about one mile away. The night featured no moon and we had no idea that they were so close.

Would we do it again? At this point I'd have to say yes. It was a lot of fun and also very physically and mentally challenging. We also expect that there will be a lot more SeaPearls on the beach next year with two-person teams!



Second, third, and fourth place crews, all on cat ketches.

Preamble - Pogo and Fort Mudge

In case you aren't a fan of the now defunct comic strip "Pogo," I'll explain. In the imagination of cartoonist Walt Kelly, Fort Mudge was the Okefenokee Swamp home of a good-natured possum named Pogo, a cigar-smoking alligator named Albert, and a host of their critter buddies. Their allegorical insights into politics and human nature were wonderful. Once, after seeing the pollution spewing from their new industrial project in the swamp, Pogo sadly uttered, "We have met the enemy and he is us." My all-time favorite Pogo line is, "We are confronted with insurmountable opportunities."

Another Preamble: The Okefenokee Swamp

The Okefenokee Swamp is one of the finest wild places in North America. Most of its 700 square miles are protected as a National Wildlife Refuge. Opportunities for getting into the swamp are limited to a few isolated interior campsites for overnight stays and several access points on the perimeter for day trips. There's little solid land, most of the interior campsites are wooden platforms built over the water. Reservations are required and only one party is permitted at a site at a time. By combining reservations at a string of sites it's possible to do a long route through the swamp and never pass anyone other than possibly the people leaving the site you're approaching. The number of people eager to camp means that reservations made months in advance are a necessity. The Park Service vigorously enforces the limited-access camping system. Since day trippers are constrained by time and distance, the interior of the swamp is a wonderfully wild and isolated place for the fortunate few campers.

Some Perspective on the Story

Years ago a friend and I came across two folks from "up North" at a boat landing on the edge of the Okefenokee. I've often thought that they paddled away thinking that they'd encountered a pair of genuinely crazy Southerners on a holiday from a state-supervised facility. T'aint so. There's a reasonable explanation. Maybe they'll read about it here and consider another trip to the South.

The Story

About 15 years ago my friend Rosemarie and I decided to write off the New Year's celebration in favor of a canoe trip in the Okefenokee but we had no camping reservation. So we pitched the tent at Laura Walker State Park on the edge of the swamp and planned to make day trips. It was a diluted version of the adventure we'd hoped for but at least we'd have hot showers each night.

In those days my only boat was a 17' LoweLine aluminum canoe. I had been shopping for a Grumman canoe when I found a deal on the LoweLine. A Grumman aluminum canoe can be recognized by the flush rivets that reveal its aircraft company heritage. In contrast the LoweLine's protruding wart-like rivets gave it the look of an antique boiler. And if weight is a virtue, then that boat was saintly. On the positive side it had a substantial capacity for cargo. It helped me realize that camping could be far more comfortable than the masochistic backpacking marches I'd been doing. More comfort just requires taking more "stuff" (here's solid evidence of one man's evolution).

Messin' About on the Way to Fort Mudge

By Don Abrams

Rosemarie's old Volkswagen beetle and my canoe had roughly equivalent "stuff" capacity. So packing was easy. We simply loaded things into the VW until it was full and then tied the canoe on top, knowing that we had no more than a boatload of stuff. We'd loaded the car up pretty well for this trip.

We arrived at the state park in plenty of time to set up camp, locate the showers, and settle ourselves at the picnic table to enjoy a sunset sip of good bourbon and a fine dinner of holiday leftovers. The local troupe of raccoons provided a lively floor show and expected payment in table scraps. I stuck to my policy of not feeding wild things and they eventually left. But a few hours later we found that the tent was front row center for the raccoons' marathon performance of the swamp adaptation of "The Texas Chainsaw Massacre." If you've never heard the raucous commotion of a pack of quarrelsome raccoons, imagine the cartoon Tasmanian Devil's family reunion.

In spite of the nocturnal racket we got an early start the next morning. We followed the scrawled instructions a good old boy had given us for finding the tiny landing on the northeast side of the swamp. The weather had been dry and the VW bounced nimbly along the lonesome sandy road. We saw only a single road sign nailed high in a pine tree. It was a plank crudely cut into the shape of an arrow pointing in the direction we were headed, with "Ft Mudge" hand-lettered in white paint. Pogo lives? A few miles later, just as we were deciding that we were on the wrong road, the road ended. There wasn't much to the landing, just a narrow crumbly launch ramp and a brown sign prohibiting littering, hunting, and camping. We unloaded the canoe and congratulated ourselves on having such a quiet and beautiful place all to ourselves.

That's when the other folks showed up, a couple in a shiny, squared-away looking Subaru wagon with Ohio plates and a slick high-tech plastic canoe on the built-in roof rack. They were obviously disappointed to see us, too. They soon told us that they'd secured a five-day reservation back in the early fall and had been anticipating and preparing ever since. Those two were organized to a tee. All their gear was stowed in color-coded and labeled waterproof bags and boxes with snap-on lids. Each one had a specific place in the canoe where it fit perfectly. As he relayed items to her she deftly placed them into corresponding slot in the canoe. I swear they'd rehearsed back at home, maybe in the living room while driving snow banked up against the windowpanes and their furnace gulped heating oil. They had the boat loaded in two minutes flat, before that Subaru's engine had quit making those cooling-down ticking noises. There was still room among the tidy containers in the canoe for a small calf. She unfolded a crisp map, he pulled out a beautiful Silva pocket compass, and they conferred.

We, on the other hand, were wrestling with the tangle of stuff we'd tossed haphazardly into the VW. I was rooting through the back seat and calling out the names of things

as I wrenched them from the jumble. Rosemarie was choosing from the offerings and tossing the selections into our canoe. There were the obvious necessities; paddles, life jackets, cushions, bailer, rope, water bottles, rain gear... Then the fun things; two enormous 35mm cameras, camera bags, a 400mm telephoto lens, tripods, lens bags, binoculars, bird books, small cooler, fishing rod... and lunch.

As I passed out the selections, we rhapsodized over the smorgasbord of leftovers from our various Christmas and holiday dinners; ham, turkey, oyster dressing, boiled shrimp, and pork ribs. "Cinnamon rolls?" Rosemarie asked hopefully. I found the package of my mom's famous homemade rolls and tossed it to her. "Those would be good with an espresso," I suggested. Yep, we had a small propane stove, mugs, coffee beans, a hand-cranked grinder, and a small Italian espresso pot. "Brandy?" "Oh, yeah. The glasses are behind the rear seat."

The Ohio folks were frozen alongside their canoe. Their mouths hung open incredulously. Their wide-open eyes darted between the austere order of their sleek canoe and the chaotic luxury of our boat. I knew then that those carefully packed containers held nothing more interesting in their five-day food supply than freeze-dried beef tips and rice. Rosemarie had the VW's trunk lid open and couldn't see the sad scene. "Belgian chocolates?" she called. I saw the tears form in that Ohio man's eye. His wife's jaw clenched and her lips knotted up like she'd just bitten into a green persimmon. Rosemarie and I silently loaded a more of our "stuff" and climbed into our canoe.

As we paddled away I charitably remarked in an intentionally loud voice, "That sure is a good-looking canoe those people have, isn't it?" Rosemarie added an equally loud compliment and I stole a look over my shoulder. The Ohio folks were still standing mute and unmoving alongside their canoe, watching us go. They looked as if they'd just witnessed the landing of a flying saucer.

Ever since then I've wanted to reassure those two and try to convince them that every canoe trip down South isn't a chaotic and excessively elaborate movable feast. Maybe they'll read my explanation here. I just hope they never see me loading my 1986 SeaPearl sailboat in Ocean Springs, Mississippi, for a trip out to Horn Island. That 21' boat will hold an entire Volvo station wagon load of comforts.

Postscript

Much of the Okefenokee consists of vast grassy areas that are more submerged than above water. In some areas these "prairies" are unbroken for miles with only an occasional small hummock of solid ground. Plants take full advantage of the hummocks, covering them so densely that a skinny wet snake has to struggle to squeeze through. Well, about mid-afternoon on that trip the accumulated espresso and brandy made a pit stop necessary. We paddled to the largest hummock in sight and punched the bow of the canoe into the brush at the fringe. Rosemarie urgently thrashed her way into the brush. My only challenge was not falling out of the canoe when I stood up. Ten minutes later Rosemarie finally emerged from the brush, panting and swatting mosquitoes. Leaves, moss, and twigs stuck in her clothes and hair. A long green sticker vine trailed from her ankles. She paused at the bow of the canoe and stated flatly, "Penis envy finally makes sense."



Good guiding is synonymous with safe guiding. During our Mclellan Cove lunch stop Rob uses his binoculars to evaluate weather and lake conditions.

After wending our way through seemingly endless woodlands, at last we reached the shores of Sysladobsis Lake, glimmering light blue in the autumn sun. Nine miles long, Sysladobsis is part of the sprawling West Grand Lake area in Maine's northeasternmost Washington County. After a year's interval Rob Scribner and I had returned, determined to complete the canoeing trip we had begun in October 2006 when we were, quite literally, blown off West Grand Lake. No question, it would have been close to suicidal to continue paddling on that open water. Now, in late September 2007, we hoped to finish what we had started.

For months I had been poring over the maps, pondering the many possibilities; which route, which campsites, or which plans would work best? But these armchair conjectures were basically worthless, just mere speculation to occupy my mind as I waited. As a military historian I have often pondered the plea of former English Prime Minister William Pitt (the first Earl of Chatham, 1708-1778) as he argued before the House of Lords in 1777 about the futility of continuing the fight against the colonists, "But what would you conquer, the map of America?" (Pitt's assessment usually is paraphrased as, "You cannot conquer a map.")

My variation on this truism holds today, "In conducting a canoeing expedition you cannot conquer a lake or a river on a map." No canoeist faced with an array of adverse circumstances and conditions; winds, waves, rocks, darkness, rain, snow, fog, fatigue, or even lack of willpower can hope to conquer nature herself. The short distance between map points A

"No One Owns You Here" Canoeing Maine's Wily West Grand Lake

By Richard E. Winslow III
For Jimmy Smith, Washington County's top
raconteur and legendary van shuttle driver

and B, seemingly a five-minute paddle under ideal conditions, might expand to a five-hour nightmare in horrendous weather. A sensible person can do nothing but follow a contingency plan or abandon the expedition.

West Grand is Maine's second largest lake (after Moosehead), a virtual freshwater inland sea that covers 14,340 acres, or more than 20 square miles, with depths of up to 128'. The lake has never been known or, for that matter, recommended for idyllic canoeing. Subject to fluky crosswinds and relatively frequent rogue storms it is better suited for the famous Grand Laker canoe, propelled by a motor attached to its square stern. Well aware of the lake's reputation for danger and unpredictability, no commercial canoeing outfitters offer guided trips here. A current fishing guidebook states bluntly, "West Grand Lake can become a raging sea during windstorms." With all this in mind, I respected Rob's willingness, as a licensed professional Maine guide, to accompany me.

Anxious to avoid a repeat of the 2006 gale we hoped earnestly for a window of ideal weather. We had agreed to undertake lim-

ited distance bay crossings, but if we encountered bad conditions we would abort our trip without hesitation. Notwithstanding our preoccupation with safety issues, Rob and I had returned here with a sense of exhilaration, likening ourselves vaguely to Tom and Huck on a juvenile escapade. As another canoeing guide once said to me, "These trips are hard fun." In addition, I always wanted the guide on any canoeing trip to be able to learn something for himself, whether an entirely new route or a variation on standard expeditions he had led for years. In Rob's case he would be seeing some new territory. "I like to go exploring" was one of his favorite phrases.

With our planning in place, Rob, Jimmy (the van driver), and I arrived at The Pines, a sporting camp where I had stayed the previous June. What a joy it was to return so soon to the shores of this beautiful lake. Yet, as lovely as this area is, I knew that Sysladobsis and all the connected lakes were embroiled in a rapidly moving transition from wilderness to development. The Passamaquoddy tribe, seeking to provide more services and revenue for its members, has been selling off waterfront lots on its ancestral land, nearby Bottle Lake being a prime example. "The tribe had hoped to put in a casino at the northern end of Sysladobsis," said a fisherman whom I had met at the lodge in June, "but that plan is currently dead." Upon hearing this I thought, who knows? Perhaps five years from now the casino will be in place! The gambling interests are just biding their time.

As we alighted from the van I spotted Steve Norris, owner of The Pines, tinkering with one of the camp boats tied up at the dock.



At The Pines sporting camp on Sysladobsis Lake, a sandy beach and a dock serve as an ideal put-in for launching our expedition.



Boulder Country, USA. Huge boulders create a hazardous maze, clogging the passageway between Big Island and the mainland.

He was closing things down for the winter. We recognized each other at once, probably a surprise to him that I would be back so soon. He cordially invited us to put in at his beach. "I'm in no particular hurry to rush this job and go home," he said. "I'll be here another five or six days." And why not? Why leave paradise with this glorious setting, fall foliage, and solitude? We told Steve about our plans, out for four days and three nights with take-out at Grand Lake Stream Dam where Jimmy would meet us.

Having been alone for several days Steve was in a chatty mood and ready with a story. "A buddy and I were driving on a back dirt road this summer," he said, "and came across a moose mired in quicksand. We stopped, roped him up, and pulled him out of the muck onto dry land and safety. A few days later we heard from a local ranger that the moose, with its instinctive craving for water, had wandered back into the muck and got trapped again. By the time the ranger came upon him the animal was exhausted and close to death so the ranger had to destroy him."

The story and pleasantries over, Rob and I launched our canoe, waved goodbye to Steve, and pointed Rob's Old Town 20-footer toward the open water and Big Island. Now we were entering a world of boulders, winds, forest, shorelines, and islands with all our senses heightened in the invigorating air. An Indian summer day in the 90s, rarely experienced at this time of year, made us sweat freely under the hot sun.

This would be tough treatment for a birchbark canoe. To save time and energy Rob drags our rugged, molded-hull canoe across the grass.



Overhead a bald eagle glided, disappearing and then reappearing in the high haze. "That eagle is telling me," Rob said, "that it is going to rain soon." Soon the haze would become a full blanket of clouds.



One of the crossroads of the West Grand Lake chain. As we approach Sysladobsis Dam we encounter the only portage on the trip, followed by a well-earned lunch.

We paddled along the east side of Big Island, then portaged and lunched at Denison's Crossing, monitored by a curious chipmunk. Next came a leisurely short hike to shake down our meal. By the time we returned the chipmunk had helped himself to the remaining homemade cookies from a plastic bag I had forgotten to close. He must have relied on these pilfered handouts during the camping and canoeing season so he undoubtedly would strike again.

After paddling down Pocumcus Narrows we entered Pocumcus Lake where we spotted a congregation of loons, 11 as I counted them. Having recently reclaimed their lake from the summer's speedboats, jet skis, and float planes they seemed to be celebrating their newfound freedom. Nothing could disturb them now as they swam and dove without the menace of swirling propeller blades, exhaust fumes, and rickety clatter. Throughout our trip Rob and I regularly encountered loons that almost haughtily ignored us, as I had hoped they would.

By late afternoon we landed on a sandspit at the Thoroughfare, the narrow waterway between Pocumcus and West Grand Lakes. During our fall 2005 trip we had stopped here and briefly reconnoitered this spot so we immediately chose it as our home for the night. The crenellated sandy shoreline, molded by wave and water, could have been sculpted by a potter. "This is one of our most beautiful campsites," I said, "and it reminds me of the Halfmoon site on East Grand Lake." Rob had probably planned all along to stop here as it's

Melting glaciers created an esker 10,000 years ago. At The Thoroughfare, connecting Pocumcus and West Grand Lakes, a sandspit affords a perfect campsite.





Enter at risk or detour. A menacing offshore boulder train would derail a deep-draft boat entering the obstacle-choked Thoroughfare.



Beware of sudden storms. With the vast expanse of West Grand Lake extending to the horizon, its calm, glassy surface can be broken by violent waves within minutes.

magnificently sited yet protected by its mini Cape Cod arm.



First things first. Upon arriving at each campsite Rob's initial duty is finding, sawing, and splitting logs and branches for firewood.

While Rob pitched his tent under the open sky near fire ring rocks, I trudged off into the woods for a more sheltered site. From all appearances no one had ever camped here, or at least not recently. Under a forest canopy I walked the pine needle carpet to choose the best possible locale. Soon I found a perfect one, textbook flat and roomy. Just as I was about to open my tent bag, however, I noticed a dead snag leaning against a live pine. If it crashed it would take me out handily. So, preferring safety, I settled for a less desirable site with a few lumps and roots. But, of course, nothing in life is perfect so at times one must accept half a loaf or, as in this case, a marginal campsite.

Returning to the beach area in my bathing suit, I must have been fretting audibly about some minor hassle on "the outside" (the outdoorsman's term for civilization). Looking up from his camp kitchen chores Rob had evidently heard my muttering. "No one owns you here, Dick," he said. "You can do what you want." He was so right. At that moment "the outside" was quite distant, no

doctors, dentists, lawyers, City Hall officials, or anyone else could own or bother me here.

A professor friend once told me about the college I attended, where he was still teaching, "I have seen this kind of circumstance happen often, the absorption of the individual into the institution so that he himself becomes as much a part of the organization as the brick walls." Here, standing on the beach, I could reject all the institutions and be absorbed into the sand, the trees, the air, and the lake itself. A few sporadic raindrops or a few lumps under my tent floor were a cheap price to pay for such beauty and solitude. A quick swim awakened me physically and spiritually. If the loons could stand the cold water, I certainly could stand it, too.

I should mention, of course, that when I awoke the next morning the leaning snag remained exactly where it had been the night before. That potential crash never materialized, at least while we were there.

After breaking camp we continued north toward Junior Bay, which we knew from our previous two expeditions. Updating me on recent changes, Rob explained, "The Passamaquoddy tribe has sold as a waterfront lot the old Junior Stream campsite where we stayed two years ago. The site has now been bulldozed for a cabin with an access road." For years the Junior Stream campsite had served as a mainstay overnight spot for canoeists and a convenient connector between the lakes north and south. With that site now gone, canoeists will be forced to look elsewhere to camp, making it all the more difficult and inconvenient in planning and running their trips.

Close to noon we were paddling through the slot appropriately known as The Narrows. Fortunately the relatively calm water made for an easy passage, especially when compared with the previous fall's tempest. On the right, halfway through, we pulled off at a beach with a camp half hidden in the trees. Last year I had been so preoccupied with keeping the canoe on a straight course that I had never noticed this place. It is generally a rule-of-thumb certainty on Maine "wilderness" canoe trips that whenever one spots a beach, there's likely to be a camp back behind it in the woods. Most of these camps are legally protected from seizure under the right of eminent domain should Maine officials seek to establish a new park or enlarge an old one. In other words, the "grandson" owners have "grandfathered" their property for pri-

vate use and occasionally they use them as commercial hunting and fishing camps.

On the beach Rob found a huge overturned turtle, apparently dead for some time. Rolling it over with a stick, he gently shoved it into thick brush, piling on a few dead branches and leaves to camouflage it. In due time, maybe during an ice fishing trip, he might return here to retrieve it as a souvenir. "The turtle somehow must have become upended, couldn't right himself, and slowly starved to death," Rob said. "The same thing happens with other wildlife. People often wrongly blame hunters for a dead deer they find in the woods, claiming the animal was hit by gunfire but escaped only to succumb to its wounds. The truth is that the deer probably met with its own natural misfortune."

I agreed with Rob's analysis. "Every conscientious sportsman vows never 'to lose an animal' and will continue to pursue a wounded quarry he has shot, no matter how long or how hard the chase," I said. "On a canoeing trip about ten years ago here in Maine our party, on a snack break along the shore, encountered, long before the opening of hunting season, the body of a deer, a victim of a running-into-a-sharp-sag accident." At any rate, Rob's turtle almost certainly died of natural causes, a graphic example of a loser in a Darwinian survival-of-the-fittest event without man's interference.

As we constantly exchanged stories throughout the trip, Rob's cached turtle prompted one of mine. Joe, a retired Navy captain then in his 90s, told me about his friend who was on one of Roy Chapman Andrews' scientific expeditions to Mongolia's Gobi Desert during the 1920s. Joe, a master storyteller, held forth: "There was, as my friend told me, a young paleontologist on the expedition who was bent on advancing his name and reputation. The others in the party, for a practical joke, decided that they would take a dozen ordinary chicken eggs, paint them in brilliant pomegranate purple, and bury them under the sand and brush on the outskirts of one of their many expedition camps. Everyone was in on the plot.

"One morning, a couple of them casually told their ambitious colleague that the area looked promising for discovering fossil dinosaur eggs. They escorted him out and the first few forays of digging for this once-in-a-lifetime treasure proved to be utterly fruitless, as they had fully intended. In time the conspirators led him to the exact



No time to tarry. Dark clouds and eerily calm water forecast a volatile change in the weather, signaling us to head posthaste for the nearest campsite.



In the bright glare and morale-building warmth of the early morning sun, Rob prepares breakfast.

site of the bogus prize and suggested he take a shovel or trowel to investigate. The fellow dug and, eureka, he had unearthed the fossil discovery of the century. He was just ecstatic, envisioning that his future professional career was made, scientific papers, awards, grants, and academic promotions.

"After allowing him to bask in his glory for a minute, one of his erstwhile buddies suggested breaking open one of the fossil eggs to view its interior. The fellow strenuously objected but was finally prevailed upon, since there were a dozen eggs and surely he could spare an on-the-site investigation of a single specimen. After a rap from a hammer the cracked shell dripped with yolk. The bystanders laughed their heads off. The paleontologist, instantly realizing he had been duped, was completely devastated." At least in Rob's case, the turtle's shell was genuine.

That episode over, we paddled onward into the vast expanse of West Grand Lake itself. The vista seemed almost like a mirage, a lake with huge arms that kept reaching and reaching for more and more water, intent on capturing every drop it could get. So distant were the far shorelines of this enormous lake that the islands shown on the map blended in with the mainland. A midlake crossing in a canoe or kayak was far too risky, even if we had ever considered it, only a dire emergency could have warranted a straight-shot crossing. Rob and I hugged the near shoreline, pulled off for lunch at the McLellan Cove campsite, and then aimed for Marks Island. Unfortunately the map did not indicate whether our anticipated campsite was on the far or near side of the island.

As the sky gradually darkened the water surface became utterly flat, like a flawless smoky quartz crystal with nary an imperfection. "I've never seen this lake or, for that matter any lake, so calm," Rob remarked. Given the lake's reputation for rough water the scene appeared totally illusory, almost enough to subdue our usual sense of caution.

But we were not fooled. We knew such ideal conditions would never last so we continued paddling toward Marks Island. Seeing no campsite on the island's near side, that would have been too easy, we circled around to the far side and followed the rocky shoreline. Finally spotting a clearing at the far end we nudged and bumped into a rock-guarded landing. No powerboat operator with any common sense could have maneuvered here

as the boulders would have gashed his hull and bent his propeller blades. The campsite, obviously seldom used, had a picnic table and a fireplace.



Paradise, at least for the moment. Our Marks Island campsite features Rob's tent, the canoe, boulders, and the lake beyond.

Within minutes after we had landed dark clouds began sweeping over the sky and Rob yelled out, "A storm is approaching fast. Pitch your tent first, as your dry bags will keep everything else dry." I had just found a decent flat tent site below high pine trees, their thick branches creating a natural shield to catch most of the raindrops. Once pitched my tent served as a dry haven during the subsequent drenching storm, complete with thunder and lightning. The bald eagle we had seen on our first day had been right.

After the quick storm cleared I spent half an hour exploring the island, following human and game trails that quickly petered out into a forest that probably had never been cut. The island would have been much too remote for any commercially feasible logging operation. On the south side was a rough campsite with a stone fire ring,

long since abandoned. From there the vista extended five miles over open water toward Norway Point and Birch Island. The sense of solitude was overwhelming.



Marks Island art on permanent display. Shaped by glacial, water, and wind erosion, polished boulders display an austere beauty in their outdoor gallery.

I have often heard individuals venting frustration with their country, their job, or themselves: "Stop the world, I want to get off." In hopes of living a purer, more honest life they have voiced the urge to relocate elsewhere, maybe even a cave in Tibet, a fantasy, of course, as most never leave for anyplace. But who needs to go to Tibet when one can achieve the same objective right here at Marks Island at a fraction of the cost? Utter privacy, total serenity, and no passport required.

Our little four-day adventure on West Grand Lake, I suppose, was its own kind of getaway, well, maybe not on the scale of Gauguin departing for the Marquesas, but an escape nonetheless. So who am I to pass judgment? Many people "on the outside" have regarded my canoe trips as a complete waste of time (coupled with a lack of applied soap). Whenever I casually mention my lat-

est trip they quickly seem to lose interest and abruptly change the subject. That is all right with me and, as the saying goes, each to his own taste.

As I walked back to my tent, clearing my head of these musings, I realized that whatever I thought of people or they of me had no relevance here. I put on my bathing suit. My swim was probably even more risky than our canoe bucking the waves. Submerged angular boulders made it almost impossible to walk out to the deeper water. With my feet as sensors and my hands as braces, I carefully ventured out just far enough to take three quick dunks in this rock-pile garden. It would be so easy to slip and tumble, barking a knee or hitting one's head. Swimming here should be reserved for the fishes. Rob had the common sense to stay on dry land.

Later in darkness, when I joined Rob for supper, he said, "I've seen the moonrise three times. The moon climbs, disappears under these cloud bands, and then re-emerges again in this cycle between open sky and lenticular clouds." The stars struggled to emerge in this constantly shifting, ragged skyscape. Northward, at some distance, were the blinking red lights of a communications tower. Such intrusively dominating manmade structures, seemingly multiplying and growing faster than all the trees in the forest, unfortunately were becoming regular features on all my canoe trips nowadays, invariably in Maine and sometimes also in Canada.

After breakfast the next morning in bright sunlight Rob was analyzing our route options with as much precision as an admiral would plan a sea battle. "I've walked around and viewed the lake from various directions. The wind is blowing down from the north. Just take a walk yourself and see the whitecaps in the center of the lake. We will have to gain the northern shore. Marks Island and Hardwood Island will act as barriers to block and to slow down the waves. That will lessen the hard paddle we are facing."

I hiked over again to the island's abandoned southern campsite to watch the waves pushing a continuous series of whitecaps with about five miles of build-up (or fetch). Presumably the winds would increase in strength as the day wore on. It was far too dangerous to consider taking the most direct approach from this point to the Grand Lake Stream Dam, a canoeist's equivalent as it were, of a desperate gambler's drawing to an inside straight in a poker game.

I rejoined Rob who had considered all the alternatives and finalized the plans. "We'll paddle against the wind north to Princeton Island and Oxbrook Brook and hug the shoreline." I recalled a government professor's comment that political science was "the art of maximizing." And here we were practicing that "art," maximizing our chances for a safe route without dumping. The old adage "divide and conquer" also made sense as Marks and Hardwood Islands divided and split the power of the waves down to manageable size.

Once underway we battled the headwinds 20 minutes or so, doubling back along the eastern shore of Marks Island. If we'd had our druthers, and if the day had been calm and windless, we would have landed at Hardwood Island to check out the campsites but that wasn't an option on this day. The rest of the morning went as planned, a hug-the-shore paddle with lunch at Bear Trap Landing. With no bear in sight I grabbed a quick catnap under a tree as the waves pounded the beach.

The crossing south to Dyer Cove Point fully awakened me, a mile and a half of turbulent water with an occasional roll and spray when a wave caught the canoe at an angle. We paddled in silence, preoccupied with the serious work at hand. We landed on an exposed beach with the forest rimming the higher ground, a perfectly satisfactory camping area. By arcing around the upper half of the lake we had arrived at just the right staging area for completing the last segment of the trip toward take-out the next morning.

Before settling in, though, we were curious to investigate an official campsite marked on the map in the direction in which we would be heading the next day. The trek along the shoreline was bedeviled with boulders, cliffs, and fallen trees, rough going most of the way. Finally we stumbled upon the abandoned campsite, pretty much overgrown with little open light. There was no beach and boulder trains virtually barricaded any potential access.

Around the next point we encountered what resembled a Western ghost town. Float docks had been pulled up for the winter, equipment lay abandoned in the bushes, and it looked like the camp owners had left in great haste. We climbed a wooded slope to look at a modest cabin. A prominent sign nailed on the front announced "CAMP DAVID." Two gold stars appeared beside it. "This has got to be Republican country," Rob exclaimed.

"Yes, it is," I responded, "but Ike [Dwight D. Eisenhower] was a five-star general, not a two-star one!" This rustic cabin was a far cry from the landlocked luxurious presidential compound, named for Ike's grandson, in Maryland's Catoctin Mountains. If I had to choose between the two Camp Davids, though, I would instantly opt for this West Grand Lake retreat. I wouldn't have to think twice about that decision.

After returning to our beached canoe at Dyer Cove Point we decided that this spot would be our home for the night. It was certainly the most scenic campsite we could have chosen. As we were finishing our supper the moon climbed over the low mountain ridge, illuminating the sky and casting wavy streaks on the water. Rob and I were happy to be enjoying this solitude.

Throughout the night, lying in my sleeping bag, I heard the waves crashing on the beach. From the sounds it was hard to determine exactly how much wind was roiling the water but it was steady.

I awoke to a chilly autumn morning under bright sun. A layer of fog or "sea smoke," the phenomenon that occurs when the air temperature is colder than the water temperature, rose slowly from the surface of Dyer Cove. As the sun's slant brilliantly magnified the colors, green trees, red leaves, and blue water, the waves rolled southward with whitecaps way out.

While I sensed no possibility of being marooned here, I still felt it would be prudent to move quickly so I met Rob at his tent. "It's a bit rough out on the water, and since this is our last day maybe we ought to get underway as soon as we can. I really don't need to have breakfast."

Rob agreed with the strategy to break camp quickly so he dispensed with our usual fried eggs and bacon. Instead he poured hot water over a mixture of oatmeal and dried pancakes and after a 45-second soak, breakfast was ready. We hit the water at 7:30am, a full two-hour head start over the previous two mornings.

By now the fog layer had burned off with the wind blowing in its prevailing north-to-south direction. Once we rounded the point we were on track southward toward the Grand Lake Stream Dam and take-out. Every now and then we would be caught by an erratic rogue wave on a diagonal. We'd then roll crosswise in a trough, rather like stepping on slippery ground with a buckling knee yet being able to regain one's balance.

Survival of the fittest in the plant world. With its roots clinging to sparse soil, a tree struggles to grow at Dyer Cove Point.



The rays of the rising sun begin to burn off the early morning "sea smoke" hovering over Dyer Cove.



I paddled with special exhilaration in this freshwater ocean. To the west Marks Island and Hardwood Island looked like peninsulas protruding from the wide, sweeping curve of the mainland. Red riots of maple leaves slashed like a band across the ever-green background. The morning moon rose above the trees like a gigantic translucent drop of water suspended in the blue sky. As I swung my head to the right to view this magnificent scene I was tempted to yell, "This is why I come here. Along with Woody Guthrie, I'm bound for glory." Everything I saw and thought was etched sharply and clearly, nothing sullied, nothing blurred, and nothing indistinct during one of the great paddling days in my life.



Paddling on bucking waves and descending into shifting troughs is exhilarating, with sweeping vistas westward to Marks and Hardwood Islands seemingly part of the mainland.

The bucking wild-horse waves charged ahead as the white crests rose and fell. We were experiencing the full power of an eight-mile fetch, gaining momentum as it accelerated and bore down from its origin in Whitney Cove. Despite the pitch and heave of

the canoe I felt confident enough from time to time to secure my paddle and take a few quick photos.

As our canoe shot forward, the open lake kept pinching tighter, squeezed by the narrowing of the blade shaped bay. The hemmed-in water finally was losing its wave power, helped along by small islands that slowed its forward roll.

On the left Rob and I spotted the beginning of the commercial sprawl around Grand Lake Stream with numerous camps crammed into suburban style lots, complete with an access road. The mood of the trip changed drastically for me at this point and I stopped taking pictures.

"Until quite recently," Rob said, "these camps were simple and rustic, a cottage with a propane tank, a woodpile, a well, an out-house, a dock, and a few picnic tables. Now new camps are being built on many of these lots, purchased strictly for the land with a teardown of the original cottage." I picked up on Rob's observation. "It's pretty evident that these replacements are basically year-round, winterized homes, with boathouses, hot tubs, garages, and speedboats. I gather they're going for half a million dollars and more."

The decisions to open up such previously unspoiled shorelines were being made not by canoeists but by politicians, lawyers, and developers. Regrettably time is on the side of the moneymakers. Each piece of land, which had been shaped by glaciers and waters over thousands of years, could be completely transformed by bulldozers within a matter of minutes.

As the bay kept squeezing us toward its narrow outlet at Grand Lake Stream we easily crossed to the west side. We wanted to debark and walk to stretch our cramped legs, stiffened by two hours of confinement in the canoe. After high-stepping over shoreline boulders, I hiked into the woods to gaze northward from where we had just come. But then the reality check kicked in. The pine needles gave way to piles of bottles, broken glass, and beer cans, insulting souvenirs of more than one bacchanalia. There was so much debris that I surmised this pull-off point was a heavily used party destination for people who trashed it without the least bit of conscience.

Within 20 minutes we landed at the Grand Lake Stream Dam ramp where many boathouses and storage sheds lined the shore. In anticipation of Jimmy's arrival we quick-

ly unloaded the canoe and put all our bags in an organized pile. That chore completed, I shook hands with Rob, exclaiming, "I have enjoyed this trip immensely." We had, in fact, in three separate fall expeditions, covered the basic routes of the West Grand Lake area. Nonetheless, any number of potential side trips were still looming.

There was so much more I wanted to do but at least I have persevered to go on these expeditions. People have often lamented to me that, being overwhelmed with various matters, they could never break away to undertake even one canoeing trip in a season. I'm glad I have managed to ignore so-called important priorities and found time to escape.

As I was temporarily preoccupied with these musings, an incident ended the spell. An old man and his wife walked out on the pier toward their tied-up boat, a sleek craft with a 50hp outboard, bobbing in the waves. With their balance endangered by the rocking motion, we helped them board their boat, extending our hands to keep them from falling. The old man told us he was going out for the last day of the fishing season. Once safely aboard, with his hands on the controls, he backed out his craft, swung it around, and gunned the engine, departing with a loud roar and a kicking wake. What Rob and I had sought at West Grand Lake with our muscle-powered exertions, its outboard motor replacement had cheapened. It had robbed the lake of its once proud spirit.

When Jimmy arrived with his van, the canoeing season was over. The Zen Buddhists have a saying, "After enlightenment, the laundry," or the return to the humdrum of reality. For me, it would be a six-hour drive back to my home and about \$40 to \$50 worth of wash-dry-and-fold laundry to remove the mud stains and pine needles. I recalled once seeing the lettering on a camper's T-shirt, "TRIP SHIRT, DO NOT WASH." Breaking such rules, I shall wash everything in anticipation of another trip next autumn.

I had already obtained some maps and given them to Rob. We had discussed our next expedition within minutes after leaving The Pines dock on that first day. "Nicasious Lake is where I'd like to go next," I had said, and Rob concurred. We will be paddling on another Maine lake, content in knowing that even in a limited way, no one will be able to own us there.

The scene at West Grand Lake Dam is a built-up clutter; a concrete ramp, boat and storage sheds, fences, and a damhouse office.



Below the dam Grand Lake Stream roars toward its eventual confluence with Big Lake. At the height of the season, fishermen, standing shoulder to shoulder, line this spillway.



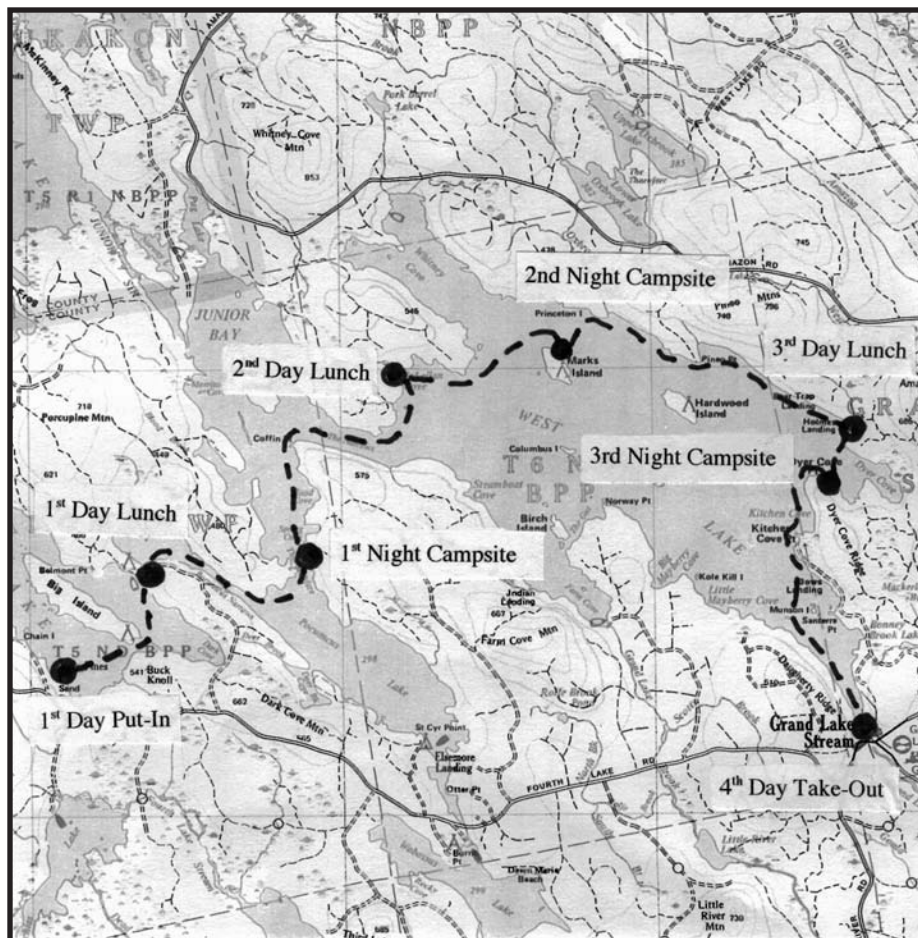


Rob's personally designed logo for his guiding enterprise features the rising sun of Washington County, Maine, known locally as Sunrise County, the first place in the United States to receive the break-of-dawn rays.

Practical Information for the West Grand Lake Area

An experienced canoeist with adequate maps, common sense, and respect for changing weather conditions should be able to lead a West Grand Lake trip. For those who prefer a customized guided trip, Rob Scribner is well familiar with the area. For his services, contact:

Rob Scribner
Sunrise Canoe and Kayak
Hoytown Road, RR 1, Box 344A
Machias, ME 04654
Tel: (207) 255-3375 (weekdays)
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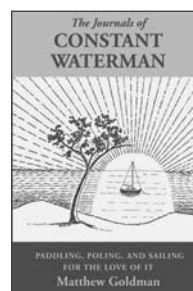
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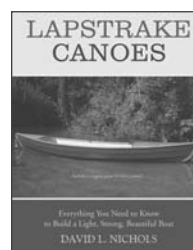
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Tehran is located on a band of terrain separating a mighty mountain range from one of the driest salt deserts in the world. Before the Islamic revolution (which changed everything) I found myself working on this great Iranian plateau fulfilling pecuniary obligations to those in charge. It was not, to say the least, a good place for an old and dedicated sailor such as I am. We lived in Tehran pretty much off the local economy and our landlords and neighbors were all Iranians. At that time we found them to be interesting and friendly people. We took every opportunity to learn as much as possible about the intriguing world around us. We enjoyed it but adjusting to the unyielding culture took much serious effort.

After a year or so of making this effort I felt as dry and desiccated as an ancient piece of parchment dug up from a Sahara sand dune. I needed very much to revitalize. I needed a boat. Thus I proposed a short vacation on the nearby Caspian Sea where I could at least dip a toe in some salty water, study indigenous watercraft, and perhaps take a boat ride or two. My wife, being an adventurous spirit, thought it was a great idea and the kids, of course, saw it as a great seaside adventure. Knowing Iran, I promised nothing. From my Iranian friends I had heard about the "Caviar Fleet," a fleet of small wooden dhow-like sailing vessels engaged in catching the mighty sturgeon for the National Iranian Caviar Company. I was intrigued.

The Caspian, a sea in ancient times, is still called so because of its enormous size. Today it is more like the world's largest salt lake since the connection with the world's oceans was long ago smothered by land. The northern end lies in Russia, about 680 miles from the southern end which lies in Iran. The average width is about 250 miles and the surface area covers an average 170,000 square miles. The Caspian depends on several rivers for large volumes of water, the mighty Volga being one of the largest. Since there is no outlet to the sea, the evaporation rate along the eastern and southern shores is enormous. Total surface area varies according to the drought conditions surrounding feeder rivers. Depths can range well beyond 500 fathoms but the eastern shore is generally shallow, the 100 fathom mark found between 25-50 miles offshore.

These waters are an ideal habitat for the Beluga sturgeon, a fish which produces the world's finest caviar. The meat itself is very tasty and while I was there (just before Shah Pahlevi was forced to flee) grilled sturgeon could be found in most fish restaurants in Tehran. I remember becoming quite fond of that dish. Today, like the caviar, most of the meat is now exported. Also today, the entire fishery is under threat from uncontrolled oil pumping and drilling and the subsequent pollution spreading to the sturgeon breeding grounds.

The distance from Tehran to the Caspian is roughly 150 km depending on the route, but in terms of difficulty it can be truly an awe-inspiring drive. One of the main roads (the road we traveled) pierces the heart of the Elborz mountains, where peaks soar up to 18,000 feet, through one of the world's longest mountain tunnels. This tunnel, wide enough for only one large truck meant one-way traffic only controlled by unreliable signal lights at both ends. Many a scary tale circulated about unscheduled mid-tunnel meetings. The wait could be maddening for the tunnel to clear and the one virtue Irani-

Sea Snakes and Caviar (A Fishery in Iran)

By J J Bohnaker

an drivers lacked (and still do) is patience, especially those who were herding big Diesel Mercedes busses or trucks. It was fear of these huge trucks and busses that made most people obey the signal lights.

Before and after the tunnel the road climbed tenaciously like a great black snake trying to escape capture. It skirted ancient mountain villages looming precariously over seemingly bottomless valleys and curved around high mountain snow-covered rims where local folklore had it that busloads, truckloads, and carloads of people had plummeted to their untimely deaths. It was an everyday occurrence to meet an overloaded truck or bus on a blind curve and, after leaping hearts fell back in place, have to buck up along this treacherous route, often muddy or snow covered, until the road was wide enough for one or the other to pass. It was thrilling to see the great vistas and dark depths off the side of the unguarded road where we, and others, occasionally dislodged rocks which plunged into the underlying abyss.

Had I known how treacherous this direct route was I would have taken some other road, but once committed there's no sense in turning back. So it was that we collectively gave a great sigh of relief when finally exiting the cold and crevassed mountains, making our way down onto the lush plains below, a radiant band of green between the mountains and the Caspian Sea. We reveled in the lush green of small farms and villages devoted mostly to growing small crops and small dairy farming.

A look back at the grim and tawny crags and formidable peaks behind us reminded me that in much earlier times (around 1050AD), this was the main stronghold of the Assassins, a ruthless sect of religious fanatics bent on murdering any sultan, caliph, or village leader at odds with their fundamentalist philosophy. The Assassins ranged far and wide and their murderous creed was felt from Isfahan to Cairo to Baghdad. Thus has their name, Assassin, passed into the language. They were presumably destroyed when a powerful Mongol leader, Halagu Khan, raided their stronghold in the Elborz mountains. Modern events may suggest otherwise.

The agreeable climate soon had us in tune with the environment and a few drops of sweat beaded up on my forehead. We had to shed clothes donned for the cool mountain passage. Palm trees and other subtropical plants became more abundant and rice paddies, reminiscent of Southeast Asia, appeared. The pleasantly peculiar architecture, very different from that found in most other parts of Iran, was typified by houses with peaked thatched or wooden roofs. Mostly farm houses, some of them on stilts, they were dotted here and there amongst rice paddies and corn fields.

It wasn't long before the coast came into view along with our first glimpse of the Caspian Sea, a spectacular view. Vast empty stretches of blue-gray water disappeared into the mists of the horizon and I suddenly felt I was shedding my old, desiccated skin along with a surge of wellness that I always feel when sighting the sea. Excitement filled the air and I kept my eyes off the road too

much searching for signs of sail of any sort, but alas there was nothing. The coastline appeared flat and featureless but the beautiful water stretched without limit to the north.

Continuing east along the coast we passed through a few small villages that looked decidedly different than those to the south. It was difficult to place them, but from later information it was clear there were many things reminiscent of small Russian villages conveying a Russian provincial air. One of the villages was Babol Sar, our destination.

It was well into evening when we arrived at the small hotel and the sleepy staff had to be summoned by the night porter who was also asleep in the diminutive lobby. Fortunately they had kept our reservations but the seaside room we had reserved was not available. Instead a second story view of the luscious gardens fronting the hotel was offered, which turned out to be quite pleasing.

Rising early the next morning I observed the hotel to be a low, yellow, wooden structure of only two stories, sprawling over informal but tidy grounds with a large veranda facing the sea. This was unusual since most of the buildings in the area were of stucco or brick. It had the look, if not the ambiance, of an old New England seaside inn. It was on the veranda that we ate wonderful meals and enjoyed the Caspian views as long as the wind and fog and rain cooperated. The food was good as well as intriguing, being a blend between peasant Russian fare and local Persian style cuisine, served with little fanfare. I learned that this coast had been essentially Russian until Reza Shah nationalized the caviar industry and amiably kicked the Russians out in the 1950s. Still, many Russian-looking people seem to live in the area.

I questioned the staff about sailboats for rent and they looked at me as if I were somehow deficient. Instead I was given information about small tour boats and schedules for touring the caviar factory and about the comings and goings of the "Caviar Fleet." The tour boats really had no destination other than a few shallow banks where the passengers could snorkel.

The following days were spent trying to engage in those activities although people and weather failed to cooperate. At one point, in a shop selling mostly handicrafts from the area, I was accosted by a small, dark man with a black beard wearing a colorful turkoman robe and cap. He rattled off some incomprehensible phrases while dancing around in front of me in a menacing way. When I tried to back away from him he grabbed me by both shoulders, pulling me forward, looking angrily into my eyes.

Before I could react he ran out of the store and disappeared with the shopkeeper yelling after him. I felt like I had just been cursed by the kiss of death, although the shopkeeper assured us he was just a local madman. I asked him what the "madman" had said but he said it was a dialect he didn't understand.

I almost called it quits after that but then spaces became available on a tour boat. The crazy incident receded and I booked passage although my wife, being inclined to sea-sickness, decided to remain ashore and watch from the veranda. The boat was a converted open fishing skiff about 30' long, driven by one of the few outboards (Johnson) I had seen. It was an old model but ran well enough and it would have been interesting if it could talk and reveal how it had wound up in that part of the world. Makeshift benches



Lateen-rigged fishing boat entering the Babol Sar estuary. These five sturgeon fishermen had a successful run.

had been built around the sides of the skiff and there were about 12 of us, mostly hotel guests, aboard.

The captain threw the engine in gear before we had time to take our places, roared off, and promptly demanded that we stop milling (falling) about and remain seated, which we gladly did. The captain explained that it was a 20 to 30-minute trip out and, except for the breeze and small chop, we had a beautiful warm day and enjoyed the lively ride. We were headed for a shallow bank off the eastern shore where they said there was plenty of sea life.

When we set anchor on that surprisingly shallow bank the captain explained that we could go wading or snorkeling but had to remain close to the boat. This information was derived from a consensus of opinion between the many languages spoken by the passengers since no one really understood what the captain said. We also understood (explained before at the hotel) that if we chose to wade we had to do so with our clothes on. Most had worn shorts and t-shirts in the event that wading became irresistible.

Then he told us, with undulating hand motions and a pointing to his eyes, that there was something "bad" in the water. "Very bad!" These were the only English words he had really mastered. This, of course, got everyone's attention since none of us had heard of anything "bad" in the Caspian. Questions flew around the boat like wildfire. Sharks? Barracuda? Crocodiles? We all shrank back from the overside boarding ladder.

The captain, a dark, serious-looking man with a bold mustache, finally broke into a gold-toothed smile now that he had apparently achieved the effect that he wanted and

he held up a picture of a sea snake. He gave a hearty laugh and passed the picture around. Under the picture it was explained in a crudely typed message (apparently by the hotel staff) in English and Russian that, as best as I can recall, went something like this:

"The Caspian sea snakes around the area very communal but, although higher poisonous, is not unkind and very often did not bite everyone."

The passengers scratched their heads and decided to take a chance and, sure enough, the snakes were very "communal" and were around the boat in uncomfortable numbers. As I recall they were small, about a foot long, and banded with tiny mouths but it was all very unsettling nevertheless and I made the kids stay in the boat. I didn't wade very long myself. The water, which had looked almost clear from the boat, was filled with a thin, almost luminescent silt making it difficult to see very far underwater. A few people braved the snakes and snorkeled but they failed to encounter any weird sea creatures and the snakes were not unkind. Still it was an enjoyable trip and we returned to the hotel, tired, wet, and hungry. We now understood why there were so few bathers on the beach. It was explained by the local boat porter that the snakes were there only during certain seasons.

The day finally arrived to see the "Caviar Fleet." The Babol Sar branch of the Iranian Caviar Company was located up the estuary of the local river and I was told the fleet would be returning there in the morning. As I think I understood it, the nets were carried out in the boats during certain nights to well known feeding grounds usually off estuaries. There the fisherman dropped the nets

just offshore and then beached the boats and dragged the nets ashore. The catch was then loaded into the boats or hung along the sides to keep them alive if they had to stay longer, and when they were done they sailed back to the processing plant if there was wind and rowed if there was none.

Once there the unfortunate fish were unloaded, carried to the nearby plant, and split open, preferably while still alive, and the caviar removed. A big fish could yield up to 40 pounds of caviar. At the then existing retail value of \$20 an ounce that was quite a haul. It was no wonder that the fish were (and still are) guarded like the bricks at Fort Knox.

Like small craft fishermen everywhere the crews were composed of rugged individuals with Turkoman, Kurdish, and Russian features, yet they had all taken on that common look of the working seaman. Some even wore seaboots while others went barefoot. The boats were all roughly built and roughly treated but they had beautifully shaped hulls and appeared to be a cross between small dhows and flat bottomed dories. They seemed to sail quite well with sort of dhow-rigged lateen sails.

Since the fishermen had only a few miles (5-20) to travel the rigs and sails were modest, perhaps to leave more room for cargo and less chance for capsizing in a blow. Of course, they rowed when the wind died. The boats I saw were manned by four or five crew. The rudders were steering oars hung off small platforms on the pinked sterns. When the boats became leaky beyond economical repair they were abandoned up river. I begged to be taken out in one but found out that it was impossible, strictly forbidden.



Early caught sturgeon are kept over the side. Notice the rope shrouds.

Some Belugas are quite large. The mast and yard are peeled and trimmed tree limbs.



Our visit to the processing plant was actually confined to the company store. They had a small viewing window in the store so we could see into the plant where, far off in the distance, some of the hapless beluga sturgeon were being split open. The store was sparkling clean, like a white operating room, and the clerk was dressed in something similar to a white surgeon's suit, small round white cap on his head, and a neatly trimmed little mustache. He pointed out displays of various types of caviar packed in decorated tins sitting on marble counters.

The Beluga sturgeon, he explained, produced the golden type caviar and was acclaimed to be the best. He told us that the sturgeon was a very primitive fish, almost scaleless and lived by sucking shrimp, snails, and larvae from the bottom. Some monster sturgeon had reached 4m in length (about 13') and weighed close to 1000 kilos. He pointed out photos on the wall showing some exceptionally large sturgeon. As for the caviar, he explained they also had two or three other darker types (some were black) of lesser quality. Strangely enough (at least it seemed so to us) nothing was for sale and there were no handouts, no literature. The smiling clerk was very friendly, though, as he explained about how good or bad the various types of caviar could be based on weather, environmental conditions, and the life cycles of the

fish. We enjoyed his talk and although we didn't understand very much of what he said, his enthusiasm projected meaning. That's the way it was in Iran.

When we returned to the docks the boats had been unloaded and swabbed down for mooring. Time was at work on the aging and worn wood around the open cockpits, yet all still looking strong enough, and the peeling paint on the topsides told stories of many a voyage over those strange waters, some under the wild storms that could batter the low lying, unprotected coast. A light breeze had sprung up and some rags tied in the rigging began to flap. I looked longingly at the mooring lines and out to the tideless sea. The heavy cotton sails had been bundled around the yards, which were mostly long, trimmed tree limbs and were stored on racks next to the factory. I wondered if I could carry and hoist that heavy sail and yard myself. I had almost resolved these temptations, reaching for one of the yards, when my wife called out. "It's getting late," she said, "we better go."

And so it ended. I returned to Tehran refreshed and happy to have seen the Caspian and the Caviar fleet. Today I believe they still use similar boats because the fishery is so delicate and valuable. I was happy to be able to photograph and record this unique fishery before it disappears.

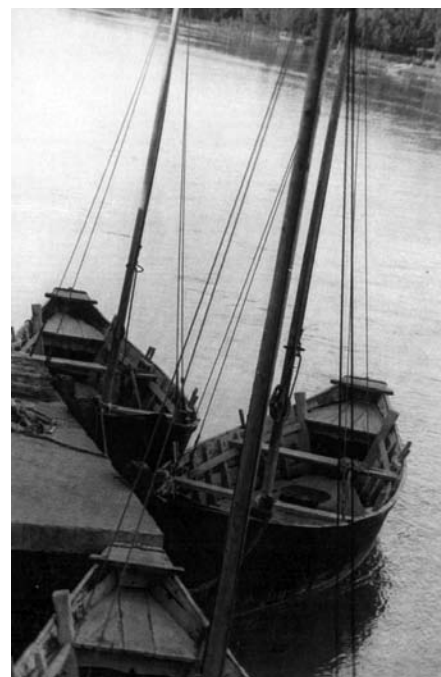


This boat was filled with large beluga sturgeon. Notice the thole pins for oars.

The ancient creatures are being hauled to the processing plant.



The boats after being swabbed down. Notice the mooring bits fore and aft and the stern platform.



The Crossing

The skipper explained to me that it was not the conditions at sea that would stop her sailing, but strong crosswinds as she was coming into dock which would blow her onto the sea wall because she was such a light, shallow-draughted vessel. This was all relative, I thought, surveying the magnificent panorama from the 50' high bridge deck of the Caledonian MacBrayne ferry *Clansman* (length 99m, displacement 3.5 thousand tonnes, draught 3.2m) as her bows plunged into yet another large wave, driving spray hard at the windows in front of us. I tried to imagine what it would be like out there in my *Lark* (length 13'4", displacement 205lbs, draught 6'3/8") and shuddered. The *Lark* was heading the northwesterly Force seven wind safely strapped to the trailer enclosed on the car deck.

We had been kindly invited onto the bridge after I'd mentioned to the purser that my younger son Richard (age nine) had said, "Daddy, I'd love to steer this ship." Of course, there was no ship's wheel but the array of modern controls was fascinating and I was interested to note that in addition to all the electronic navigational aids a course was still penciled onto a paper chart.

We were hoping to see some wildlife. I asked what the chance of spotting whales would be. Yes, they sometimes saw whales,

The Sound of Barra

Exploring the Outer Hebrides, with Family, in *Lark*, Come What May, August 2006

By John Hughes

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Dinghy Cruising Association (UK)
Newsletter #193, Winter 2006

but not on a day like this. You'd need calmer waters to see their spouts. Basking sharks could be seen most days, though. Tiree Bay was the place to see them. Coll and Tiree we'd passed already over an hour ago but we should look out for them on the way back.

Back down in the lounge an elderly gentleman was pointing out to me the way into Castlebay between various islets and skerries. He clearly had local knowledge so we told him what we were planning, to explore Barra and possibly work our way up through South and North Uist over the course of a fortnight. I asked if he could suggest a place on the island where we might park a car, camp, and launch a small sailing boat. He recommended Eoligarry at the northern end of the island as being very quiet and pretty.

A Place to Camp and Launch

The ferry seemed to dwarf the old castle in the middle of the bay as it manoeuvred in to dock and one wonders what the ancient MacNeils, whose ancestral seat it was and who were renowned for their seafaring, would have made of this modern vessel towering over their battlements. We set off driving out of Castlebay round the east side of the island, looking out on the way for likely launch sites. Numerous delightful little sheltered inlets provided tiny harbours for small boats tied between the rocks but nowhere a trailer could be got down to the shore. There are good concrete launching slips in Castlebay itself, of course, and either side of the Vattersay causeway connecting Barra to Vattersay to the south, but the north of the island looked more enticing on the map with its patchwork of islets and interconnected small channels adjoining the Sound of Barra, promising delightful navigation for a small boat.

Eoligarry is the peninsula at the northern end of Barra, joined to the main island by a low isthmus of dunes barely a quarter mile wide. There are two areas where it is possible freely to camp on Eoligarry and launch a small boat. One is amongst the dunes just beyond the neck of the isthmus where a trailer can be run onto Traigh Mhor, the "Big Beach." The snag here is that Traigh Mhor is the runway for Barra Airport and we'd be prohibited from the beach if the windsock was flying, indicating that a flight was due. Arrival and departure times are determined by the state of the tide and it wouldn't do to become stranded halfway up the beach, we'd disrupt British Airways' schedule.

The second area is two miles beyond the airport by the jetty and small harbour facing Fuday. The jetty was until recently the terminus for the Eriskay foot passenger ferry. Caledonian MacBrayne has now taken over the service, substituted a small car ferry, and moved the terminus a few miles down the coast. However, the old toilet block remains and continues to be maintained by the Western Isles Council, which is a great convenience, so this turns out to be an ideal place to camp with a dry spot to pitch the tents in the shelter of the dunes and the possibility to launch the boat and keep it on the beach immediately below.

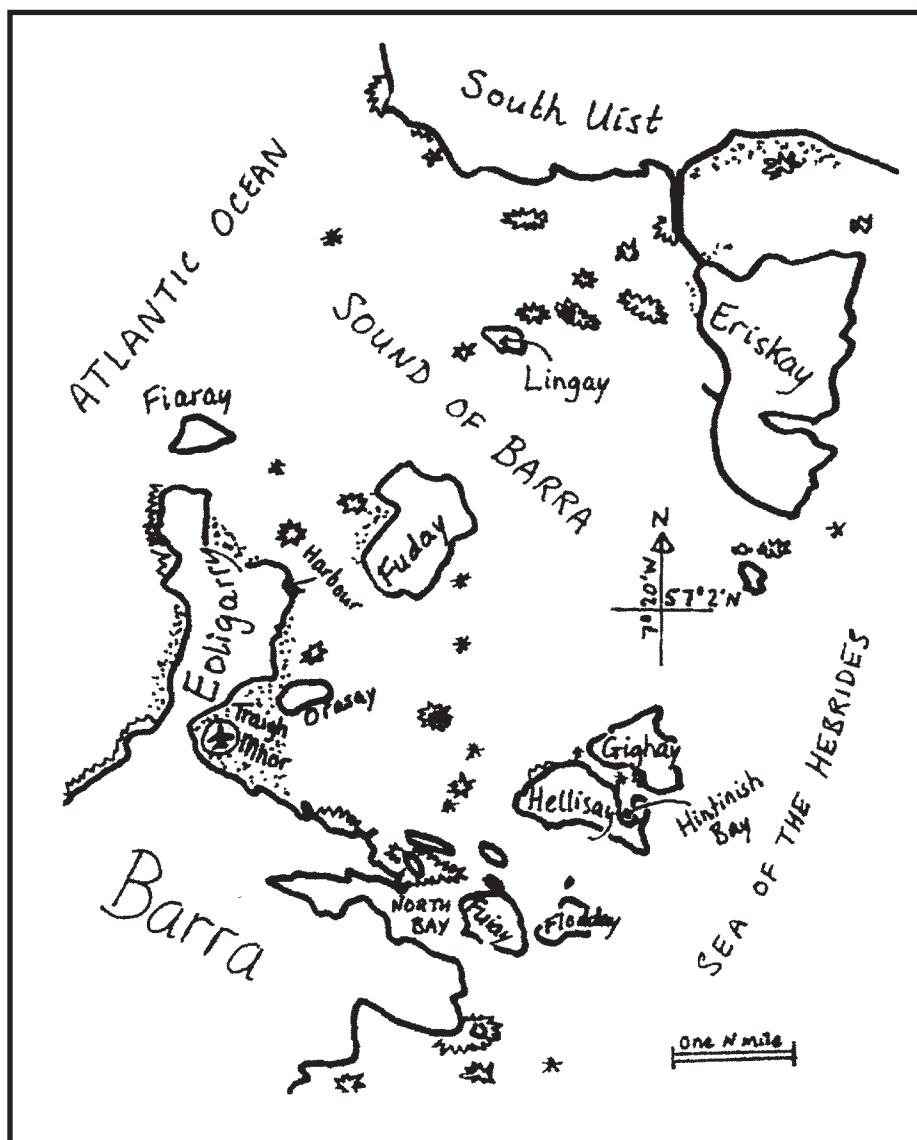
And a more beautiful location can hardly be imagined; the white sands, the hills, the whispering of the wind in the machair, the sea, the open Atlantic one way and the Sea of the Hebrides with views across to Rhum another, and an array of local islands to explore. It was so good, in fact, that we abandoned the idea of crossing to South Uist and remained there the whole fortnight.

Local Knowledge

"Is it your boat?" said he, nodding towards the *Lark* on her trailer above the little harbour where she'd been sitting now for four days in the incessant, chilly, northerly wind. I acknowledged her to be mine. "It's a fine sea boat."

Slightly taken aback I expressed my reservations about her worthiness for the open sea. "She's a bit tender for anything but sheltered waters or settled weather."

"Aye, I know what you mean. I used to have a 35-footer for the fishing," and he went on to tell me how he thought that a bit tender offshore in the Atlantic swell. I was flattered by the comparison although I wasn't sure whether he was mocking me slightly in a good-humoured way.



We chatted some more. His boat was the picturesque green, rugged, open, clinker-built one (the subject, I noticed, of picture-postcards sold in one of the hotels) moored high up on the narrow strip of cleared sand between the rough stone walls that formed the little harbour. In the old days, when the east coast fishing fleets used to follow the migrating herring right around the British coast, they'd sell such boats to the islanders at the end of the season. It looked as though it had been there several years, he said he was too old to handle it now so now he and his neighbour used a smaller one, pointing to a bright yellow GRP boat with a cuddly lower down the beach. There was a builder on Grimsay (between Benbecula and North Uist) who could still make a clinker boat but there wasn't much call for them now.

The wind coming across the sound was not tempting us to launch and we were happy to while away the time in conversation, so different from normal life when things are so often in a rush. The man went on to give me the pronunciation of the nearby islands, all with Norse name endings; Fiaray, Fuiay, Flodday, Fuday, etc, and told me the best place for mackerel, close in under the cliffs of Gighay, within the sound between it and Hellisay.

A Close Encounter

The next day dawned overcast but calm and we launched the *Lark* off the jetty just before high water. At first we drifted south-east with the last of the flood (which enters the Sound of Barra from both ends), then we paddled toward Fuday (pronounced "Fue-jay") thinking that at least we could land there, even if there was no breeze to take us very far. Tradition has it that Fuday was the last outpost of Viking settlement in the Hebrides following the destruction of King Hakon's fleet in the Firth of Clyde in 1263. Replicas of local gravestones inscribed with Norse runes are kept in the little chapel of St Finnbarr (the sixth century saint after whom Barra is named) up the hill from Eoligarry harbour.

What happened next was beyond our wildest dreams. Suddenly Richard asked, "What are those spikes sticking up in the water over there?" Dorsal fins! And coming towards us fast! In no time at all there were dolphins all around us, jumping out of the water, sometimes singly, sometimes two or three together in synchrony, and swimming in every direction. Occasionally one would stand vertically with head and upper torso out of the water to get a better look at us or slap its tail flukes on the surface with a great splash, all the time jumping and diving.

We could see them swimming on their backs right under the hull just a few feet down, their white bellies shining, staring up at us, and sometimes one would come almost close enough to touch, then one would swim at us on the surface, head-on at full pelt, diving to avoid us at the last second. It was hard to count them, we needed eyes everywhere and they seemed like a large number, but after a considered effort we reckoned the pod consisted of about six animals. They stayed with us for a whole hour and never was an hour so absorbing nor pass so quickly.

The paddling seemed to have something to do with holding their interest in us in that at one time when we stopped they started to swim away, and when we started again they came back. On the other hand, there was a par-

ty of kayakers out in the sound, too, that day and they only saw the dolphins from a distance so I think we were extremely lucky. Eventually they did swim off and we watched their splashes disappearing towards the Atlantic horizon. We landed on Fuday for a late lunch, after which the northerly wind piped up again and we ran back to Eoligarry under reefed main, but we didn't see the dolphins again.

Rocks and Passages

Two days later we set out for Hellisay and Gighay. As a teenager my wife Alix had sailed there in a yacht, there is a secluded sound between the two with tortuous, narrow rockbound entrances at both ends, opening up in the middle to a sheltered lagoon, and she wanted to revisit the place. We needed a day of fair, settled weather and Thursday, 17 August, promised to be such with a splendid morning of sunshine and a light southeasterly breeze.

Outward bound, we followed the coast to the south, passed Orasay, the airport beach, and the new ferry terminus and then picked our way between numerous skerries across to Hellisay. We weren't quite sure what to expect at the NW entrance to the secluded sound. It certainly looked narrow and tortuous. Martin Lawrence (in *The Yachtsman's Pilot to the Western Isles*) says that the flood tide either enters the sound from both ends, it runs right through from SE to NW, or it does both, the former at springs and the later at neaps. He also says that both entrances are choked with rocks and each visiting yacht seems to find more rocks, or perhaps the same rocks in different positions. We were on the early ebb and I don't recall noticing which way it was running because we were too busy tacking into the channel and watching out for mysterious rocks, the family kept a good lookout and I would have been hesitant to try it without them.

Once through the entrance, inside was like a placid inland lake, sheltered from all directions by the hills and cliffs around. We continued to sail in the now very light air into Hintinish Bay, a broad bay in the southern end of the sound on the Hellisay shore where we made a landing. It was indeed a magical world of many variegated shades of green in the water and on the shore and bright orange lichen on the rocks above, and the rocks riven with deep clefts through which the sea makes incursions. We spent the best part of the afternoon on the island, swimming, exploring, basking in the warmth of the sun, and watching the gannets from the cliff tops diving offshore with seals our only company.

We left the sound by the SE entrance, which was straighter but also narrow. The breeze had backed to the NE and picked up and we found ourselves in an uncomfortable chop on the exposed side of Gighay. Working on the principle that the time to reef is when you first think of it, we rolled some of the mainsail around the boom but made a poor job of it with the boom drooping too low and had to make do until we could claw our way off the rocky lee shore and round the headland at the northern end of the island. Once clear, the breeze seemed less strong and we raised full sail for a sparkling broad reach back to our beach below our campsite on Eoligarry.

Mushrooms Galore

On the following days we explored other isles. We sailed out beyond Fiaray, the "Fairy Isle," where we deemed we were sailing in the Atlantic and rode ocean swells, and

we landed on Lingay, the "Heather Isle," the only isle we found to be completely devoid of heather. Lingay did, however, support a luxuriant growth of mushrooms, the biggest I have ever seen, the one we picked being big enough to serve the family of four of us for tea. And when the breeze threatened to be fresh from the SE we hugged the coast and explored the passages leading to North Bay and climbed to the summit of Fuiay, the highest of the isles off the northern end of Barra from where we could spy Tiree, Coll, the Paps of Jura, Mull, Canna, Eigg, Rhum, Skye, and the Outer Isles stretching northward in a great arc.

Returning

Eventually the day came when we had to strike camp and sail back to Oban aboard the *Clansman*, an interesting voyage in itself for we did see basking sharks in Tiree Bay. And although slightly sad that it all had to come to an end, we had many precious memories to take home with us.

The Hebrides are not noted for clement weather and upon arriving home the first question people asked was, "How was the weather?" I usually answered that during our fortnight on Barra it was such that we were able to spend five days sailing. Given the other interests of the family, this is pretty good. I normally consider we're doing well if we sail on half the days. One of our finest, sunniest days was a day when they had two inches of rain in Glasgow. So, as with the dolphins, perhaps we were just extremely lucky.

DCA Bulletin Editor Comments

John sent some wonderful color photos of his trip to Barra Sound. Space, quality, and quantity do not allow their proper reproduction in this Bulletin but they can be viewed in their full technicolour and high resolution glory on his flickr web pages at <http://www.flickr.com/photos/jmxhughes/299684900/>. (In winter 2006/2007 so may not still be up, worth a look—Ed)

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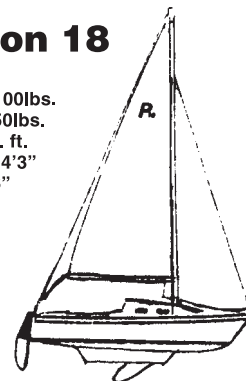
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Boats Really Don't Make Sense

There's Really No Such Thing As a Free Boat

By Dan Rogers

My friend, and former neighbor Mac (no, I'm not making this up, that's what he calls himself) swallowed the anchor a couple of years ago. Yeah, he sold the trawler that he bought new in the early '70s. He, his wife, and dog loaded up the rig and moved off to Arizona. Actually, he loaded rigs for a period of weeks. Seems Mac is an inventor. He has literally tons of equipment and, well, stuff. Tons of stuff that he had to transport to the arid Southwest.

Toward the end of his moving ordeal (we're talking 600-mile round trips across the desert in a flat bed truck) he asked me if I would like to keep his sailing pram. This is a cute little packet. Clinker hull, teak trim, and all the sailing necessities. Granted, the sail had been left outside and uncovered for more than several seasons. And the hull had been sitting in the water for about as long. But she was a cute little bug. Mac was pretty sure he didn't plan to have need of a 7' pram in Prescott.

He suggested that, since I was teaching kids how to sail, his little boat would come in handy. That seemed reasonable. So without much thought I said, "sure, that would be nice." And I simultaneously thought, "where am I gonna' put it?" Well, for a while she

sat in the available space under the bow of a friend's boat. One day this friend called to say that the boat had been sold and would be leaving the marina soon. Oops, another homeless dinghy to put someplace.

For one reason or another the pram hadn't seen much service in the kids' sailing program. Mostly she was a bit small for more than one occupant, especially too small for a parent and kid at the same time. And she was pretty heavy. Fiberglass boats were a whole lot beefier back before the Arabs upped the price of polyester in the fall of 1973. So finally I moved a few things on the upper deck of *Fiddler's Green*, our live-a-board power boat, and stowed the pram up there. To this day that little boat doesn't have a real name. She's universally known as *Mac's Pram*. Actually that was a bit of hopeful prestidigitation on my part. You see, my wife Kate thinks that I should be limited in the number of boats that call me "dad." So it seemed that if I called this one *Mac's Pram* it didn't actually belong on my roster. Yeah. Kate didn't see the logic in it any better than you do.

Now and then she'd question me about it. "What are you going to do with that boat on top of my house?" was one way she put it. The pram needed a mission. So I tried towing it behind my San Juan 24 sailboat on weekend anchorages and such. The first time I attempted to rig that little sprit kit from the deck of a lurching sailboat I discovered that if I neglect to get the leeboard secured in the down position, and overlook the mainsheet altogether, well, I'm in for a wild ride. It was kind of a windy day and I figured that I could get to the beach by sailboat. After all, rowing is for amateurs. Sailors, well, they sail. Right?

So, I climbed down into that little cockleshell and cast off the bow painter. That was when I discovered the missing main sheet. No problem. I'll just hold the boom in my free hand while I steer for the beach. I figured I could rig a replacement when I got to land. Not quite so fast there, the boat seemed to say, as she veered off downwind and away from my destination. A quick glance told the tale. The mahogany leeboard was slapping along on the surface, that big lever/nut quite loose. No problem. I'll just let go of the tiller and lean forward and hold the boom with the back of my neck, and...

Well, as the bow started to run underwater and the whole thing threatened to broach, I figured that wasn't going to work so well either. I did notice that we were really going in the wrong direction but pretty fast for such a short boat that was half full of water. There was only about one thing left to try and that was to let the boom go and steer around head to wind. Fortunately this boat doesn't have any standing rigging so there's nothing to stop the sail from spinning all the way around if it has a mind to. Of course, without the leeboard down she was going to keep spinning.

Anybody who has put himself into this sort of a predicament knows how silly it feels for a kids' boat to take charge like that. I wasn't about to lose the game by swamping and rolling over. Not with the whole anchorage looking on and rooting for the boat, no doubt. So I did what any kid would do. I flopped on my stomach, put the tiller between my feet, and grabbed the offending leeboard. The whole thing probably looked kinda slick. We wore ship and were off on the proper tack, right back to the mother ship for dry clothes. Oh yeah, and a set of oars.

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Back in the summer of 1953 my friend Albert and I set out from Gerritsen Beach in his 26' double-ended yawl *Spindrift*. We were bound for Cape Cod by way of Long Island's south shore. At midnight in a flat calm the converted whaleboat rounded the light on Rockaway Point under power and headed ENE through the great long swell. We shared watch-keeping all that night, taking only the odd nap here and there. Finally with a little breeze springing up as we passed East Rockaway Inlet around 8am, we switched off the old 10hp diesel and set main, mizzen, and jib in a light but steady beam wind. Soon all sail began to draw and even the tiny ensign flew under the lee of our mizzen. By mid-afternoon on that sunny day in late August the press of canvas really told and the knots were gurgling away under our stern. We were rapidly coming up on Jones Inlet.

But the long, calm rollers were gone now. In their place short, lively, blue mounds started to build. More and more we were battling through steep seas in a SE wind blowing at 20 knots. Albert and I were obliged to head *Spindrift* seaward to make better weather. After glancing up at the sky he said, "I'm beginning not to like the looks of it. How about we turn back to East Rockaway Inlet?"

Albert, the owner, was several years older than me, perhaps in his mid-20s. He happened to be a skilled machinist and could tinker with our old 12hp diesel engine. The official engineer, he was always relying on me for everything else. After all, hadn't I shipped out as a deckhand on a freighter the summer before?

"These inlets are tricky," I said. "We'd probably go aground. Let's take our chances out here where there's plenty of room."

"Wait a minute. I've been through East Rockaway Inlet, it's not that bad."

"Come on, Al, let's keep going. I hate to run all the way back there."

So we compromised on Jones Inlet, now only a couple of miles away. Bleary-eyed from lack of sleep, however, we couldn't even locate the channel buoys. And strangely there wasn't a single fishing boat anywhere, no local vessel to follow into the inlet. As it was nearly 6pm we gave up on the idea of running any inlets. We'd just gain sea room and lie offshore till daylight.

"Don't worry, Al. It's most likely just a passing squall, some kind of summer storm. They usually blow over in an hour."

Things had indeed gone wrong. But hadn't the old-timers at the boatyard in Gerritsen Beach assured us that Monomoy whaleboats were designed to ride out any storm? So we asked ourselves, would she carry us through a rough night if we could just stay with her? After all, *Spindrift* had been built only ten years earlier for the United States Maritime Station at Sheephead Bay.

With the sun low on the horizon I had to take the main sheet because Albert found himself struggling with the fancy new steering wheel we'd installed during the summer, it didn't respond quickly enough for safety in this kind of sea. So we shipped the stubby old tiller again, allowing the troublesome wheel to creak, slowly turning by itself as if some invisible hand grasped its spokes. And the new mizzenmast also installed during the summer now stood in our way, forcing the helmsman to stretch around it to reach the tiller.

The sun was almost down and we knew our plan for clawing off Fire Island's lee shore

The Bad Trip in the Yawl *Spindrift*

By Martin Sokolinsky



Owner/skipper Albert as we head out on this fateful cruise 50 years ago.

wasn't working. Reluctantly we dropped all sail and started the engine. One hour's worth of fuel remained, just enough to get *Spindrift* four miles further offshore. Like a charm, the old diesel started up and ran smoothly, hissing at each stroke.

I dreaded making my next suggestion. "You know, Al, I think our dinghy's got to go." "What? Cut the damn dinghy loose?"

After I explained how we'd make more headway without the drag of a wooden tender in tow, he glumly slipped the painter and watched his pram go sailing off to leeward. Just 20 minutes later we saw the Coast Guard surfboat racing towards us. While Al kept *Spindrift* chugging seaward, we watched the Coast Guardsmen recover our dink. And, before we knew it, there they were, 20 yards upwind of us.

Their surfboat was decked over like a big white eggshell with the two of them in blue uniforms standing in the deep cockpit, amidships. "You want a tow line?" Thoroughly ashamed, I gave Al a nod. As *Spindrift* pitched and rolled violently, I inched over the cabin roof until reaching the safety of the forward deck, I grabbed the heavy rope they flung across our cabin top. Making the line fast to our bow cleat, I then led it upwards, through the open chock atop the gunwale.

Still under our own steam, we were sort of following the Coast Guard at the end of their 100' towline. When we reached the bar stretching across Fire Island Inlet, however, large breaking seas began coming from astern and *Spindrift* began planing like a surfboard. First we yawed far off to one side and then our whole boat gave a shudder when the line jerked taut. We heard "Crack!" and saw the first 2' of the starboard gunwale plank shear away. And the big galvanized iron bow cleat twisted upwards, just one bolt still holding. But, at last, we were across the bar where breakers no longer followed us.

It was almost dark when we were towed into a little Coast Guard basin under the lee of the dunes just east of Fire Island Inlet. After making fast, we climbed onto the gray, splintery planking of the dock and shook hands with the surfboat crew. Albert gave each of them a few packs of cigarettes from our carton. They led us, bedraggled and barefooted, inside the mess hall where the cook gave us hot food while a CPO took down the registration number and technical information of the *Spindrift*. One of our rescuers told us how lucky we'd been. "The lookout had finished his last sweep for the day and he was coming down from the tower when he spotted your sail. You guys would never have been sighted at night."

It was dark when we went back aboard *Spindrift*. The Coast Guardsmen gave us back our dinghy and told us we could anchor in "the lagoon," the area outside their basin but still in the lee of the dunes. About 10' of water there, he said, so we'd need 50' of rode. It must have been 10pm when Albert and I were getting ready to drop our light Fisherman's anchor.

Then the electrical storm hit us. Sheets of wind-driven rain began pelting the roof of the cabin. Thunder crashed and bolts of lightning split the sky around us. Struck by wind that staggered us, gusts that took our breath away, *Spindrift* promptly dragged her 15lb anchor and went skating across the lagoon. We dove below for the other, heavier anchor and quickly began paying out 50' of line on each anchor. All around us in the lightning flashes we saw the gleaming white hulls of cabin cruisers, their frenzied owners doubling the weight of ground tackle. We envisioned being swept onto an anchored fleet in the dark, fouling our rodes with theirs and then, locked together, colliding with still other boats. But our 20lb Fisherman's anchor dug into the lagoon bottom and held beautifully.

We were soaked but safe so we celebrated, punching a hole in a can of grapefruit juice and taking turns drinking the stuff. Under the low cabin roof we listened to the rain lashing the tautly canvassed deck, the wind in the rigging, the constant tattoo of a halyard against the mainmast.

I remember that I lay on a war surplus life jacket and a heap of old sails. One of my bare feet was touching the ballast wedged against the base of the centerboard trunk. Through the portlights we could glimpse the black lagoon and the nearby dunes in each flash of lightning.

Despite the howling wind and the motion of the boat, we both fell asleep on a jumble of old sails with our life jackets for pillows and, incredibly, slept for the next eight hours.

When we cracked the companionway hatch at dawn the wind was still SE at about 30. We exchanged a knowing glance. This late August "squall" had raged for more than ten hours and without the US Coast Guard's swift intervention, *Spindrift* would have come ashore in the surf off Fire Island Inlet that night.

By 11am the wind had dropped enough for us to sail to Bayshore. Within a day the boatyard there was replacing the missing section of gunwale. They also removed the old bow cleat and installed a much taller oak Sampson post so our lines would have a proper lead. Albert grumbled about the repair bill but, aware that we'd gotten off lightly, paid it.

Two miles off the southwestern tip of Amherst Island on a heading of 156 degrees M, the tiny yawl beat into a strong sou'westerly. Ahead was the wide expanse of an inland sea showing numerous whitecaps with no land visible on the horizon. The little boat rose to the oncoming swells averaging 4' in height, with the occasional 5', plunging into troughs with spray flying over the gunwales. On board were two intrepid sailors determined to reach Main Duck Island at the eastern end of Lake Ontario.

The leading character in this drama-comedy is *Gail O' Wind*, a Drascombe Lugger. Although this 18' dinghy yawl has a worldwide reputation for seaworthiness, most published accounts have been about Lugger cruises taken by extraordinary sailors. The question remained, even if an experienced sailor like Webb Chiles in his Lugger, *Chidiack*, crossed the Pacific Ocean, could a Lugger crewed by novices reach and return from Main Duck Island?

Burton and John considered this question time and again during class breaks while studying a Piloting course offered by the Canadian Power and Sail Squadron. Burton, who sails a Tanzer 22 on the St Lawrence River, was enthusiastic. However, John, who sails *Gail O' Wind* on Ottawa's Lac Deschenes, had some reservations. Although he had made a return crossing of New Brunswick's Baie des Chaleurs, his later attempt to reach Main Duck had been unsuccessful. But discussion with Burton led to a detailed reconstruction of that cruise which revealed three failure factors; no chart, no compass, and a sadly hung-over captain and crew.

John then became enthusiastic. He was keen to learn how his modified sail plan would work in open windswept waters. The modified rig included a bowsprit with jib and staysail, a much larger gunter-rigged boomed main with one set of reef points, plus the original mizzen held out astern by a bumpkin. The fact that she could be easily trailered from her home port in the Ottawa area to any suitable departure point on Lake Ontario further buoyed the proposition. Thus, after passing their Piloting course the dynamic duo decided on the last weekend in July as the date for their crossing.

Plans for the cruise were straightforward; depart early in the morning from Loyalist Cove Marina in Bath, sail to Main Duck Island, camp ashore overnight, and return to Bath the next day. Burton prepared the camping and cooking gear while John checked the boat, trailer, safety equipment, and obtained eight gallons of fuel for the Honda 7.5 four-stroke, as well as five gallons of fresh water. Each had purchased Canadian Hydrographic Chart 2064 to plot potential courses.

Bath Point was chosen as their departure point for several reasons; most importantly, Carol Anne Cavers ("CA"), a lady loaded with local knowledge, had agreed to provide partial escort in her Kirby 25 *Snafu* which is moored at Loyalist Cove; also, the North Channel would provide a sheltered four-mile shakedown sail before turning out through the Upper Gap into the Lake; and finally, this departure point led to an obvious, unobstructed course which could be plotted between two helpful landmarks, the big chimneys (678' above chart datum) of the power plant on the mainland west of Bath and the lighthouse (77' above chart datum) on the western tip of Main Duck.

Rite of Passage

By Burton W. Blais and John T. Partington
(Published as "A Lugger's Labours"
in *Gam Magazine* 2002)

The night before launching the robust pair purchased enough groceries to feed four. At the cashier counter the two began to chat excitedly about their upcoming adventure. After the bill was paid the cashier said, "Gee, hope to see you guys again." "What did she mean?" wondered the now subdued sailors.

Additional omens were encountered the next morning. After masts were stepped and *Gail O' Wind* rigged, John began to back boat and trailer toward the launch ramp. At this point the marina man materialized and stopped the action. Without speaking he gazed upward. Two other pairs of eyes rolled skyward revealing the top of the mainmast inches from deadly overhanging wires. With much ziggling and zagging the boat was finally launched and all gear stowed (they thought). Burton and John then drove into Bath for a hearty farewell breakfast. However, their spirits were once again dampened when they saw the restaurant sign, "Last Chance Café."

At midday *Gail O' Wind* cleared the marina breakwater, somewhat behind schedule, and hoisted all sail, heading west in the North Channel to round Amherst Island and enter the main body of the lake through the Upper Gap. The Lugger was not long out of the marina before our intrepid sailors got a foretaste of things to come. The wind, which had hitherto been very light and variable, began gusting to speeds which seemed to exceed the forecast. Notwithstanding, the boat was set on the port tack with her full sail up, then John handed the tiller to Burton. Now Burton, who normally likes to sail his Tanzer 22 on her ear, allowed *Gail O' Wind* to nearly bury her leeward rail before John jumped up on the windward gunwale, hollering all manner of seamanlike oaths and insisting that she be rounded up into the wind. The main was quickly reefed and the jib taken in, whereupon she sailed much more comfortably in the gusty wind.

As the boat approached the Upper Gap she began to feel the full brunt of the strong wind coming off the main body of the lake. On the landless horizon large waves were forming whitecaps and it was now plain that the wind was not only much stronger than originally forecast but that it was coming from the southwest rather than from the east (it was later learned that the winds that afternoon had averaged 20 knots with gusts to 25).

Somewhat daunted by this spectacle of wind and waves the men were now loath to bring her up into the lake and held their westward course to Adolphus Reach, where Cressy Point would afford some protection and allow for some calmer reflection on the situation. It was at this point that the escort bid farewell. After consulting the chart it was decided that Waupoos Island might be an acceptable alternative to Main Duck since the former destination would not require a foray into the wide open lake. Thus a new course was steered to round Cressy Point into Prince Edward Bay. This entailed entering the Upper Gap and beating for a distance into the heavy weather coming off the lake.

As the boat progressed through the Gap the men's confidence in her capabilities and

themselves gradually increased and they began musing about getting back onto a heading for Main Duck. There, standing about three miles out into the lake, could be seen one of the spar buoys off the southwestern tip of Amherst Island which was a waypoint on the original course to Main Duck. Perhaps they could venture at least that far into the lake before making their final choice of destinations. They reasoned that the conditions toward mid-lake could be no worse than those they were now encountering since they were already at the receiving end of the wind's fetch and would be experiencing wind and waves at their worst.

By about 1430 they were abeam of the spar buoy, with about two miles between themselves and Amherst Island astern. While the large swells and multitudinous whitecaps were intimidating, with some spray coming over the gunwales, the boat seemed well-behaved and felt secure. Therefore, the course to Main Duck, which was not yet visible, was set and the Lugger progressed toward her objective on a starboard close reach. Burton had the tiller and displayed his greatest feat of seamanship by positioning himself to leeward of John, who took the full brunt of any spray coming over the side. Periodically John, the navigator (and captain) verified the course using a sighting compass and his GPS to determine the distance remaining. In addition, when ordered by Burton, he bent down in the cockpit to pump the bailer (strange doings for a "captain").

As the hours progressed the small boat continued to beat toward its invisible objective, the wind and waves wild as ever, the only encouragement stemming from the decreasing distance indicated by the GPS. The bow rose as she met each wave, one moment the bowsprit jabbing at the sky, then charging at the base of the next oncoming swell. When she encountered one train of particularly large waves her bow planted so deeply into the trough that she sank to her gunwales, the men speechless, awaiting the outcome. Fortunately the bow's buoyancy reasserted itself at the critical moment and she began to rise to the next crest. These large waves were either "rogues" or had come from the wash of an out-of-sight freighter.

In any event, John was soaked again. Burton may have gained the impression from John's stiffly set lips and furrowed eyebrows that the captain wanted to take the helm after this near-swamping. However, when the helm was released John wasn't fully aware of Burton's intentions (never is) and the untended helm swung to leeward. The Lugger turned into the wind and seemed to hold her breath. John leapt forward with a handy paddle to bring her bows around but was thrown unceremoniously backward into Burton's generous lap. Cussing and snorting like a wet walrus, John slithered onto the floorboards. Burton, meanwhile, was sprawled back against the pitching mizzen mast paralyzed by mirth. In spite of all this tough little *Gail O' Wind* somehow escaped from "irons" and slid gracefully down into the next trough. Perhaps a loosely set mizzen allowed this to happen.

Soon after faint vertical features began to emerge on the southwestern horizon. Could these be the False Ducks? John kept scanning south and was finally rewarded by the sight of a tiny smudge on the horizon. This gradually grew into a row of black dots which merged and materialized into a dark line with a white dot at the western tip. Soon high cliffs, trees,

a large house, and lighthouse were born from *Gail O' Wind's* labours. Metamorphosis complete, Main Duck Island at last! A humbling, happy moment for the two friends.

As the island loomed closer ahead the decision was made to head several points to windward in order to ensure a downwind approach. Six-and-a-half hours after departing the Bath marina *Gail O' Wind* rounded the northwest point of Main Duck, ran parallel to the rugged cliffs, entered a quiet cove in the lee of the island, and finally coasted onto the pebbly strand.

After landing camping gear on the beach the two men, exhilarated yet exhausted, erected their tent high on a bluff overlooking the cove. This would have been the time to prepare dinner but the stove and some fixings had been left behind. Hence, after munching hunks of dry bagette and quaffing water, John and Burton explored the island which was tinder dry and strangely quiet. No

small animals or birds were seen or heard inland. Later that evening the day's adventure was recounted over a few beers provided by "CA" and her friend Bert who had thoughtfully motored out to verify the safe arrival of *Gail O' Wind*.

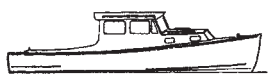
About 0530 the next morning the sound of cliff-pounding waves jet-propelled the two sailors from their sacks. Was there a storm brewing? Had *Gail O' Wind's* ground tackle held? Relax. It was only the wash from a distant freighter. But what a sight! Against the rosy pink of dawn the freighter appeared suspended above the mirror-like horizon. The two then broke camp, dragged everything down from the bluff, and repacked the Lugger. Then a delightful cup of java was provided by "CA" and Bert as well as a quick tour of the island by motor cruiser.

The return journey was uneventful in light and variable winds. Navigation was

greatly facilitated by the presence on the horizon of the two giant chimneys from the power generating plant on the mainland just west of Bath. Sometime early that afternoon the Lugger once again passed Loyalist Cove Marina breakwater. Thus *Gail O' Wind* contributed in a small but significant way to a swelling archive of successful sea crossings by Drascombe Luggers. The trio's landing also meant that Burton and John had completed a sailor's rite of passage in traversing a large expanse of water and returning safely to tell their tale.

(John T. Partington, PhD, is a retired Sports Psychologist. He sails *Gail O' Wind*, a Drascombe Lugger, out of Club de Voile Grande Riviere on Lac Deschenes, Aylmer, Quebec.

Burton W. Blais, PhD, is a Research Scientist with the Canadian Food Inspection Agency. He sails *Full Circle*, a Tanzer 22, out of Prescott, Ontario, on the St Lawrence River.)



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Denmark in mid-August is a pleasant place in which to make the most of a northern summer's long, mild days. The almost fresh waters are used to the utmost by descendants of the sea-roving Vikings who keep alive a great nautical heritage. The low farming countryside does not obstruct the steady winds and sandy shores provide fine shelter and hospitable harbors.

Naestved, in southern Sjaelland, is where the kayak *Friend* and I were landed by the small Dutch motor ship *Rijnborg* whose English-speaking skipper kindly helped me purchase charts, a phrase book, and a Danish/English dictionary. Before starting to Copenhagen I spent two days paddling along the inviting shoreline while a persistent headwind encouraged the idea of acquiring a small double ender which would be more at home than a kayak in those boisterous waters. The thought soon ran away with me and it was exciting to dream of building a small cuddly forward and cruising Scandinavia until the weather indicated a southerly course, then heading through the canals to enjoy a mild Mediterranean winter. Only one item was lacking, a small double ender with both sail and power.

Arriving in Vordingborg's ancient harbor late in the afternoon, I was met at the club by half a dozen Optimist prams, handy little eight-footers whose design originated in Florida. Their young crews eagerly took care of the *Friend* while Erick Knudson invited me aboard a large motor yacht he was skippering. We found a great deal in common. After I spent the night at the youth hostel we explored the fishing harbor for my new dream boat which Erick thought might be found for about \$400.

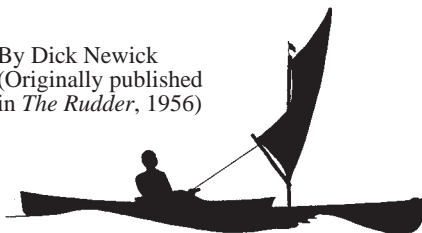
There seemed to be nothing available but when talking to Vilhelm Rasmussen, the local boat builder, we discovered that his personal boat, an 18' Helsingor Jolle designed by Aage Utzon, was for sale. While eating lunch with Erick I studied her tall rig, cliner hull, and small mahogany cabin through binoculars. Even then she was sold, Erick said that the price of \$575 was very fair but later I was told that it was quite high. In any event, my values were influenced by what she would bring in San Francisco, certainly more than double that figure.

Inspection showed everything nicely done with no unnecessary gadgets. Two canvas berths extended into the cockpit which was large enough for a day party of four and could be covered by canvas to form an extension of the cabin. Cooking was done on a portable single burner Primus and a bucket served as a toilet. I was impressed with her windward ability despite her shallow 30" draft, with a beam of 6', 160 square feet of sail, and one ton displacement, her able designer had captured the character of the old fishermen and at the same time improved her performance. As for changes, I planned on getting an outboard motor to take her south through the canals and perhaps make an old-fashioned sprit rig with easily stowed short spars. The name of *Amiga* seemed suitable.

It was arranged that the *Friend* would be stored at the Rasmussen and Egholm boatyard and that I would live aboard *Amiga* while the transfer of title was being arranged. I slept poorly the first two nights but only because of the exciting cruising possibilities presented by my new floating home. Most of my meals were taken with the hospitable Rasmussen family where I slowly picked up a few words of Danish and Vilhelm quickly enlarged his small English vocabulary.

Water Wandering in Denmark

By Dick Newick
(Originally published
in *The Rudder*, 1956)



Late in August all was ready for departure to Copenhagen. Vilhelm's brother Ruben went along on the two-day trip and I was glad to have his company. The first day's run was through narrow passages where well-tilled farms and short stretches of forest came to the edge of almost tideless water. White houses along the cliffs marked the small harbor of Rodvig where we arrived in mid-afternoon. Because it was a municipally owned harbor we had to pay a fee of 30¢. In contrast, most of the larger Danish harbors were built with government funds and were free to pleasure craft.

Our evening meal was typical of my fare while cruising in *Amiga*, creamy milk to drink, a main course of stew or soup, which ended as a tasty combination christened stoup, with fresh fruit for dessert. This was nourishing and inexpensive and easy to prepare in the cockpit while surveying a new harbor in the early evening light. When I was alone at sea in a typical Danish breeze the boat required too much attention to permit cooking so sandwiches made of substantial Danish rye bread sufficed.

The trip from Rodvig to Kobenhavn (as Rubin taught me to say instead of Copenhagen) was made unusual by fog and calm for several hours. Landsman Ruben worried about what I was sure was only a temporary situation so I let him row until his anxiety melted into fatigue. Late in the afternoon a breeze cleared the air and we were soon scudding along between the island of Amaga and the city where we were delayed by two bridges that only opened for commercial craft.

Dusk found us in the old Lystbaadhavn, a park-lined yacht basin only a few minutes from the downtown area. The guest moorings were taken by several large, plush yachts, mostly German, so we were assigned to the berth of a Danish count who was out cruising in his converted lifeboat. A neighbor introduced himself as Niels Torp and kindly asked if there was anything he could do for us. Soon we were hearing sea stories of bygone times when he had roamed the world as a ship's carpenter in the last days of sail. Hearing that I had lived in San Francisco, he was interested to know if the damage of the great earthquake and fire had yet been repaired.

So began two pleasant weeks in one of the world's most charming capitals. The United States Embassy started the necessary machinery to get the *Amiga* her American papers. A small storm mainsail was ordered and I found much of interest in the busy city where every Dane was a friend. Parks, castles, statues, harbors, and canals were joined by winding streets and wide boulevards which were often crowded with pretty girls riding bicycles, The *USS Baltimore* tied up near the

yacht harbor and the bluejackets charmed the girls from their bicycles to stroll arm in arm through the city.

The fall weather was crisp and sunny, much nicer than the summer had been, but little cruising time remained so one Sunday *Amiga* and I started up toward Helsingor (Elsinore). As I was casting off two University of London students asked if I knew where they might rent a boat to cruise the harbor. This, I suspected, was a suave request for a ride. They were soon aboard and proved interesting company on a leisurely passage to Rungsted, 15 miles north over a sail-filled sea. The Danes seem to have a higher proportion of sailing yachts than is found in the United States, especially in lengths between 20'-30'. Typical is the Folkebaad, Scandinavia's most numerous class. These 25' cliner-built boats have deep cockpits, cabins suitable for two or three, and give a snappy performance.

Like many Danish harbors, Rungsted's had been constructed of large rocks forming breakwaters out from the low, sandy shore. Here we found a snug berth with *Amiga's* stern tied to the bowsprit of a 70' motor sailer, one of the numerous black-painted, oak-built cargo carriers that have not changed much in the past hundred years except for their present wheelhouses, diesel power, and cut-down rigs. The steel motor vessels and modern transportation methods are making them lovely anachronisms.

An hour's travel next morning with the lee rail not quite awash brought us to an imposing sight dear to the hearts of generations of seafaring Danes, Kronborg Castle. The 16th century fortress, less than three miles from Sweden at the northern entrance to the sound, enabled Danish rulers to collect a tax from all vessels entering the Baltic as late as the mid-19th century.

Amiga danced around the point and into Helsingor's north harbor just out of cross bow range (I hoped). Here I spent the next ten days exploring the castle, the half timbered town, and the rolling countryside. The castle houses Denmark's extensive marine museum, a fine collection of models, paintings, and relics of the sea well worth two visits.

One memorable evening was spent with Aage Utzon, *Amiga's* talented designer, who lives in active retirement at the edge of a nearby forest. Entering his 200-year-old cottage my eyes bounced around the room. Models, drawings, photographs, trophies, and relics from far places fascinated me as did our charming host who had designed many of Scandinavia's most successful craft. After an evening of enlightening conversation over good coffee I returned to *Amiga's* cabin, pleased that Villy Jensen, a sailing acquaintance, had arranged the meeting.

Cooler weather, shorter days, and stronger winds suggested a quick start south toward Kobenhavn. I left on a cool, breezy day when the cockpit cover sheltered all but my head and shoulders that protruded from the deep cockpit. This practical arrangement helped to make fall cruising a real pleasure.

At the capital city I picked up the new 70sf mainsail, paying \$30 for a well-made Egyptian cotton sail. I also found a used two horsepower Swedish Penta outboard that seemed to fit *Amiga* exactly. One gusty day I resolved to wait no longer to take a quick look at Sweden. The small main and snug cockpit cover proved their worth on a rough downwind crossing to Malmo where two efficient customs and immigration men gave

me the most complete going over I had received since getting a passport in San Francisco. Ashore I was whisked downtown by a yacht club member who drove fast on the left hand side of the street, a scary new experience for me.

The Swedes seemed prosperous and friendly but more reserved than the Danes. Malmö seemed rather characterless after København's charms.

When I asked directions of a young Swedish schoolboy (almost all of them speak some English) I was amused to be told, "Follow this street until you come to a statue of a horse with a king on it." The Swedish language, while similar to Danish, is more melodious and perhaps easier to learn for an English-speaking person.

I returned to Denmark on a day that started calmly, then built up to a vicious black hail squall which blew *Amiga* into a calm that finally ended when a favorable breeze carried her into Dragør. Here I was pleasantly trapped for several days by a strong southerly. I used the time to work out a good stowage system, renew the running rigging, fashion a bracket for the outboard, and make more friends.

Dragør's buff-painted brick houses still show a Dutch influence dating from several hundred years ago when the king invited a group of progressive Netherland farmers to settle there and teach the Danes "modern" truck farming. I visited Herr and Fru Grauballe, a young couple, in their comfortable waterfront home, enjoying their conversation and learning much about Denmark.

The southerly blew persistently so early one morning I snuggled down for a dusting and clawed south until a favorable slant gave me one of the best rides of the trip, on the blue Baltic, streaked with white foam, with fluffy clouds overhead, it was a day to inspire a poet. Later *Amiga* rocked gently in Rodvig harbor where Ruben and I had called a month before. A chilly evening was spent in the cheery forecabin of a 54-year-old ex-cargo schooner whose crew, Gunnar Hansen and Hans Peterson, have an unusual seafaring trade, stone fishing.

When they told me their occupation my first reaction was to wonder what kind of valuable large stones were found in Danish waters. From the stoutness of the vessel's gear I knew that she handled heavy loads. My hosts laughed and pointed out that every stone was valuable in low, sandy Denmark. The sea bottom is one of the country's main sources of this important building material. They dive and grapple for large stones, selling them for \$2.50 to \$3.00 a ton. Salvage equipment was also carried. They figure that with a crew of three the vessel has to earn \$6.00 an hour to pay wages and expenses.

About 60 vessels are similarly occupied in Denmark but some of their skippers, like Captain Hansen, spend the long winters as officers on larger merchant vessels. During the all too short evening I heard many a well-told sea story including some about how they had outwitted the Gestapo during the war while smuggling refugees to Sweden sandwiched between a false double bulkhead in the cargo hold.

A cold, rainy trip brought me to Nyord, a two square mile island where customs seem to have remained unchanged for 200 years except for the addition of a few modern machines. Almost every islander lives in a thatched village on the hill above the small harbor and farmlands are divided in a medieval manner whereby each family owns a

portion of each type of land scattered over the cultivated island. I was made to feel welcome as I explored the slopes, watching a bountiful harvest being gathered. Fishing and piloting had evidently rounded out the economy in the past but fertile farms seemed to have best survived the stress of modern competition.

The next day I headed for Kallehave, then went on to Vordingborg where *Amiga* and I were warmly welcomed by the Rasmussens and others. On October 1 I shivered as I wrote the date and recorded in the log that for the first time the summer green was noticeably fading into autumn's brilliance. I sailed away one dark morning when I should have stayed in harbor. That wild downwind ride proved *Amiga's* ability beyond my fondest expectations. The steepness of the 8' waves that quickly built up in 15 miles of open water amazed me.

The small main was soon entirely too much sail but I did not dare leave the helm to use the roller reefing gear. A steep breaking sea caught broadside would quickly have finished the boat. I could only continue rushing down the advancing mountains while I managed to keep a life preserver handy and untie the safety line I usually secured around my middle when sailing. I was headed, I hoped, for Bissrup, a poorly-marked little fishing village on southern Sjælland's shallow shore. After almost getting trapped in a long row of fish net stakes I thankfully found the entrance in the fading light and zoomed through to quiet water inside.

What a contrast. Cows grazed peacefully near fishermen calmly mending nets. I got the sail down and a line ashore before wearily sinking to the deck, wondering at the local unconcern for my obviously great feat of seamanship (or stupidity?).

Then along came Jon Hansen, hotel owner, sailor, and one-time San Franciscan. I do not know which of us was happiest to see the other. We had a great evening reminiscing in his warm little hotel and I learned much about far corners of the world, even something new about California. Jon had spent only two winters at home since he was 14 and he dreamed with a sailor's restlessness of the South Seas. When he tested *Amiga* the following morning I noted his appreciation of her good points. How long, I wondered, could this able sailor resist the sea's call, blind as he was to the charm of this ancient Viking base where he had grown up?

The weather had changed completely with only a faint suggestion of the preceding day's sea as *Amiga* and I headed for Svendborg by way of Lohals. Svendborg, one of Denmark's most beloved towns, probably sees more of the old sailing vessels than any other harbor. It was here in the Ring Andersen shipyard that many of them were built from carefully carved models. I was helped to a berth near a permanently moored barkentine school ship by Arne Christiansen, another single hander. In his exceptionally able 23' Norwegian sloop named *Colin Archer* he had sailed to England the previous summer. We enjoyed getting to know each other despite a limited mutual vocabulary.

Arne, or Ulle as he was known to his friends, was a carpenter who had retired at a young middle age to spend his summers sailing and his winters preparing for the summers. He lived a simple bachelor life on a small budget and had an interesting philosophy envied by many. The day our courses parted, as he headed toward his home in

northern Denmark, I little realized how soon we were to become very well acquainted.

I, too, tried to leave Svendborg's busy harbor but headwinds and current conspired to keep me there long enough to meet Captain Asker Kure aboard his old English-built ketch *Santa Maria*. A master mariner of the old school, Captain Kure had retired from skippering his own cargo vessel around northern Europe to live aboard his yacht which he had bought with a world voyage in mind. The day we met he had returned from a single handed voyage around Fyn, Denmark's second largest island.

I went to look over the businesslike vessel and soon found myself in the comfortable main cabin where the skipper and I discussed many common interests. He had grown up in sail, spent several years in American West Coast steam schooners and was proud of his vast knowledge of commercial sailing vessels. We found ourselves talking more and more of a world cruise.

The following day was dull but suitable for sailing among the small islands to Aero Island, my jumping-off place for the voyage to Kiel. In Soby Harbor I was delighted to find my friend Erick Knudson installing new tanks in the large motor yacht he skippered. I enjoyed some good discussions with his brother-in-law Helmut and with Herr Neilsen, the young engineer of the local marine engine factory. This fascinating, low overhead shop employed 25 craftsmen to produce 35 different models, an uneconomical arrangement perhaps, but the owner liked the challenge of new problems and tried to fill every special request for two-cycle heavy duty engines of from 2hp to 150hp.

Near Soby I also inspected the dusty interior of an old windmill used to grind grain. Its leisurely flexed arms seen on the horizon were deceptive. Up close they whooshed around my ears to deliver enormous power to the rumbling machinery.

A delay caused by bad weather on Kiel Bay enabled Ulle Christiansen to reach me by phone and propose a radical change in my plans. "Why not spend the winter with me," he urged, "then cruise the rest of Scandinavia in the spring before heading south? It's far too cold to go now and, besides, I'd like to learn English." I accepted the kind offer and we agreed to meet in Nyborg Harbor, northeast of Svendborg. I set off to join Ulle in Nyborg where we spent a few days with harbormaster Thiesen, a rare combination of commercial seaman and yachtsman with an expert's knowledge of the sea. Ulle and I amused him with our minor language troubles, which usually arose when I assumed that Ulle was speaking Danish whereas he was really attempting English.

Sailing from Nyborg, Ulle and I discovered that our boats were quite well matched as cruising companions and I never tired of watching *Amiga's* staunch escort slice through the cold water of Great Belt and the Kattegat.

The winter slipped by at Ulle's hospitable home, a seagoing structure that had started life as the bridge of a Canadian mine sweeper. Standing a few feet from the icy Kattegat, it was ideal for us with our boats drawn up under shelter just outside the door.

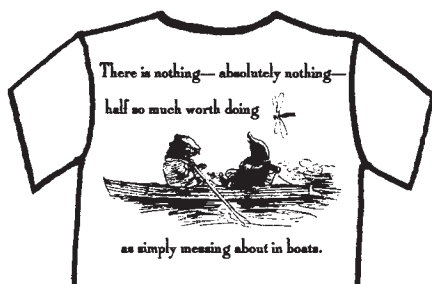
A great many friends helped the winter pass almost too quickly as plans formed for a world cruise in the *Santa Maria* and *Amiga* and *Friend* were readied for shipment to San Francisco.

(To Be Continued)


It starts just as ski season is winding down but before the golf clubs come out of the garage. That should be sometime in late March but Mother Nature often plays the villainess. The occasional day arrives when the sun shines brightly, the temperature rises into the 50s, and a light southwesterly breeze caresses the tidal pond near where we live. That's all it takes and we boating nuts are off.

We begin by remembering the good sails we had the previous seasons, recalling the way the boat skimmed over the rippled water, the feel of the wood tiller or wheel in our hands, the gurgling sound of the bow wave, and the warm sun on our backs. All this is wild fantasy, we realized on darker days when the northeast wind starts to howl and the temperature drops again into the 30s.

Other bygone spring days when we were younger also come to mind. In the 1930s when I was a young teenager, my father and I drove in our black '35 Chevy sedan to Hudson Park in New Rochelle, New York, on weekends to work on our wooden knockabout sloop called *Win*. Our trips were usually made in late March when the yacht clubs were still closed for the winter and there were no launches running. We'd go to a boat livery at the entrance to the park and rent a heavy, green rowboat that had seen better days to row out to the Echo Bay Yacht Club Island where our boat was stored



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A Lifetime on the Water

Part 2 Spring Fever

By Lionel Taylor

for the winter. I can still recall the foul smell of dead fish coming up from the floor boards left over from someone's successful fishing trip in the fall.

I remember one year there was an old Chinese junk moored across from the boat livery and I turned to look at her before we cast off. There was a thin, lazy circle of smoke issuing from her galley stack indicating that there were people aboard for the winter. Blown snow created some drifts around the hatches and there was the light from a dim oil lamp showing out of one of her small cabin windows. I stared in wonder as to what a native sailing vessel from the Far East was doing here in this little backwater in the US.

My father saw my interest as he was getting the oars into the oarlocks and he explained the intricacies of the boat. "Notice the two masts," he said as we pulled away, "and the twin lugsails lying on her deck. They operate like the shades we have at home. The crew pulls them down when it's blowing too hard and up when there's not much wind. Real clever."

I turned around in my seat as we pulled away and thought to myself how wonderful it would be to sail the China Sea in one of those boats. I envisioned myself standing on her high stern steering her very large rudder while giving orders to her Lascar crew huddled on the deck below. It was too cold to be on the water this time of year and I remember huddling down in the stern sheets while my father rowed against a strong wind and white-capped sea that occasionally flung spray over the gunwale into the boat. At times I had to bail with a rusty old Campbell soup can to keep our feet from getting wet. It was a long half-mile row and we were both cold and damp when we got to the island.

Win sat on the marine railway, poised above the downward slope. We'd pull the rowboat over the stones between the launching rails and drop the rusty anchor over the side so the rowboat wouldn't float away with the tide. Taking our bags of tools we'd trudge up the steep railway to where our boat sat waiting on her wood cradle. There was no one else around and just a few small boats drawn up on the hard above where we stood.

The island is shaped like a fishhook. The clubhouse and pavilion stand on the high side of the island as in the eye of the hook and where we stood, it is bent around like the barb. I walked to where the small boats were stored and looked up to where a small beach separated the two sections of the island that was mostly covered at high tide. On the Long Island Sound side there were two wind-blown stakes for a volleyball court, and on the Echo Bay side club members brought their boats to be fixed or bailed.

As I stood on the back island, as we called it, I thought I could still hear the loud shouts and cheers of the volleyball players (I had been one) coming from the previous summer tournaments and the distant clink of the metal horseshoes from the courts behind. I laughed to myself as I remembered how we

kids stood aghast watching a stout club member on the bay side beach that summer. He had trouble starting his outboard motor and had brought his boat into shallow water to see what the problem was. He stood alongside in the water in his one-piece bathing suit, yanking the starter cord. Unexpectedly the big Johnson motor, which he had rotated off center to get to it better, suddenly snorted to life and the heavy boat proceeded to chase him around the shallows in circles. We couldn't hold back the cheers as he finally caught up with the boat and tumbled into it! Luckily no one was hurt.

My daydreaming was suddenly brought to an end by the urgent voice of my father from below the slope, "Come along now. It's time we got started." We then began the job of scraping down the bottom of the boat. It was a tough and dirty job in those days. There was no such thing as a power wash at the end of the sailing season. The bottom was just the way it had been when hauled, caked with dried weed and barnacles (the anti-fouling paint we had to use in those days wasn't too good either). There was also no such thing as painters' masks, disposable coveralls and gloves, safety goggles, respirators, or portable power tools. We just lay under the boat on the stones of the railway and absorbed cuprous oxide and marine growth as we scraped.

We worked from the bow to the stern with paint scrapers, my father working one side while I worked the other. Occasionally we'd converse in a weak mumble as we stopped to wipe the droppings from our faces and massage our damp, cold hands with a dry towel. It was a lonely job.

We were both glad when it was time for lunch. We sat side by side on the flat stones beside the railway and wrapped our cold hands around the metal thermos cups that held the hot cocoa my mother prepared for us. We were both occupied with our thoughts as we looked our boat over, surprised by how little we'd accomplished in the morning hours and how much more we had to do.

But by day's end we'd finished the bottom scraping and even had begun some sanding work. As the sun set in a rosy glow behind the boarded-up shore stations of our club, and that of the New Rochelle Rowing Club alongside, we gathered up our tools and washed them in the bay. By then the tide was out and even though we were tired and sore we had to drag the heavy rowboat over the rails and the rocks to the water's edge. My father had an easier time rowing back with the wind at his back and I could keep my cold hands in my pockets rather than have them freeze while bailing.

The owner of the boat livery was waiting on the dock for us. "I didn't want to close up without being sure you and the boy were OK," he said with a grin on his bearded face. He grabbed my hand with a callused paw and took the painter from my father. I looked across at the junk that was now lit up fore and aft. The livery man noticed my glance and said to me, "Aye, they've been here all winter but will be off again for the open seas in a few weeks." Then, dirty and cold, we would head home for dinner with my mother. Now that I have my own boat and lists of spring chores I am amazed at my father, who always knew what needed to be done and the required tools without any list. Unfortunately, I will never know how he did it as he passed on before I could ask.

(To Be Continued)

Cape Cod Harbors

On the *Impulse*

By Rob Gogan

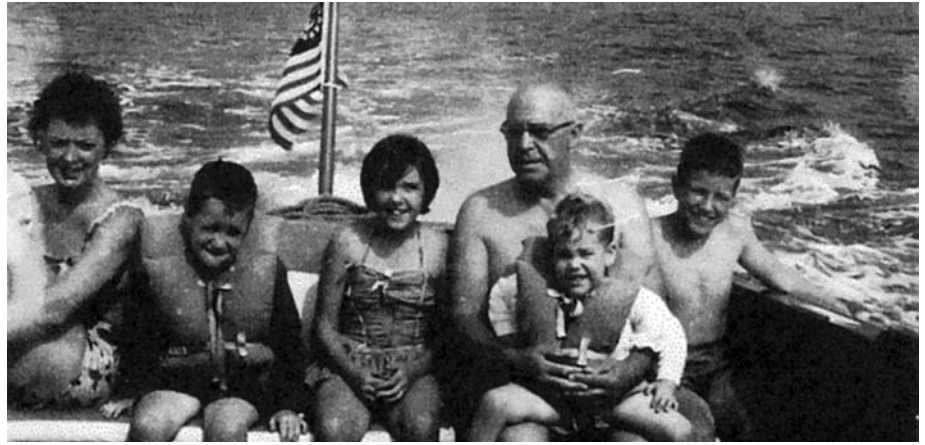
My grandparents sold their New Hampshire farmhouse and bought the house at Red Brook Harbor on Cape Cod when I was 11. My horse-loving sister Jill was the only one among us who regretted the change. It had been her dream to persuade our parents and grandparents to buy a horse someday and ride the rolling fields and forests of Highmeadow Farm. Shortly after buying the Red Brook Harbor house my grandfather again surprised us by announcing that he had bought a boat. Perhaps our trips on Mr Jones's boat inspired him to do it. She was a Lyman inboard run-about about 22' long with a little cabin and two berths. He named her the *Impulse* because he'd bought her on impulse.

When I got to go out and ride with my grandfather ("Grandie") that first summer I was thrilled. I wanted to go out as fast, far, and frequently as possible. We went fishing, waterskiing, and cruising on the *Impulse*. One day Grandie decided to take us on a cruise to the Clam Shack on Falmouth Harbor which we had visited by car. We had enjoyed many seafood dinners there.

Grandie and I rowed out to the *Impulse* and he climbed aboard. I rowed back to the beach to get my sister Jill and cousin Nancy. As I rowed I looked at my thighs tensing and slacking in rhythm with my strokes. My legs were now a lot more muscular since the New Hampshire mountain trip with my camp the week before. Once the girls were aboard I hitched the skiff painter to the mooring line and climbed in. Grandie had the engine cowl up and was tinkering with a screwdriver. He was done quickly and lowered the cowl. The top of it was padded to provide extra seating. There were seats along a stern bench, too. I cast off the mooring line and Grandie powered up the throttle to enter the Bassett's Island channel.

The girls settled back and Nancy said something about how hard it was to keep her curly hair under control in the humid Cape Cod air. Jill laughed uproariously as Nancy mimed the wild shapes her hair would soon take once Grandie got the *Impulse* to full throttle. My favorite seat was the stern bench from which I could easily turn and watch astern. I was fascinated with the different wakes: three big, curved rollers following us as we navigated the channel at three knots; the white-on-green glassy crests as we took her up to 12 knots or so; the respectable "rooster tail" which developed as the streams from port and starboard braided together; and the white to green to blue striations as we played at 20 knots and a long, white trail stretched out to the horizon.

None of us wore sunscreen in those days. We were all proud of our tans as signs of health and vigor. Nancy, with her fair complexion, even applied Johnson's Baby Oil to augment the sun's rays and help her burn to a deeper red. In mid-life I eventually got a patch of skin cancer on my back and Jill got one on her upper lip. Perhaps this day's exposure accelerated the onset. Nancy, as far as I know, has escaped it. Grandie never got skin cancer but he didn't live long after this day, alas. His fatal aneurism struck three years later.



"Grandie" takes us out on the *Impulse*, c. 1964. Cousin Nancy is to the left and the author is to the right.

After filling up at the marina we were ready to scoot south. It was our first time going through Woods Hole, some of the trickiest waters in Buzzards Bay to navigate. When the tide was running the current could exceed four knots. It ran so hard the buoys all tilted, straining against their mooring chains and raising big wakes with rooster tails. One always had to be alert for the Vineyard ferries coming in and out periodically. Complicating the passage further was the plethora of buoys which marked three different intersecting channels. Many vessels passing through at night or in poor visibility had run aground by assuming that two adjacent Woods Hole markers showed the same channel. The chart marked several wrecks here.

We all had confidence in Captain Grandie though. We were impressed with how fast we made the passage. The buoys and points on the land zoomed by, though we weren't kicking up a very big wake as we were going with the tide. The water's surface was blooming and swirling with updrafts and eddies in the current. Grandie, fresh from his Power Squadron course, correctly picked out the channel and got us through to the comparatively calm waters of Vineyard Sound. We saw the classic Nobska Point lighthouse emerge to port with Martha's Vineyard in the haze to starboard a mile away.

Soon we were entering the channel to Falmouth Inner Harbor, an estuary that had been widened and extended with two long jetties from which people often fished. We tied up at the pier next to the Clam Shack and climbed up the long ladder to the deck. This pier was always busy because it accommodated a fueling station, restaurant, fish market, and windjammer departure point all at the same time.

Our attention was immediately drawn to a big swordfish slung up on a scale, tail up. Its body, excluding the sword, was well over six feet long. Its blue-black skin was going chalky in patches where it had dried up to show the scales. The large black eye stared out blankly. I wondered in awe what speed it had shown so recently and what terror it had evoked in schools of smaller fish when it charged into them with slashing sword.

We left the proud fishing party and their admirers and went inside to order fish and chips. Grandie ordered a hot dog. As I think back it seems remarkable that someone would go such a distance to a dockside restaurant and order a frankfurter when they could have the freshest seafood on the continent. My mother had told me that he had eaten so much seafood growing up on the coast of Maine that even lobster had no special appeal. During the

depths of the Depression of the 1930s they used to have lobster every weekend thanks to the frequent deliveries of Uncle Merton, who was the first dealer to bring lobsters to Boston on refrigerated trucks.

We usually went to the upper deck of the Clam Shack to dine where the scavenging seagulls would fight over the fries we couldn't eat. Today the restaurant runs filament fishing line overhead which completely discourages the begging gulls. Once or twice, as we ate, the *Island Queen* or its sister ferry came into the harbor with waving tourists just back from the Vineyard. Grandie and I went down to re-fuel the boat. We saw that the man who had been weighing the swordfish was now showing a dock browser the sword and tail he had cut from it as trophies. He had sold the rest of the fish to the market.

In those years large swordfish could be taken with harpoon within an hour's cruise of the Cape or the Islands. I looked over at the brace and tackle that had been the scene of such commotion the previous hour. Its rigging hung limp and the drying puddle of wash water on the boards of the dock below showed no sign of blood and only a few scales from the prize. Subsequently, every time we came here to dine I looked at that spot and remembered. We never saw another swordfish being weighed here.

Swordfish was Jill's favorite food and she asked for it on her birthday for 30 years. But by that time concerns about mercury took all the joy out of eating it for her and she changed her menu request to wild salmon. I wondered if part of Jill's appreciation of swordfish was the memory of that day trip and the excitement of being there at the dock when the big fish came in. Perhaps we will find a way to temper our swordfish harvest to a sustainable level and the ocean will be free enough of mercury for people to eat swordfish again some day without concern. If we can clean up the habitat, manage the harvest better, clean up the mercury-laden smoke from the coal-burning electric utility plants upwind, and recycle the mercury in fluorescent lamps, thermostats, switches, and batteries, Jill may have another swordfish birthday feast someday.

Grandie hurried us home and let each of us take a turn at the helm. He listened to the engine all the way, pleased with how fast the engine was able to take us, but at the same time wondering if he could get a little more pep out of the big inboard by tweaking the carburetor. He was a hot-rodder at heart. We made a great team, the girls and I loved going out on the water and Grandie loved taking us out on the *Impulse*.

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The Canadian Field Naturalist has always been alive to the value of even the most general observations relating to the more remote and poorly-known parts of Canada and on several occasions has assisted in making such observations available by publishing them. In this issue, by the permission of the Director, Lands, Parks, and Forests Branch, Department of Mines and Resources, and with the approval of the Hudson's Bay Company, we are able to begin the publication of Chief Factor James Anderson's Journal of his expedition in search of traces of Sir John Franklin in 1855.

The Journal is taken from a bound volume of typewritten sheets in the library of the Lands, Parks, and Forests Branch, Department of Mines and Resources, Ottawa. It contains the Journal, several other letters and reports of Chief Factor Anderson, and a copy of Robert Campbell's diary of his exploration of the Pelly River as printed by the *Manitoba Free Press* in 1895. The volume was formerly in the library of the Commission of Conservation and originally came from the library of the Chief Geographer, Mr James White, who afterwards served as secretary of the Commission.

Though the circumstances surrounding the transcription of the Journal are not known, its origin is easy to determine. On Friday, April 6, 1888, Mr James Anderson, son of Chief Factor James Anderson, appeared before the Select Committee of the Senate of Canada, appointed to enquire into the resources of the Great Mackenzie Basin. He exhibited to the Committee a diary of his father's which included his personal journal of a trip in search of Sir John Franklin. Notes from the journal included in the Committee's report agree with the MS and it is likely also that other papers in the MS volume were with the documents exhibited to the Senate Committee.

In the Archives of the Hudson's Bay Company there is a diary forwarded by Chief Factor Anderson to his superior officers, and in the Journal of the Royal Geographical Society for 1857, Vol 27, pp 321-328, Sir John Richardson published a series of extracts from it covering the days from July 30 to August 22. For the days in this period the diary from July 30 to August 13 seems to be published in full, as does also that for August 20. Comparison of the entries with those to be published here show that while the facts tally, the two documents are quite different in text.

The Hudson's Bay Company Archives diary is a much more polished document, which tends to omit details of the daily routine and to enlarge on subjects that Anderson knew were of particular interest to those who would be reading it. By letter of May 12, 1938, the Hudson's Bay Company communicated to Mr M.G. Cameron of the Air Surveys Section, Bureau of Geology and Topography, Department of Mines and Resources, extracts from the diary in their possession for use in mapping the route traversed by Anderson. The style is similar to those published by Richardson and, in fact,

Chief Factor James Anderson's Back River Journal of 1855 Part 1

Reprinted from *The Canadian Field Naturalist*, May 1940

the letter states that Richardson's text is that of the diary in their Archives.

The Journal we are publishing must be, then, Anderson's field notebook and it should not detract from the value for future publication, at least in sufficient detail for comparison, of the diary in the Hudson's Bay Company's Archives. Nothing is known of the fate of the diary exhibited to the Senate Committee of 1888. It is evident that there were other journals, some earlier and some later than the Back River Journal. Apparently only documents of geographical interest were copied and all the journals which dealt in the main with James Anderson's private affairs were returned to his son when the copying was done. If any papers or records were deposited with the records of the Senate they would have been destroyed at the time of the fire in 1916. During the sittings in 1888 two great Canadian scientists, Dr George M. Dawson and Professor John Macoun, examined the journals and it is likely that one or both of these men, most probably Dawson, had the Back River diary and other papers copied and that the typewritten sheets were bound later with other geographical papers at the instance of Mr James White. The Back River Journal is here printed verbatim from the MS copy.

For a history of the organization of the expedition the Parliamentary Arctic Expedition Papers should be consulted. When Dr Rae's report of his discovery of the fate of Sir John Franklin's expedition was transmitted to the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty by the Hudson's Bay Company, the Admiralty expressed their "earnest anxiety" that an expedition (one of two proposed by them) should proceed to the mouth of the Back River (Great Fish River) where Eskimo reports indicated that the men of the *Erebus* and *Terror* had perished. The command of this expedition was given to "Mr C.J. James Anderson" with James Green Stewart as second-in-command. Anderson was at that time in charge of the "MacKenzie's River" District of the Hudson's Bay Company with headquarters at Fort Simpson. He was given a hand-picked crew, including three Iroquois voyageurs sent all the way from Montreal by way of Chicago.

Further information on the expedition is to be found in the text of the Parliamentary Arctic Papers. On September 15, 1855, Anderson wrote to Sir George Simpson giving a summary of the expedition (Further Papers,

1856, pp 25-29). In addition to the correspondence published in the Parliamentary Papers, Anderson's letter was published in the Journal of The Royal Geographical Society, Vol 26, pp 18-25, and some extracts from his Journal, already referred to, were published by Richardson. In Preble's compilation of faunal records for the Canadian Northwest the only references to the Anderson-Stewart expedition were from the two latter publications, lack of reference to the wealth of material in the Parliamentary Arctic Papers being a conspicuous omission in Preble's work.

The expedition was so little known that when one of the Back River Eskimos told Hanbury in 1902 that two canoes full of white men had gone down the river when he was a boy, Hansbury put him down as a liar. The fact that the Anderson Journal was never published has kept him and the Hudson's Bay Company from the credit that is their due for this expedition, an injustice that will now be righted.

The expedition was a worthy accomplishment, even for the hardy men who participated in it. As was the case in Back's return trip when the river was first explored, the weather was very bad but the men did their work cheerfully. Anderson's letter (Further Papers, 1856, p 26) describes the crossing of the Mountain Portage, one of the most difficult in Canada: "Immediately after breakfast the portage was begun and at 10½pm our fine fellows were descending a steep mountain with the canoes, singing La Violette." Anderson himself was an unusually keen observer as his Journal shows. He did not discover as much about the Franklin expedition as had been hoped but he covered the ground assigned to him thoroughly. The history of the Franklin expedition is so well known now that the pieces have been put together with only a few missing. Today we are more interested in the general observation as they were written down day by day in a country not much visited by white men even at the present time.

Journal of Chief Factor Anderson of the H.B. Co, of a Journey from Fort Simpson, McKenzie River, to the Mouth of the Great Fish River via Great Slave Lake, etc, 1855

Monday, 28th May. I took my departure with 2 canoes and 10 men laden with supplies for the Exped'n at a little after midday. Ice still drifting in the Upper McKenzie. We broke one of the canoes. Near Green Island it drifted so thickly that we were compelled to encamp at 7-½ h. p.m. at the head of the Islands. The water appears to have risen very high in the River, appearance of several dykes.

Tuesday 29. Detained by ice till 8-½ a.m. when we left and reached the point below Rabbit Skin River, where we were compelled to encamp, the ice drifting very thickly; in the midst of this B. Le Noir came drifting in a small canoe; he says the river is free as far as Conteaux Jaunes Rr. but impracticable for even a boat to ascend. The people shot a few ducks and rabbits. A few drops of rain fell and

the sky was overcast all day. Got 9 French stock ducks eggs.

May Wed. 30th. The ice detained us until 10- $\frac{1}{2}$ a.m. We got many knocks and rubs, but reached Spence's Rr. at 8- $\frac{1}{2}$ h.p.m. Saw Babilland & c and old Le Noir and son; got a few fish, 2 geese, a beaver and a piece of bear from them; they had hunts varying from 40 to upwards of 100 MBr. The birches and poplars begin to put out their leaves. The weather was warm today, previous to leaving Fort Simpson the highest the Therm. reached this spring was 62.

Thur. 31st. After gumming the canoes embarked at 4- $\frac{1}{2}$ a.m. Obligated to take to the paddle owing to the quantities of ice on Beach. Experienced some heavy showers, accompanied by thunder. We had too much trouble with drift ice, but managed to reach a little above the stream when we saw the ice coming down full channel, evidently from the little Lake. By using our best exertions we managed to get our canoes out of the water (5 p.m.) just as the ice came down with tremendous force, sending huge boulders up the Bank like Skittle Balls. The canoes suffered much today; on one occasion a mass of ice tumbled from off the Bank, sent a wave into the canoe and broke the paddle of one of the men; a few inches more and we should have been all smashed into a thousand pieces; as it was we escaped, except an Indian who was hurt by the handle of the broken paddle being driven into his side.

June Friday 1. Detained all day by ice; immense quantities have passed. About 3 a.m. this water rose with a sudden rush, bringing down immense fields, portions of which were shoved with tremendous force up the bank. Fortunately I caused the baggage and canoes to be carried high up before the men went to sleep, still one of our canoes had a narrow escape. The ice tho' still (8- $\frac{1}{2}$ p.m.) drifting thickly is getting a little clearer. This is a bad place for hunting; nothing has been killed today by the hunters. Weather warm.

Sat. 2nd. Still detained by ice. Cloudy with some slight showers. The Big Island boat arrived at 11 a.m. took out its crew and sent the Simpson people, except two Indians, back in it; Mr Clarke was a passenger.

The ice is drifting thinly this evening and I am in hopes that we shall be able to leave in the morning.

Sun. 3rd. Cloudy all day. Just as we were preparing to leave this, a canoe arrived from Simpson. which Mr Milles was kind enough to send with some provisions upon learning the state of the ice from the Indians; of them I took a bag of Pem'n and sent back the remainder. We left rather too soon as we broke both canoes with ice and were compelled to put on shore to repair them; it was tough work getting up to the head of our line; the water is high which precludes tracking and the current very strong. Both canoes were nearly upset in rounding fallen trees, and the old canoes had a most narrow escape of being crushed by a flow of ice. Saw 5 Indians with excellent hunts and a boy of 12 years old who had killed 70 M Br in Martens, the lowest the men had was 80, the others 100 and upwards. Encamped late in the little Lake opposite Point au Foin; men much fatigued after this hard day's work, it was one continual stretch.

Mon. 4th. A beautiful calm warm day. vegetation has made considerable advances during the last 2 or 3 days. We left the encampment at 4 a.m. and encamped at 7- $\frac{1}{2}$ p.m. the canoes requiring considerable re-

pairs at a pipe from the small lake close to the "Ecaurs; saw only a few pieces of ice, until we encamped when we saw a considerable quantity, I suppose from the small Lake. Saw old Bedean and the Grand Noir. The men who are unaccustomed to the paddle complain of sore arms and breasts.

Tuesd. 5th. Left early, but were stopped by a large body of ice (or rather a stream of drift ice apparently much broken) supposed to have come from the Channels about Big Island. Did not unload till sunset, in hopes of a passage clearing. In the evening a heavy gale arose. We are encamped in the little Lake opposite Lap Stick Point, the weather warm. I need not say the pain and vexation I feel at these repeated detentions; however, I could do nothing were I further advanced. Slave Lake is still firm, but the appearance of even advancing is consolatory.

Wed. 6th. Left at 7 am. Stopped by ice at the Island at 7- $\frac{1}{2}$ a.m. until 5 p.m.; we then managed to cross among the drift ice and reached Charleson's Fisherys where we were again compelled to encamp by our enemy at 8 p.m. Stopped at an Island where we saw many of the small forked tail black-headed Tern; they had just begun to make their nests but had laid no eggs; saw one of these birds drive off a crow. Gooseberries in flower. Very warm and clear till the evening when it was overcast." Mosquitoes troublesome.

Thurs. 7. Detained here the entire day by ice drifting so thick that we cant see water; it is all smashed into separate candles. Very sultry; thunder at some distance; a few drops of rain fell here, but heavy showers falling to the Nd. Saw a grasshopper. Strawberries in flower.

Frid. 8th. Another warm day; thunder at intervals and a shower in the evening. Mosquitoes rather troublesome. Still detained by ice which is drifting full channel.

Sat. 9th. Another warm day. Cloudy at intervals with a few drops of rain. Still detained by ice running full channel. Saw a dragonfly and some yellow butterflies.

Sunday, 10th. At 3 p.m. we managed to cross the river amongst the drift ice and put ashore to supper at 9 pm; after which we continued our route. Very warm, sultry; about 6- $\frac{1}{2}$ p.m. the sky to the N. Wt. became of an inky color with long streamers like waving hair hanging like a fringe; the sun shone through this as if a halo had been cut in the cloud; this shifted gradually round the compass, Ey., accompanied by violent squalls and heavy showers of hail and rain. We had some narrow shaves in the ice and the tracking at the Rapid was execrable.

Mon. 11th. We marched all last night, got up the Batteau Rapid about daybreak; when we were within sight of Isle aux Bru-leaux we were again stopped by drift ice, but managed to get on by dint of wading and hauling the canoes through the small channels and afterwards by keeping along shore, which was shoal and full of stones we reached the point before reaching the Big Island Fort at 5pm; then we were obliged to unload as the channel is choked by ice. Sent all hands to the Fort excepting my servant. Saw some Big Island Indians and one belonging to Resolution, who is waiting for the disruption of the ice to go there. The men marched 26 hours, except during the time they put on shore to sup and breakfast

Tuesday 12th. The ice cleared sufficiently about mid-day to cross over to the Island along which we found a channel, and reached a point on it about 15 miles from B.I.

at 6 p.m. Here we found our road barred by ice and encamped on a nasty swampy point. Set a short net which yielded by sunset 3 fine trout, 8 W. fish and 13 Red Carp.

Wed. 13th. Detained all day by ice. The water rose and drove us to another encampment; obliged to take up the net as the ice was covering it. It yielded 32 fish, chiefly white fish. Some marsh flowers are in bloom, such as the large buttercup. It is blowing fresh from the N.E. The land here is evidently encroaching on the Lake; the process is first driftwood, then a sediment of mud; moss then springs up and grass and marsh plants, willows take root and, when the ground is a little raised, birch, beyond that spruce; the leaves of the birch here are just appearing and the grass is 18 inches high, though the ground is frozen six inches from the surface.

Thurs. 14th. Heavy rain with wind all night. The ice is packed against the beach so that we cannot even set a net.

Friday 16th. Calm and cloudy, a most gloomy day; ice as yesterday. This perpetual detention is most distressing, but it is useless repining.

Sat. 16th. Very warm with a slight shower, foggy, Mosquitoes dreadfully thick. About 5pm we managed to set off from our beastly, swampy encampment. We found some lanes of water and bored through much drift ice till we reached near the De Marais Islands where we could get no further, the ice being hard and in close pack. At the same time the fog was impenetrable. It was an awkward situation. We bored away into the bay and suddenly came on one of the Islands and afterwards managed to reach the last one by sunset. Canoes rather damaged. Saw several fields of ice still white and hard; very cold in the evenings. Set the net.

Sund. 17th. Left very early in hopes of finding a clear road; we were soon, however, undeceived, as after pushing through much drift ice and injuring the canoes much, we were brought to a stand by thickly packed ice, in the bay at a short distance from Pt des Roches. Foggy with some showers of rain; were the wind to blow off shore, I think that we could get on as the ice is in pieces and moving. Mosquitoes awful. The net only produced 2 fish. Shot a goose.

Mond. 18th. Got off at mid-day and, after 5 hours hard labor in getting thro' the ice, reached Pt des Roches. Got a few gulls eggs, Weather warm. with thunder. Mosquitoes awful. Set the net. The bay beyond the point quite blocked up.

(To Be Continued)

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The International Scene

In the Antarctic the master of the Sea Shepherd's environmental pirate ship *Steve Irwin* claimed he was shot at by Japanese whalers and produced a bullet he said had lodged in his bulletproof vest, but Japan dismissed his claim as a lie. The alleged incident happened while the *Irwin's* crew was throwing stink bombs at the factory ship *Nisshin Maru* and Japanese Coast Guard personnel threw back flash grenades. In the Arctic two officers of the same group's *Farley Mowat* were arrested for taking the ship far too close to a sealing vessel. "...we had a guy on the ice and she broke the ice up under his feet," claimed one sealer.

The Panama Canal Authority postponed critical maintenance work on several locks when ships started piling up. At one point 110 vessels were awaiting passage with waiting times running from five to eight days.

Last year 82 vessels of over 500 gross tons each were lost and this year's estimate is 112. There was a similar increase to 727 major, serious, or partial losses. This is a 270% increase in one decade. And another insurance expert noted that 25% of recent claims have been linked to hatch covers on bulkers.

The offshore energy industry is feeling the pinch of too few skilled personnel but the next big problem may be rust, over half the structures in the North Sea are in poor condition.

The larger maritime community also faces upcoming problems. A shortage of trained personnel is the major one but another is cargo congestion at too many over-worked ports and yet another is the lack of enough repair and environmentally acceptable ship scrapping facilities.

China has launched a replica of a 14th century junk and it will set sail for San Francisco this year.

Thin Places and Hard Knocks

Some ships sank or nearly sank: The French trawler *Marie Louise Bart* sank 41 miles from Guernsey in winds up to 110kmh, its crew of five were saved by nearby vessels.

The Chinese cargo ship *New Hangzhou* sank off East China, a passing fishing vessel plucked all 23 crew members from a life raft.

Off Alaska rudder problems caused the 185' fishing vessel *Alaskan Ranger* to sink. Most of the crew of 47 was saved. It was the largest such rescue in the US Coast Guard memory.

In Vietnam a timber-laden cargo ship managed to sink in the Dai Giang River all by itself and six of its crew of 16 died.

The tug *Frigga* was towing the crane barge *Pontus*, the dredge *Elvira*, and a barge off the Swedish east coast when strong winds capsized and sank the dredge and the crane barge.

In East Java the *Perdana*, carrying sand, cement, and 40 people, capsized and five died.

Some collided or allided: The bulk carrier *Darya Bhakti* bumped the container ship *OOCL China* off Shanghai, some damage to ships and containers.

At Malta, Force 6 winds caused the cargo ship *Akin* to hit the *Aggeklicki* berthed at the fuel wharf.

A South Korean tanker collided with a small boat off that country's south coast and 200 tons of diesel fuel spilled.

A watchstander on the Japanese fishing vessel *Kosho Maru No. 7* fell asleep and the craft ran into the side of the anchored Japanese Coast Guard vessel *Wasaka*.

Beyond the Horizon

By Hugh Ware

The fishing vessel 801 *Chang Nyeong* and the 4,050-ton tanker *Heung Yang* collided off South Korea, causing a 200-kilolitre spill of refined oil.

The deep-sea tug *Neftegaz 67* collided with the cargo ship *Yao Mai* near Hong Kong and sank, carrying with it most of its crew of 18. Rescuers saved eight and tried to drag the upside-down tug into shallower waters for more rescue attempts. The pull failed because the tug's upper works were deep in the mud.

At Rotterdam the departing *Beluga Innovation* lost power, rammed the *Vendette*, and then ran its nose up on the shore.

On the Hooghly River the smallish container ship *CS Signe* had steering problems, hit a jetty, and went aground.

At the Brazilian port of Salvador the MBTE-carrying tanker *NCC Jupal* ran into a pier and opened up its hull, some spill of engine oil.

In eastern China, near Ninbo, the 1,400-dwt cargo ship *Qinfeng 128* collided with a high concrete bridge under construction and one 3,000-ton span tumbled down onto the ship. Four went missing.

Some went aground: The container ship *MSC Sabina* ran aground in the St Lawrence River a hundred miles from Montreal and stayed there despite repeated pulls by up to five tugs plus waves created by a Canadian icebreaker steaming back and forth. Cargo will have to be moved to a sister ship before the next pull. Back in 2000 the *MSC Sabrina* ran into a Dutch fishing boat and then, 15 minutes later, hit a British freighter.

On the Basque coast of Spain the cargo ship *Maro* went aground, its stern firmly amid rocks.

High winds battered the UK and the 11,000-tonne *Astral* began to drag its anchor. Tugs saved it.

Across the Channel in France the 289' coaster *Artemis* did go aground on the Atlantic coast and next day people were walking around the stranded vessel. It was pulled free by two large tugs.

The *Sophia* was similarly high and dry on a beach in Algeria.

Fire got at least one ship: The Tanzanian tanker *Taurus*, chartered by the Comoran army as part of an offensive to recapture the archipelago's renegade island of Anjouan, caught fire and sank in the port of Grande Comore.

Other bad things happened: Three shipyard workers in the Philippines were pinned down by a crane when a shackle snapped and all three died.

The night before Easter Sunday a seafarer fell off the *Linda* off Sweden and was not found.

At Saldhana Bay in South Africa the *Panama* arrived with two injured seamen. One died shortly thereafter.

Gray Fleets

The landlocked Czech Republic will soon get its first submarine. A 1954 Russian-built sub used by Albania until 1994 will become an exhibit in the Military History Museum in Lesany, Central Bohemia.

Embarrassed by recent collisions between Japanese navy warships and civilian vessels, leaks of classified information, and a

general pattern of recent sloppiness and poor discipline, the Japanese Defense Minister fired the head of the navy and a senior official and punished 88 uniformed and civilian officers.

To defend Brazil's flourishing offshore oil industry, Brazil and France will cooperate in building nuclear-powered attack submarines. France will sell one conventionally powered Skorpene-class submarine to Brazil while that country develops a nuclear power plant small enough to fit in a sub like the new French 4,100-ton Barracuda sub and then put another power unit into a Brazilian-designed sub.

Although budgets are tight the Australian navy revealed its \$4 billion wish list; a third 26,000 tonne amphibious transport with VTOL jet fighters, a fourth air defense destroyer (at \$2 billion), and some sub-launched cruise missiles. One governmental reaction? "The Navy is out of control."

Researchers found the remains of World War II's heavily armed German raider *Kormoran* and the Australian cruiser *HMAS Sydney*. Each sank the other during a gun battle off Australia's western coast on November 19, 1941, with the loss of all hands on the *Sydney*.

Sri Lankan navy officials said a navy boat was sunk by a floating mine and ten died but Tamil Tiger rebels claimed the sinking was due to a suicide boat attack that had cost them three men.

Three small boats approached the Military Sealift Command chartered, but civilian painted, freighter *Global Patriot* as it was about to enter the Suez Canal and were warned to stand clear in Arabic by radioed and bullhorned warnings, several flares, and finally by gunfire several tens of yards in front of one approaching boat. One Egyptian was killed and three wounded, apparently by ricochets. Was it yet another bum boat approaching what looked like a normal freighter or...?

White Fleets

A woman was reported to have jumped from the *Costa Mediterranea* off Florida, apparently after an argument with her boyfriend. Her family disbelieved his story, saying she was scared of heights and afraid of water.

A Thai navy helicopter removed a sick German tourist from the *Columbus* in the Andaman Sea.

The cruise ship *Artemis*, the smallest vessel in the Cunard fleet, was damaged internally by high winds in the English Channel and had to go into Falmouth for minor repairs to the anchor stowage area.

In Greece the small cruise ship *Giorgis* ran aground off the island of Poros and 278 passengers and 35 crew were rescued by boats. The ship is one of several that run day-long cruises among Poros, Aegina, and Hydra, all islands near Athens.

Passengers on the *Princess of the Caribbean* filed a class action suit, claiming their Mediterranean voyage was spoiled by many toilets that never worked, a stench such that some slept on deck, and an explosion on the third day that caused the ship to list. Many passengers returned home with stomachaches, diarrhea, and headaches.

At Durban the 3,000grt *Madagascar* will be auctioned off. The beloved yacht-like ex-*Stella Maris II* was arrested in 2005 after successive failures of two cruise companies, one of which was named Razzmatazz Ocean cruising.

The busy oil industry lacks accommodations spaces near offshore rigs and so the small, elderly (1967) Danish cruise ship *Sik-ker Havn* will go the Middle East to act as an offshore floating hotel.

The *Sky Wonder*, a cruise ship with an unhappy past as the *Pacific Sky*, ran aground in strong winds in Turkey and most of its 1,000 passengers decided to go ashore. Several previous trips had been cancelled due to gearbox problems, the ship had to anchor in the Malacca Strait for several hours in 2006 due to mechanical problems, it ran aground in Argentina in January, and an Australian woman died on her in 2002, a death that triggered much discussion into what actually went on during its cruises.

The cruise industry spent \$765 million in British Columbia last year and \$1.1 billion in all of Canada. That works out to \$237 per passenger and \$55 per crew member, at least in Vancouver.

Those That Go Back and Forth

The final report on the sinking of the Canadian ferry *Queen of the North* in March 2006 failed to reveal what happened during the sinking, merely stating, "Essentially, the system failed that night." Bridge management was inadequate and there was no third qualified person present. The report also quietly noted that the male officer on duty and a female crew member at the helm had recently broken up a relationship. The ferry failed to make a course change after exiting the Grenville Channel, sailed on for nearly 15 minutes before hitting Gil Island, and then drifted for one hour and 17 minutes before sinking. Two people died. And residents of the nearby Indian village of Hartley Bay have sued, claiming that the ferry company has left the sunken ship in its territory without their permission and traditional fishing grounds were polluted. Hartley Bay residents were the first to arrive at the scene.

On Canada's east coast a 28-year-old male passenger with a suspected heart attack was heli-lifted from the *Caribou* off Cape Breton (it was an anxiety attack). The next day, the 27,000-ton ferry got stuck in heavy ice while trying to enter North Sydney and needed help from the *Louis St Laurent*, Canada's largest icebreaker. Ice was major problem this winter for ferries operating between Nova Scotia and Newfoundland. Three have needed help.

Continued bad weather and hurricane-force winds rolled the grounded Irish Sea ferry *Riverdance* farther on its side to 110° and did so much damage that the 6,000-ton vessel was declared a total constructive loss and will be cut up in place. Until gone it will be a major attraction at the UK's favorite family resort, Blackpool. However, unrecognized by most spectators was the historical significance of timber ends sticking out of the beach a few hundred feet from the *Riverdance*. They were the remains of the 1798-built, 80-gun ship of the line *HMS Foudroyant*, once Admiral Horatio Nelson's flagship in the Mediterranean.

Legal Matters

Nations do cooperate! When the Panamanian-flagged cargo ship *Voyager II* entered a Dutch port, a Dutch court fined the master 5,000 euros for an oil discharge in Estonian waters.

Pilots boarded the bulkier *Ocean Victory* to take it from Baltimore to sea but they finally anchored the ship because too many

of the crew were drunk and, at one point, no crew member was in the wheelhouse. Arrested were the master, the second officer, two Abs, and an oiler.

Back in October 2006 the master of the German excursion boat *Adler Dania*, while sailing in Polish waters towards a Polish port, learned that Polish customs agents in plain clothes were aboard to investigate illegal sales of duty-free alcohol and cigarettes and were about to confiscate the stocks. In spite of warning shots from a Polish patrol boat, he took the vessel into German waters, thus "kidnapping" the customs agents. Recently he was fined 4,000 euros by a German court.

The Sydney Harbour crash by the harbor ferry *Pam Burridge* that cut the pleasure launch *Merinda* in half and killed four was caused by failure of the launch to turn on navigation lights and keep a good watch. A survivor noted that two of three lights in the craft's saloon were lighted but Sydney Harbour at night is ablaze with lights on shore and other vessels.

Illegal Imports

Pakistani authorities seized 14 tons of acetic anhydride, a chemical used in the production of heroin, and thus were able to brag of the world's largest haul of that chemical.

US authorities arrested a British Columbia man on a cruise ship at Miami. He had more than 500 pounds of cocaine and several guns and faces a possible life sentence. He was part of a three-man drug smuggling ring. Another member was a Canadian border guard who would wave through either of a pair of cocaine-loaded Chevrolet Suburbans driven by the third member when it reached his border crossing.

Nature

The smallest multipurpose carrier *Beluga Skysails* completed a successful 12,000-mile calibration and observation voyage from Germany to the US, Venezuela, and Norway using a giant parasail to supplement its engine. The crew deployed the device for periods lasting minutes to several hours. The parasail produced five tons of pull in Force 5-6 winds and will be replaced with one twice as large for the next voyage. It may save between 10% and 35% of fuel costs.

Temperature differences at different levels in the sea power a robotic underwater research glider. Warm surface waters melt wax stored in tubes. The molten wax expands and exchanges oil between a bladder inside the vessel and one outside. The change in glider volume changes its buoyancy and it sinks. When the wax cools the glider surfaces and accesses two satellites for positional information and further instructions. One thermal glider has been yo-yoing its sawtooth way back and forth across the 4,000-meter-deep Virgin Island Basin since last December.

The State of Alaska conceded that cruise ships have advanced systems (far better than shore-based systems) for cleaning wastewaters but will insist that cruise ships must meet water quality standards for ammonia, copper, nickel, and zinc by the 2010 season.

In 1997 the *Kure*, a log-carrying vessel owned by Kure Shipping, punctured a fuel tank and dumped 4,500 gallons of bunker fuel oil in the vicinity of Humboldt Bay, California. A court recently ruled that the company must pay a fine of \$3,760,159, most of which will be used to buy 298 acres of redwood forest, desirable old-growth breeding territory for the endangered marbled murrelet.

Greenpeace wanted to make the New Zealand government aware of global warming so its *Rainbow Warrior* tried to block sailing of the coal-carrying *Hellenic Star* for Europe. Police reacted quickly, storming both ships and arresting six protesters.

Unlike its response to the court verdict on the sinking eight years ago of the tanker *Erika*, French oil company Total accepted full responsibility for a spill of 400 tonnes of fuel oil into the Loire river, an incident that happened while the tanker *Ocean Quest* was taking on bunkers.

Metal-Bashing

The strong Canadian dollar and the late delivery of a first cruise ship ordered cost a Halifax shipbuilder the order for a second vessel. The US Maritime Commission sold the old 81,000-dwt American tanker *Adonis* for \$1.5 million, a switch from paying scrap-pers to take away obsolete vessels.

Nasties and Territorial Imperatives

The Russian tugboat *Svitzer Korsakov* and its crew were freed by Somali "environmentalists" after a ransom of \$700,000 was paid. The new build tug was grabbed while on a delivery trip from St Petersburg to Sakhalin in the Far East.

And Somali pirates captured the three-masted sailing vessel *Ponant*, described as a large luxury yacht.

The Somali Fisheries and Ports minister got tired of watching US warships watch pirates, especially those on the captured tug *Svitzer Korsakov*, without taking action or talking with his government, so he said the US Navy should leave the Somali coast or fight pirates. He also noted rumors that nuclear waste was being dumped along Somalia's shores.

About 20 fast boats approached a bulkier underway in Indonesian waters from all directions. Observing that the crew of the bulkier was aware of the threat and taking precautions, the boats departed and clustered around a nearby fishing trawler.

Russia announced it could free up enough money to charter two vessels to protect Russian fishing vessels in the Arctic Sea. Norway claims the Russians illegally fish in waters off Svalbard (aka Spitzbergen) and has been chasing Russian trawlers away. Russia does not recognize Norway's claims.

Odd Bits

What do bananas, ceramic floor tiles, and kitty litter have in common? All are among products bugging inspectors of cargo containers because all emit detectable amounts of radiation. (Since cats usually don't spend much time in the litter box, the low level radiation from bentonite, a common litter material, probably doesn't pose much of a risk to cats or their owners.)

You can now buy a high-speed, long-range motorboat that is also a submarine. The 34' long craft carries five people, 525 gallons of fuel, and more than two tons of cargo and uses two 440hp Diesels engines for 40 knots when on the surface.

Head-Shaker

Mega-yachts and warships are alike in that many are about the same size and all both need exceptionally well-trained crews, which is why the financially stricken Royal Navy is gladly using its training facilities at Portsmouth to train stewards, skippers, and pursers for the mega-rich.

The bark of trees was a standard material among savages, for cloth and textiles, as will be seen, for all kinds of vessels used in housekeeping, for roofs, and for boats. The cedar, elm, and birch tree were indispensable to the tribes of Canada. In the tropical parts of South America the natives were very skilful in taking off enough bark to make a boat from a single piece, but the North American bark canoe was usually constructed of many pieces sewed together and caulked with gum and pitch. The following detailed account is from Hearne:

"Immediately after our arrival at Clowey, the Indians began to build their bark canoes, and embraced every convenient opportunity for that purpose; but as warm and dry weather only is fit for this business, which was by no means the case at present, it was the 18th of May before the canoes belonging to my party could be completed. On the 19th we agreed to proceed on our journey; but Matonabee's canoe meeting with some damage, which took near a whole day to repair, we were detained till the 20th.

Those vessels, though made of the same materials with the canoes of the Southern Indians, differ from them both in shape and construction; they are also much smaller and lighter, and though very slight and simple in their construction, are nevertheless the best that could possibly be contrived for the use of those poor people, who are frequently obliged to carry them a hundred, and sometimes a hundred and fifty miles at a time, without having occasion to put them into the water. Indeed, the chief use of these canoes is to ferry over unfordable rivers, though sometimes, and in a few places, it must be acknowledged that they are of great service in killing deer, as they enable the Indians to cross rivers and the narrow parts of lakes; they are also useful in killing swans, geese, ducks, etc., in the moulting season.

All the tools used by an Indian in building his canoe, as well as in making his snow shoes, and every other kind of woodwork, consist of a hatchet, a knife, a file, and an awl, in the use of which they are so dexterous that everything they make is executed with a neatness not to be excelled by the most expert mechanic, assisted with every tool he could wish."

The lightest and most easily made boats in Guiana are "woodskins," made of the bark of the locust (*Hymenoclea barbil*) or the purple heart (*Copiefera pubiflora*). A strip of bark of sufficient length is first carefully taken from a tree and cut to an oblong shape, the natural curve being accurately preserved. About two or three feet from each end a wedge-shaped piece, or gore, is cut from either side of the bark, the ends bent up until the edges of the gores meet, when they are sewed together with "bush rope." This process raises the bow and stern at an angle while the body of the craft floats parallel to the waterline. Sticks of strong wood are sometimes fastened around the gunwale. Pieces of squared bark are laid on the floor to serve as seats for passengers or rests for goods, and the craft is ready.

These canoes are so light as to be portable around falls or obstructions to navigation. When not in use they are sunk in the water to prevent splitting or warping under the action of the sun. Paddles are hewn out of solid block or out of the board, like natural buttresses of the paddle tree (*Aspidospermum excelsum*). These paddles differ in form from

The Origins of Canoe Building

By Otis T Mason

Reprinted from *Paddles Past*, the Journal of the Historic Canoe & Kayak Association

tribe to tribe. On the Columbia River the Calispels, and on the Amoor the Giliaks cut the gore so as to make the canoe bow and stern pointed underwater.

To make a bark canoe the Dyak goes to the nearest stringy bark tree, chops a circle round it at its base, and another circle seven or eight feet from the ground. He then makes a longitudinal cut on each side and strips off as much bark as is required. The ends are sewed up carefully and daubed with clay, the sides being kept in position by cross pieces. The steering is performed by two greatly developed fixed paddles.

The natives of Gippsland, Australia, make a boat of a single sheet of the *Eucalyptus sirberiana*, the ends being tied up. The interior people use for the same purpose the bark from the convex side of a crooked tree and stop the ends with balls of mud. They are propelled by poles and by means of a circular piece of bark, six inches in diameter, which is used as well to bail out the canoe. Two men with 600 pounds of flour will cross a lake in one of these frail craft.

The lumbermen among savages were no mean craftsmen. They knew the quality of every kind of tree around them and what its bark and timber were good for. Their art consisted in felling the trees, splitting them into the proper lumber, working this down to the desired object, and transporting either material. Their work was felling, riving, dressing, excavating, boring.

Polynesians were, each in its way, most excellent woodworkers. Living on the sea or in the interior, they achieved remarkable results.

"When the American Indians intended to fell a thick, strong tree," says Kalm, "they set fire to a quantity of wood at the roots of the tree. But that the fire might not reach higher than they would have it, they fastened some rags to a pole, dipped them into water, and kept continually washing the tree a little above the fire. Whenever they intended to hollow out a thick tree for a canoe they laid dry branches all along the stem of the tree, as far as it must be hollowed out. Then they put fire to those dry branches, and as soon as they were burnt they were replaced by others. Whilst these branches were burning, the Indians were very busy with wet rags, and pouring water upon the tree to prevent the fire from spreading too far. The tree being burnt hollow as far as they think it sufficient, or as far as it could without damaging the canoe, they took their stone hatchets or sharp flints, or quartzes, or sharp shells, and scraped off the burnt part of the wood and smoothened the boats within. A canoe was commonly between twenty and thirty foot long."

Dr J.F. Snyder, who in 1850-1852 was living in California, saw the Indians of the northwestern portion of the state fell a tree with stone axes. They began by hacking in through the bark and a few of the annual layers with the edges of the axes, above and below a scarf two feet wide. With the butt end of the same axes they bruised these annual layers all around until they could work off a thin slab by means of elk-horn wedges. They then hacked

in as far as possible at the top and bottom of the scarf, pounded with the butt of their axes as before, and removed another slab. This process they continued until the tree was felled. The work was done by the combined and continuous labour of many men.

In the great timber belt of Southeastern Alaska and British Columbia were developed handy lumbermen and, indeed, the same is true of any other well-timbered area lying near the sea. The houses of these various stocks are communal. They are built of immense logs and puncheons. The trees, after being felled, were carefully split into planks and dressed down with adzes and chisels of stone. The carpenter and the woodcarver had full opportunity for the development of their talents. But it was upon their canoes that the natives spent most time and skill. Among the boat building Californians and West Coast people, as soon as the tree was felled the top was burned off at a proper distance to allow plenty of log for the dugout canoe.

The outside of the craft was hewn to proper shape by means of stone axes and adzes and all who have seen the work of these stone tools have been astonished at the regularity of the little polygonal scars looking like an engraving over the entire surface.

The hollowing out was done by burning. Fat pine knots were gathered in the greatest abundance and little fires were kindled on the upper surface of the log. To feed them, to check their course by means of green bark and mud and water, to remove the fires when the ashes at the bottom checked their course, to broom away the debris of the flames, and, with flat, circular, or leaf-shaped flints, to dig out the charred portions down to unburnt wood, constituted a round of labour whose quick repetition would rough out the canoe.

Nowadays we should proceed with augers instead of little fires, and adzes of steel and mallets and chisels, but every one of us has seen the country blacksmith boring holes with a hot iron rod and, furthermore, there were no augers in those days. The borer with fire had to come before the auger.

The log once hollowed, or during the last steps in hollowing it, the naval architect busied himself about his lines. He knew by a kind of cruel "selection" which the sea had been practicing upon his ancestors that the fittest crafts survive. He did not reason it out in that way, he thought that his gods required him to build thus and so or they would be angry with him and send him to the bottom. It amounts to the same thing, the voice of Nature is the voice of God and the ship carpenter went to work to shape his craft.

An old sea captain, J.W. Collins of the United States Fish Commission, who is considered the best authority in the world on the building of fishing vessels, informed the writer one day, as we were looking at a splendid specimen of these West Coast cedar dugouts, that he could hardly improve on her lines for the water in which she had to work.

To effect this object, that is, to get the hollow log into shipshape, the boatwrights required plenty of water and hot stones. The log was filled with water and all her chinks stopped with shredded bark and hot pitch. Red hot stones were thrown into this queer cauldron and the water kept at the boiling point until, with spreading and contracting, the gunwale had exactly the right curves at every point and was securely lashed. The water and stones were removed, the vessel dried out, and the polishing and painting completed the operation.

This craft was moved by means of paddles with crutch handles giving the rower great power as he dug his way through the water. The number of rowers was limited only by their convenience in standing or kneeling. No rudder was used and generally no steering paddle different in form from the rest. For sails, mats made of the shredded bark of the cedar, similar in form and texture with those laid on the floors of the long houses, were fastened to a crossyard and at their lower corners were held by sheets of cedar bark rope. These sails were used only in going before the wind and the navigators were never so expert as those of the Polynesian Islands.

On the outfitting of the craft it will be sufficient to say that the fish hooks are carved from wood and the club for killing halibut is often a work of art. The lines are excellent twine of native hemp and cedar bark and spruce root. The boxes for holding implements and clothing and the images of the gods on the bow and the stern of the boat do credit to the skill of the cabinet maker and the sculptor.

"The probable cause of the absence of boats in Central California is the scarcity of suitable, favourably located timber. Doubtless, if the banks of the Sacramento and the shores of San Francisco Bay had been lined with large straight pine or fir trees, their waters would have been filled with canoes."

In the canoe or pirogue country of Columbus and his compatriots, the woodworkers were men. The axes, scrapers, and chisels of stone which once formed their whole stock of woodworking implements have given place to the steel axe, the cutlass, and the knife. And the Indian is capable of building a house, hewing a beautiful neat boat, stool, or other such article from a block of wood without the use of any other implement beyond his axe and cutlass.

When a canoe is to be made a suitable tree is carefully sought in the forest, often as much as two miles from the nearest water. The tree is felled and roughly hewed on the spot into the shape of the required canoe. It is then hollowed partly by chopping and partly by burning. A path through the bush to the waterside is then cleared and laid with cross pieces as runners, or like a corduroy, and the canoe is dragged to the waterside.

The sides of the boat are forced apart in several ways. Sometimes the canoe is inverted over a fire till the action of the heat spreads the sides, sometimes it is filled with wet sand, the weight of which eventually forces the sides outward, and sometimes the canoe is sunk in running water and when the wood is pliant the sides are forced asunder by driving large wedge-shaped pieces of timber in between them. As soon as the sides have been spread bars of hard wood, about 1½" in diameter, are fixed firmly across within the canoe from side to side so as to prevent the sides from approaching each other. Two triangular pieces of plank-like wood are then cut and fitted into the gaps at bow and stern. The sides and ends are raised by the addition of a plank or extra "streak." The seams are caulked with shreds scraped from the inner bark of certain trees and patched with resin (from *Icica hetaphylla*) or with karamanni, an adhesive pitch or glue from the *Siphonia baculifera*. The Caribs of St Vincent make canoes in much the same manner.

The making of a canoe, from the first act of selecting a tree in the wilderness to its final consecrating and launching when fully

rigged, was in Hawaii, at all times and at every step under the watchful eye of the kahuna whose duty it was to see that no pains nor expense was spared, no ceremony omitted to propitiate the favour of the gods who had the power, if so desired, to bring good luck to the waa and all who might sail in it.

It should be borne in mind that the various migrations or kekes of the ancient Polynesians and their progenitors must have been accomplished in canoes and that the waa, the phi, etc., of historic and modern times are the lineal descendants of the seagoing craft in which the early ancestors of these same people made their voyages generations ago.

The Polynesian canoe is described by Ellis. The keel was formed with a number of tough pieces of temanu wood (*fiophyllum caillohyllum*) 12 or 16 inches broad and two inches thick, hollowed on the inside and rounded without so as to form a convex angle along the bottom of the canoe. These were fastened together by lacings of tough elastic cord made from the fibres of the coconut husk. On the front end of the keel a solid piece, cut out of the trunk of a tree, so contrived as to constitute the forepart of the canoe, was fixed with the same lashing and on the upper part of it a thick board or plank projecting horizontally in a line parallel with the surface of the water. This front piece, usually five or six feet long, and 12 or 18 inches wide, was called the nose of the canoe and without any joining comprised the stem, bows, and bowsprit of the vessel.

The sides of the canoe were composed of two lines of short plank, an inch-and-a-half or two inches thick. The lowest line was convex on the outside and nine or 12 inches broad the upper one straight. The stern was considerably elevated, the keel was inclined. The whole was fastened together with sennit, not continued along the seams but by two, or at most three, holes made in each board with an inch of each other, corresponding holes made in the opposite piece, and the lacing put through from one to the other. A space of nine inches or a foot was left and then a similar set of holes made.

The joints or seams were not grooved together but the edge of one simply laid on that of the other and fitted with remarkable exactness by the adze of the workman, guided only by his eye, they never use line or rule. The edges of the plank were usually covered with a kind of pitch or gum from the breadfruit tree and a thin layer of coconut husks spread between them which swell when in contact with water, and fill any apertures that may exist.

The two canoes were fastened together by strong curved pieces of wood, placed horizontally across the upper edges or gunwales to which they were fixed by strong lashings of thick coir cordage.


In Samoa anyone could make a common fishing canoe to hold one or two men. But the keeled canoe was the work of professed carpenters. The keel was laid in one piece 25 to 50 feet long, and to that boards were added by sewing each close to its fellow until the sides were raised about three feet from the ground. These boards were a number of pieces and patches 18 inches to five feet long as the wood split up from the log might suit. Each board was hollowed like a trough, leaving a rim all round the edge which was to be inside. And through these rims where they joined they bored holes, and with sennit they sewed one board to another. The sew-

ing, therefore, appeared only on the inside. All was well fastened together and, with the help of gum from the breadfruit tree, made perfectly watertight.

Timbers, thwarts, and gunwale were added to make all firm and a deck built over the bow and the stern under which things could be stored. As the width of the canoe was only 18 to 30 inches an outrigger was necessary. This was made by fastening beams across the canoe so that they might project some distance out from one side. To the end of each projecting beam were made fast small sticks descending toward the water and to their lower ends was fastened a long, thin piece of wood sharp at the end to cut through the water and floating on the surface parallel to the boat.

The canoes were propelled by paddles, not by oars, the rowers facing the bow. The sails of matting were triangular, set with the base upward. Rows of white shells were used in decorating the craft and carved images of human beings, animals, or mythic beings formed the figurehead.

The Dyaks hollow their canoes out of a single log by means of fire and adzes. They are guided only by the eye. When the shell is completed thwarts are inserted and planks or gunwales are stitched to the sides, the seams being caulked with sago stems which are porous and swell when wet. Each of the gunwales is laced on by flaxen cords and united to the opposite plank by the thwarts. The canoe is alike at both ends which are pointed and curved upward. There is no keel, nor ribs, nor figurehead. Man states that the average time spent on the Andamanese dugout canoe is that of about eight men for a fortnight.



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Most of us do not live on the banks of a river or the shore of a lake or ocean. Therefore, we must car top our canoes or kayaks to bring them to the water in order to enjoy our sport.

The experienced car topper will find this article redundant or old information, but the person who is planning to purchase a canoe or kayak for the first time might find this article beneficial.

There are a variety of car top carriers available from canoe/kayak dealers. I am not recommending any specific one. The choice is yours but I do suggest purchasing a rack from a reputable dealer as the proper fit to a specific car is essential.

Several leading manufacturers are:

Springfield Creek Outfitters –
1-800-937-8881 – www.canoegear.com

Thule, Inc – 1-800-238-2388 –
www.Thuleracks.com.

Yakima Products, Inc – 1-888-925-4621
– www.yakima.com

Car Topping Canoes and Kayaks

By Laurance Seeger

Once a rack has been purchased and fitted to your vehicle, you are ready to go. Securing the boat to the rack is important both for safety and for keeping the boat from falling off. One needs proper tiedowns that are both strong enough and in sufficient quantity to hold the boat securely in place.

I prefer proper length straps from Spring Creek Outfitters or other dealers. Strong nylon rope (1/4" or larger) may be used if one knows the correct knots and can adjust the ropes properly.

The boat should be tied to both carriers and to the front and rear of the vehicle in order to prevent it from sliding forwards or backwards. A V-shape tie is best to use for the front of the vehicle in order to prevent swaying from side to side. The straps or rope may need to be padded to avoid damage to your vehicle.

The reality of the situation today is that most newer vehicles do not have bumpers or places to which to attach the snaps or ropes. Because of this problem many paddlers are no longer using the fore and aft tiedowns. Some paddlers find ways to attach eyebolts or other hooks to the frame of the vehicle.

If you are not going a great distance, nor at highway speeds, it is possible to eliminate these fore and aft straps or ropes but only if adding an additional rope over the boat and through the windows and body of the vehicle in case something loosens.

The carrier and straps or ropes should be checked periodically to make sure that the boat is securely attached to the rack and the vehicle. Some vehicles come with roof top racks. It is suggested checking with the manufacturers for what weight and length of boats the racks are designed to carry. There are also cradles that can be purchased that carry two or three boats at a time. Ask your dealer about this.

A secure method of transportation for your canoe or kayak adds to a safe and pleasant boating experience. Have fun on the water.

With the 100th anniversary of the Ladybug Trophy Regatta as an incentive, I had to decide how I was going to compete. There was no way that I could learn the fine points of steering with a paddle. The Lake Sebago folks had that method refined beyond belief. That left only one alternative, use neither rudder nor paddle. Steer with leeboard and "heel."

I had learned to sail a Javelin without a rudder several years earlier, then used the techniques on the far more tender Jet 14. But dinghies have a jib that I could use to come about. It was critical to tacking. There is no such sail on my canoe.

Who Needs a Paddle? How I Raced for the Ladybug Without One

By Dan Reiber
Chairman, ACA National Sail Committee

The leeboard was problematic. I had to find a way to rotate it forward or backward from the opposite gunwale. A set of lines and pulleys did the trick. I used a 2:1 block and tackle to rotate the leeboard forward and a single line to pull it backward. The forward line went through a cam cleat so I could set the default "rake" of the leeboard to track straight in various wind conditions. That line also let me rotate the leeboard forward to initiate a tack. Pulling the leeboard backward to default was necessary to provide lee helm to complete the tack.

The angle of heel was an important ingredient in steering. My position in the canoe was either kneeling to heel the canoe to windward or leeward for smaller steering corrections, or sitting on the gunwale for offsetting the wind force on the sail. Once tracking in a straight line, the kneeling position was very effective for course corrections whether close hauled, running, or reaching. Of course, the default leeboard rake had to give a neutral helm. Comfortable knee pads were crucial.

Some basic theory: When the center of effort of the sail is aft of the center of lateral resistance of the leeboard, the canoe will turn upwind. This condition is called weather helm. When the center of effort of the sail is forward of the center of lateral resistance of the leeboard, the canoe will fall off. This condition is called lee helm. When the centers are on the same vertical line the helm is neutral and the canoe should track in a straight line. Rotating the leeboard forward induces weather helm, rotating it backward induces lee helm. With a neutral helm, heeling the canoe to leeward induces weather helm while heeling to windward induces lee helm. These last two conditions are caused by contours of the hull.

So here is how it works:

Tacking: To initiate the tack, rotate the leeboard forward of vertical and heel the canoe to leeward for added weather helm. Upon reaching head-to-wind, pull the leeboard back to the default position and heel the canoe to the new windward side for added lee helm until driving on the new tack. With this maneuver there was little difference in performance compared to steering with a rudder.

Bearing off from close-hauled to a gybe: This is the most difficult of all. Rotate the leeboard aft, but only a small amount. The canoe rotates more easily around a vertical leeboard but you need the leeboard aft to induce lee helm. With the leeboard rotated aft just enough, push the boom into the wind to accentuate the lee helm turn. At the same time heel the canoe as much as you dare to windward to further induce lee helm.

Gybing on a run: Heel the canoe as much as you dare to windward to induce lee helm. Ease out the sail as far as it will go. The canoe should change course to induce the gybe. When you feel that you are almost there, grab the vang and haul the main over fast. If you hauled the main too soon the canoe will turn back to windward and you will have to try again. As the boom comes around, shift your weight to the new windward side to minimize a possible capsize and to induce the lee helm needed to steer the canoe back on track down wind.

Getting out of irons: You can imagine how important it is to keep the canoe tracking forward no matter what... when you don't have a paddle or rudder! If coasting to a stop in irons you can force the canoe to port or starboard but you may end up going backwards to get the bow off of the wind. Rotate the leeboard forward and push the boom into the wind. The bow will go to the direction that the boom is on. By now you are going backwards. To stop and go forward on the tack you are on, rotate the leeboard back to default, ease out the main, and heel the canoe to windward. Slowly pull in the main and hike out if needed to keep the bow from heading up into the wind.

Race Results: Missed third place by a point. Bearing off from close hauled was difficult. I'll do better next time.

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What does one do when they have very limited discretionary time? Find time and get back to work on a project that has been ongoing for way too many years now. *Dreamcatcher*, the skipjack that was begun in the 1980s by Mr Bob Hicks, is now being completed in my backyard shop. At least some real progress in that regard has begun again and should be completed by this fall.

This winter I completed the centerboard trunk, the centerboard, and deck framing. This after several trial-and-errors and changes in configuration. The footwell and the bridge deck are the main stumbling blocks. In scaling down to half scale the footwell was not much use as it was too small and shallow. This then became a storage area in the same general area. This allowed the cockpit to be a bit longer.

The bridge deck was too narrow at half scale, but after several attempts to find something as an alternative I went back and kept

Dreamcatcher Update

By Greg Grundtisch

the scale. This made it necessary to keep the cabin the same. This all made the area forward of the cockpit essentially useless, save for more storage. The cabin/bunk area became too short and narrow for berths.

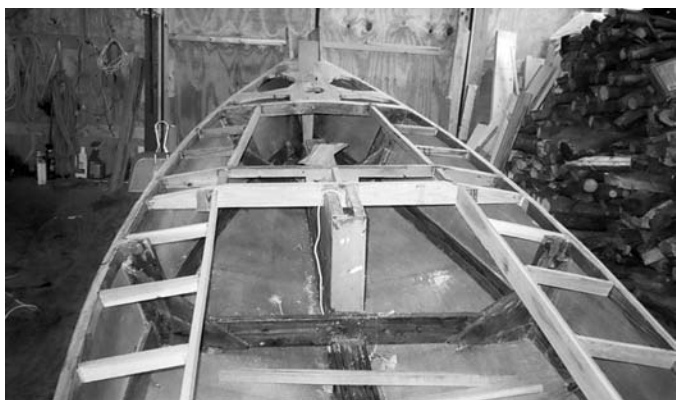
After the framing came the cockpit, that I lined with cedar. I originally had plywood, but it just didn't look very good so I removed it and used cedar. I used cedar planks for floorboards and I lined the faux foot well with cedar, too. Then I dry fitted $\frac{3}{8}$ " ply to the deck, got it to where I wanted everything, and then epoxied and nailed it into place. I then routed all the edges. I used thickened epoxy to fair the deck and fill any gaps in the plywood. I used 3" tape on all seams and the

sheer, taping the deck to the hull. Then I covered it all in epoxy and 6oz glass cloth.

Next I will add the steel straps for the shrouds and side stays and finish the cabin. The coaming needs to be added and also the cover for the storage box.

I have yet to build the bowsprit, mast, boom, and quarter boards and re-install the billet. I had to remove it because it would not fit in the shop. Then it is paint, hardware, and sails. I'm thinking of making them from a kit and having my lovely and talented assistant Naomi help me sew them together.

So *Dreamcatcher's* not done yet. There are several other odds and ends to take care of but I can see the light at the end of the tunnel. If it isn't the proverbial lamp of an oncoming train, I plan to have *Dreamcatcher* finished by fall. I also said that I would have her done in 2002 or 2003, but most of the time consuming work is done, now for the details. Happy sails!



Centerboard trunk complete. Deck framing complete. Bridge deck framed.



Footwell at stern cedar lined and finished. It is too small for intended use and will be used for storage.



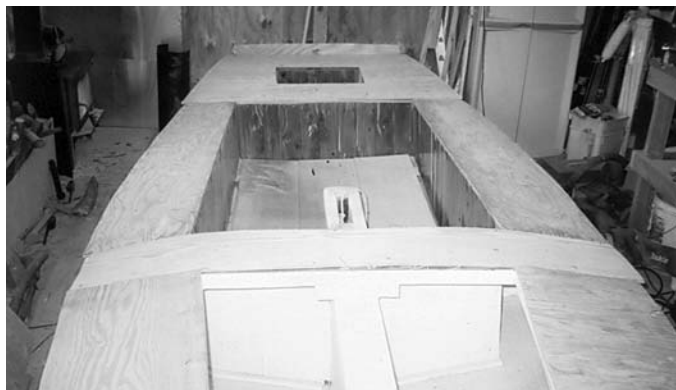
Looking aft.

Cockpit finished, centerboard trunk and exposed framing painted brown.



Dry fitting decking.

Deck edges routed for glass and epoxy.



Your account of the Klepper T6 in the March issue on page 40 prompted me to give my account of three generations of enjoyment of my Granta Foldboat.

My wife and I were married in February 1947, a record cold year. This was not a prosperous time in England. Housing was not available so we had rented two rooms and shared a kitchen. Even so, we lived in Kew near the River Thames. So, irrationally, early in 1948 we used our only £34 of savings to buy a 14' two-person Granta Foldboat from Gamages (a large London department store). We assembled it for the first time in our living room, about 15' from corner to corner! When our landlord saw it in the room he couldn't believe it since he had never seen a folding boat!

As soon as the weather got warmer we took the kayak, in its two bags, on the bus to paddle on the river. Our first "major" trip with the boat was by train to Tonbridge where we encountered our first lock on the Medway on our way downstream to Maidstone. It seemed huge with at least a 15' drop. In early summer we both fell into the river while landing in Teddington. We had to pack the canoe while we were soaking wet and boarded the double-decker bus. We had to sit on the upper level, dripping water down the stairs!

That summer we registered the boat for travel through locks on the Thames and took it by train and bus to Cricklade (Photo 1) where the Thames is only a small stream but OK for paddling. There we encountered two young men with a Klepper (made in pre-war Germany). This was our first sight of another folding kayak. We traveled together through numerous locks. Sometimes we had to carry past a lock, sometimes we operated the locks ourselves, and in busier locations there was a lockkeeper to open the lock. This first trip took us to Oxford, camping several nights.

1948 Granta Foldboat Model T.742

By Terence Dancy

Subsequently we took other trips from Oxford to tidal water in Richmond.

In 1949 our first daughter was born and in 1950 we took our first journey outside England. Growing up during WWII, European private travel was not possible. By this time we had acquired a car (1937 Hillman Minx). We loaded the car with the Foldboat, a child's crib, and other luggage. The loaded car was craned onto a ferry at Folkstone to travel to Ostend. We arrived in Brussels at midnight, staying with friends. We took the kayak to the River Lesse in the Ardennes. (Photo 2) In 1954 we moved to a house in Woking that backed onto the Basingstoke Canal on which we could paddle to the local pub!

In 1956 I was offered a job in the steel industry in Pittsburgh. Of course, the Foldboat went with us on the *Queen Mary*. Having this portable boat gave us the chance to visit many of the lakes and rivers in the area. By this time our daughters were five and seven years old and both could swim so they started to enjoy the kayak. We went each year on vacation to the Adirondack Mountains, camping at Rollins Pond. (Photo 3) We later had a cottage in Deep Creek, Maryland, so the kayak was used often at weekends.

The rubberized casing started to deteriorate. I had bought a large piece of barrage-balloon fabric directly after the war. These balloons were used in London as a defense against low-flying aircraft. I covered the hull with this strong waterproof fabric using a rubber adhesive. (Photo 4) This bought us many more years of life for the boat.

In 1971 we moved to Montréal to a house on the banks of the St Lawrence. So again we had the chance to make good use of the kayak.

In 1978 we purchased a cottage on Pleasant Lake in New London, New Hampshire, as a place to meet our daughters who both lived in the Boston area. Obviously the Foldboat was eventually moved to New Hampshire so the whole family could use it. After retirement we moved full-time to New Hampshire in 1990. By this time the hull and canvas decking of the boat showed serious signs of wear after over 40 years of use. The wooden frame (Photo 5) was in excellent condition but the casing needed replacement. I contacted the builder of the boat, Granta Boats, still in business in 1993 in Huntingdon, Cambridgeshire, England. They could not supply a replacement hull but gave me advice on materials now being used.

After searching for someone who could fabricate a new hull, I spoke to Gary Greene, the proprietor of Concord Awning & Canvas in Concord, New Hampshire. He used the old canvas deck as a pattern for a new decking of a treated canvas. The precision of fit was excellent. (Photo 6) He also supplied me with a sheet of "Hypalon" that is a reinforced wear-resistant plastic. I cut out the hull section and, with the deck canvas supported on the frame, I match-marked the hull to the deck. (Photo 7) Concord Awning then sewed the parts together and returned it to me to remark it tightly over the frame. It was then re-sewn to provide a perfect fit. (Photo 8)

Now, in 2008, the Granta Foldboat is still in use by my wife Edna and I after 60 years as well as by our daughters (Photo 9) and now by our grandchildren. Our great-grandchildren are not yet old enough for kayaking! The 1948 Thames Conservancy registration is still on the boat! (Photo 10)



Granta and Klepper on Thames at Cricklade 1948.

Terence with Lesley Hinds, River Lesse, Ardennes, Belgium, 1950.



Daughters Marion and Helena, Rollins Pond, Adirondacks, New York, August 1958.

Kayak frame. Good condition after 50 years.





Barrage balloon fabric hull repair.



Deck sewn to hull at Concord Awning, 1996.



New canvas deck. Made by Concord Awning, Concord, New Hampshire.

"Hypalon" hull match marked to canvas deck. New London, New Hampshire, 1996.



Daughters in Granta, Pleasant Lake, New London, New Hampshire, 2003.



Thames Conservancy Registration still on the Foldboat after 60 years!

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Eric Frei, an Au Sable, Michigan, resident and 2006 graduate of the Northwest School of Wooden Boatbuilding in Port Hadlock, Washington, designed and built this little skiff for his family. The skiff was constructed using locally grown and harvested timber. The only things not native to Michigan are the fasteners and Eric is working on finding a local manufacturer for them for his next boat. He reports it was not difficult to find wide pine boards for the sides, the construction style of his skiff, for that reason, is reminiscent of boats built back in the early years of the 20th century. Despite the occasional knots and the fact that he didn't use a

Eric Frei's Michigan Skiff

By Pete Leenhouts

steam box to bend his $\frac{3}{4}$ " pine planking, he didn't experience any real difficulties bending components into place. Interestingly, he cross-planked the bottom of the skiff. The skegs fore and aft and the long shoe make the boat track well, he says.

Eric uses the School's "boat sauce" mix to oil the boat, a gallon of Seafin teak oil, a

little pine tar (between a tablespoon to a pint, the user's call), and a dash or two of cheap varnish for a little shine. The mix can be varied to suit the user, if the weather is a bit on the wet side, a little Japan drier can be added to the mix to help it dry.

Eric reports that while the skiff is a bit on the heavy side (he thought that perhaps he could have used $\frac{5}{8}$ " pine planking, for one thing, to save weight) it floats right to its waterline and is fun for his family to row on local ponds and small lakes.

(For more information about the Northwest School of Wooden Boatbuilding, go to www.nwboatschool.org.)



Eric Frei and his Michigan Skiff

The Michigan Skiff has a cross-planked bottom.



The Michigan skiff starboard quarter .

The Michigan Skiff midships port side detail . Eric's careful work and attention to detail show well in this picture.





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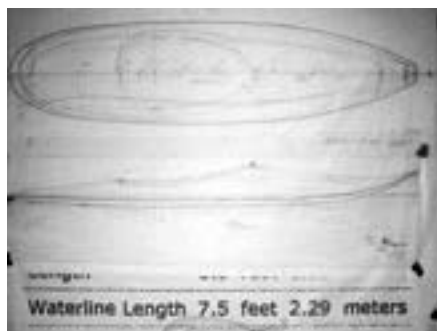
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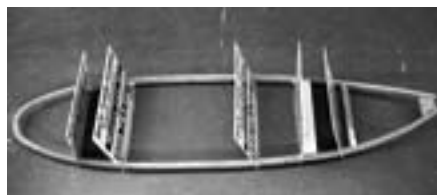
Being from the Midwest I feel like we live in a desert when it comes to wooden boat building, at least from a current perspective. I have enjoyed your publication and felt a contribution from Wisconsin might pull someone out of the woodwork. I have been home building boats for about eight years on the western edge of Lake Michigan in Sheboygan.

My contribution involves the third of three kayaks I have built. The first was a stripper sea kayak from plan by Laughing Loon, The Shooting Star by Rob Macks. The second, another sea kayak using the skin-on-frame building technique, is from the book *Building a Greenland Kayak* by Mark Starr. This third one is truly a leftovers boat from materials from the previous two. I was searching for a kayak to surf with and investigated the internet last year. I found plenty of plastic and composite ones but only one for the home builder. That was Nick Schade of Guillemot Kayak's partnership with Chesapeake Light Craft for a new surfer (Matunuck Surf Kayak) in the stitch-and-glue method. I borrowed the lines from the internet site and developed my own skin-on-frame approach to those lines to come up with this version.

The process was briefly as follows: I took the 8½"x11" printout of the lines and had them blown up at a local blueprint shop. Knowing the length and width from the site, I scaled the drawing to find location points



Developing scale on blown up drawings.



Gunwale shape with temporary vertical scraps to lay our upper and lower ribs.

⅛" door skin ply laminated for cockpit rim.



My Leftovers Surf Kayak

By Rob Ecker
robecker@charter.net

for transferring to patterns and forms. I used a ½"x2"x8' scrap piece of plywood to mount the forms to for bending and gluing the gunwale, upper ribs, and cockpit rim.

Initial construction was to lay out the gunwale that resembled a large yoke or tuning fork brought almost to closure at the bow. This was laminated from eight ⅛" layers of doorskin plywood. The lower ribs were made from solid cedar because they are shallow with little bow. The upper ribs are much more arched because more of the body is above the gunwale than in a conventional kayak. These were laminated out of steam bent ⅛" cedar. The lower ribs were in place prior to the upper ribs and that allowed a temporary floor for fitting to assure I could get into it with the upper ribs in place.

The lower chine lines were created with longitudinals of ¼"x5⅛" cedar positioned to mimic the lines from the original drawing. The upper longitudinals were placed primarily to add the most support while not allowing the ribs to show through the covering fabric. Various portions of the gunwale,

upper ribs, and cockpit did receive a layer of fiberglass mesh and resin to strengthen stress or pressure points.

Prior to attaching the fabric I outfitted the foot brace, the seat back, floor, and seat to make access easier. The cover fabric is nylon about ⅜" thick, sewn as tight as practical, then shrunk by wetting with water, and then heating with a heat gun and reworking problem areas. When tight and dry it is varnished with a quality grade of marine varnish. After the varnish has set, and as the boat is stored in a cool area, the skin will ripple a bit but will return to tight when out in the warm.

I did the maiden voyage on flat water out front on Lake Michigan on Friday, March 14, and it floats. I am impressed so far but the water will need to be warmer before I experiment with its performance in rougher water.

This has been a brief description of the process. I did take daily notes, kept drawings and patterns, and took over 100 pictures if anyone has more interest. Part of my interest in sharing this experience is that I believe the skin-on-frame approach allows for a relatively inexperienced builder to get on the water in a very personal craft, with many design variations possible, and at a cost effective point. As I created this one, my philosophy was that it was an experiment and there was little cost so if it ended up as a campfire I would still enjoy the experience, learn something, and still be warmed by the attempt.



¾"x2"x8' scrap ply mounting board used to anchor forms for bending gunwale, cockpit, and upper ribs.

Cockpit layout on mounting board.



Final cockpit rim.



Fairing upper rib patterns



Steam box setup.

Ribs in place, cockpit not yet.





Bottom ribs, solid cedar.



Upper ribs on mounting board.



Test fit.



Foot brace.

Rear view, back blocks to accept longitudinals.



Half rib at cockpit midpoint.



Longitudinals in place.

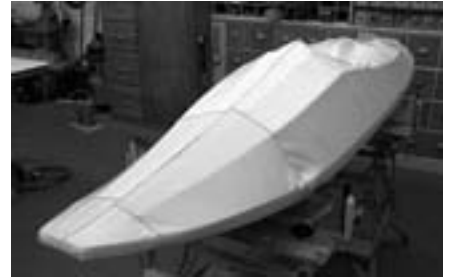


Final structure.

Front.



Back.



Cockpit rim not in place yet.



Floor $\frac{3}{16}$ " maple, seat, back band.



$\frac{3}{32}$ " thick nylon fabric stitched.



Cockpit rim being sewn on.

Vanished, four coats quality marine.





Maiden voyage.



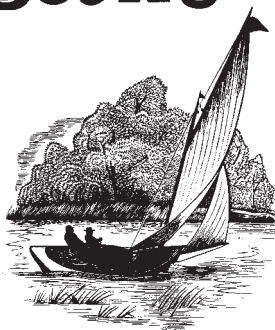
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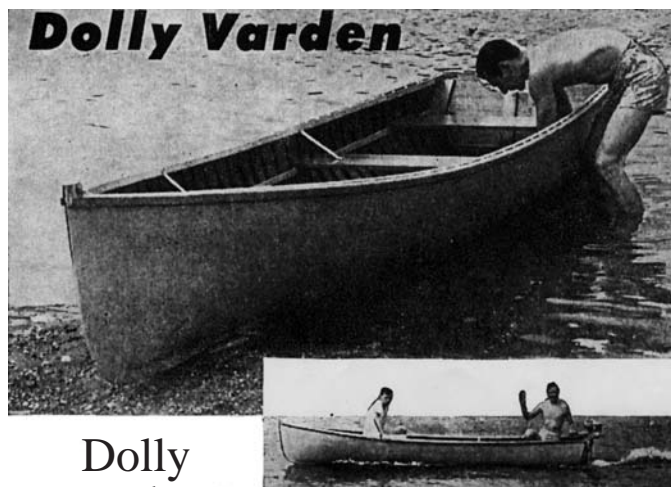
Length: 13' or 15'6"
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13' Hull \$60. 15'6" Hull \$65 approx (1950s costs-ED)

MATERIALS LIST (15½' Model)

Planking Strips: 14'1"x6"x16' rift sawn red cedar
 Keel: 2"x2"x14' white oak
 Stem and Forefoot: 2"x8"x4' white oak
 Transom: 1"x12"x4' mahogany
 Frames: 1¼"x6"x16' white or red oak (green)
 Wales and Risers: 1"x5"x16' oak, mahogany or fir
 Thwarts and Breasthook: 1" redwood, or spruce
Note: For 13' model, cut two feet from strips, keel, and wales indicated above, as explained in the text



Dolly Varden

A Strip Boat That Can Be Built in Two Lengths

By Weston Farmer

Lakers will like the smooth lines of Dolly Varden that scoots along with any outboard in the under 7hp class in choppy or smooth water. Dolly is a strip boat fashioned like the hundreds of similar boats built by craftsmen of the old school and still being used because strip construction turns out a tight, durable, cheap, and easy-to-build boat that has real water kindliness and handling ability. About \$60 will pay for materials to build either 13' or 15½' model and, if you can part with her, she'll market for \$225 to \$350.

Building Dolly Varden is a good way to get acquainted with the blessing of steam bending frames, long considered a bugaboo. Actually, a steam box is a cheap and effective "tool" and anyone who can boil oatmeal can make a steam box say "Uncle."

Either the 13' or 15½' model will ride safely on top of a car as you take off for your favorite fishing grounds. The 13-footer handles easier on the ground but the 15 is better in the water. There's only about \$5 difference in costs, so take your choice and let's get started.

Lay out the molds on either scab lumber or cast off ¼" plywood according to Fig. 1. The molds merely serve to guide the shape of the strips. Since our keel is a straight line and the stealer or shutter planks which go onto the keel first determine the flow of the strips around the molds, it is not strictly necessary to lay down Dolly's lines.

The molds can be made from the dimensions with sufficient accuracy. Despite all you do, the planking will not follow the molds exactly. The idea is to plank your hull using the molds as a close guide. In this 15½' model you'll find Mold #1, Mold #3, and the transom will be hard against the planking much of the time, while Molds #2, #4, and #5 merely guide the shape; that is, they maintain symmetry from side to side.

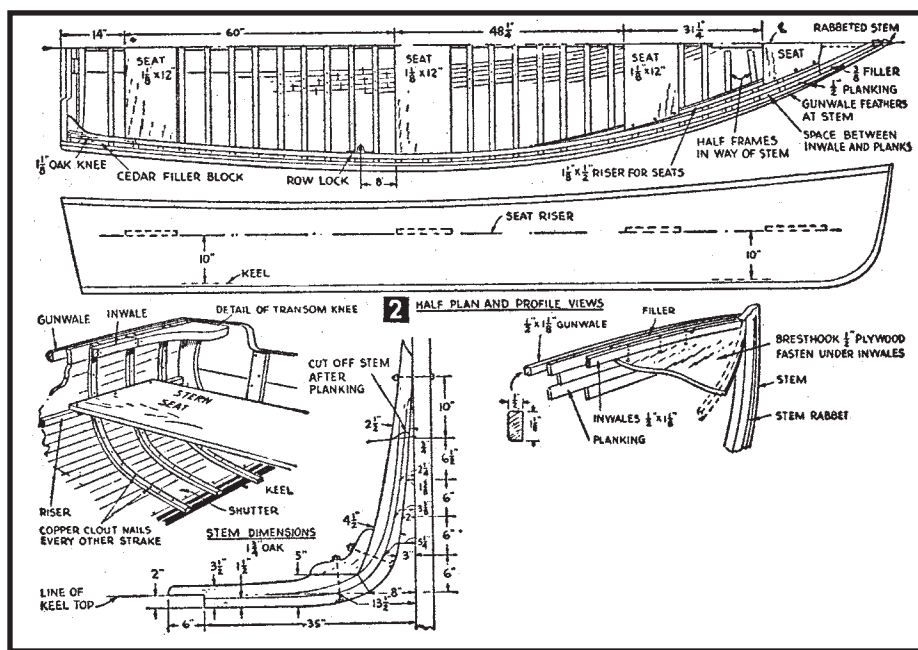
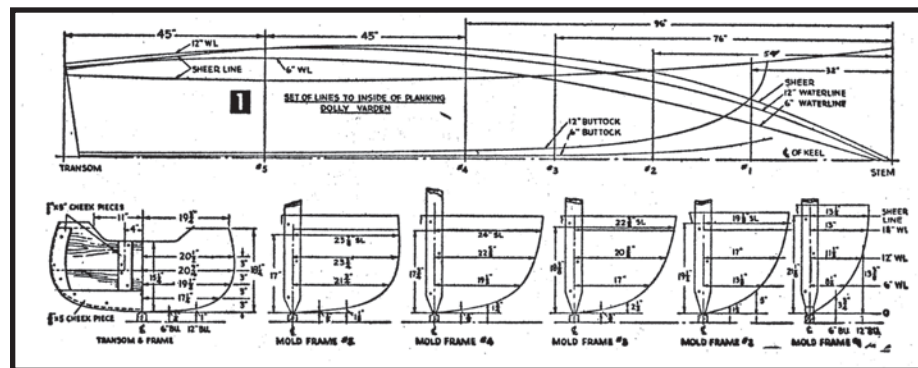
With the molds done, attach them to a scab 1"x4" material which will reach to a convenient floor joist in the ceiling above (if you build in a basement) or to rafters (if in a garage). Erect some stocks (short lengths of 2"x4") spaced at 2' intervals to raise the keel high enough for comfortable working room. The stocks in my shop are tee'd to the floor, but ordinary 2"x4" posts, braced to a plank on the floor, will do.

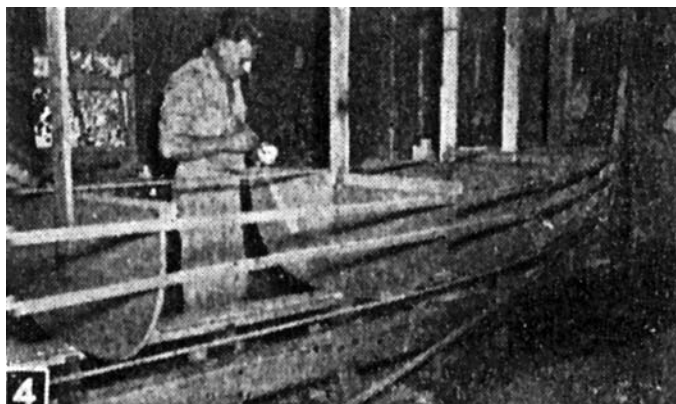
If you have a circular saw and a jointer the millwork necessary to cut and shape the strip planking and frames will present no problem. Otherwise, take the cedar and oak to a sash and door factory or to a well-equipped lumber yard and they will turn out the strips for you in a couple of hours.

Rip all the cedar boards to ⅝"x6½" (Fig. 6). This will leave enough stock to get

strong ⅞" planed strips. Rip up the 1"x5" 16' oak boards for frames into four ribbons a shy ⅞" wide and re-saw these ribbons to divide the 1" face two ways (Fig. 8). Then run these strips through the planer and, if possible, rout the edges round. They'll handle better if routed, but it's not strictly necessary.

Now, if you go to a mill and want a thoroughly professional job of strip planking, I'd





Molds are set up and faired in with light battens.

make a concession to costs and to the possibility of turning out that second boat for resale more easily by investing in a shaper cutting head. I took this shaper head and two sets of blank knives to a local tool works and had them ground to a $\frac{3}{4}$ " radius to produce a hollow and round edge to each strip plank. Hollow and round stripping is optional but it pays off. I used it because the commercial builders use it and the nails center better, their heads are hidden without setting and you can use casein glue on the strips to get a perfectly tight boat that will not leak after long auto trips.

However, the original builders of the Dolly Varden strip boat did not bother with hollow-and-round strips. They beveled their strips on a jointer when bevels were called for. On part of the hull, such as across the bottom and past the turn of the bilge up along the topsides, hollow and round strip planks won't help much in shaping the boat. But at the turn of the bilges you won't have to stop and bevel the strips and work goes faster with hollow and round strip planking. I used the hollow and round. But as I say, you pays your money and you takes your choice.

Use the shaper head, as shown in Fig.7, to cut hollows and rounds on the strip planks and rounds on the frames. These operations complete the millwork. On our boat this work was done in a small cabinet factory in 2½ hours at a cost of \$4.

The white oak keel is rabbetted to just the right depth for the stealer or shutter plank, and should be cut smooth for a close fit. Set up the keel on the stocks (Fig.5). Assemble the transom out of mahogany, buttressed by white oak cheek pieces (Fig.9). Glue and screw fasten the cheek pieces of $\frac{3}{8}$ " or $\frac{3}{4}$ " oak to the transom. The bevel on the bottom edge of the transom is 20 degrees, fading around the turn of the bilge to 10 degrees topsides. If you cut this on a band saw, set the table to 20 degrees and cut the bottom halfway up the turn of the bilge. Then set the table to 10

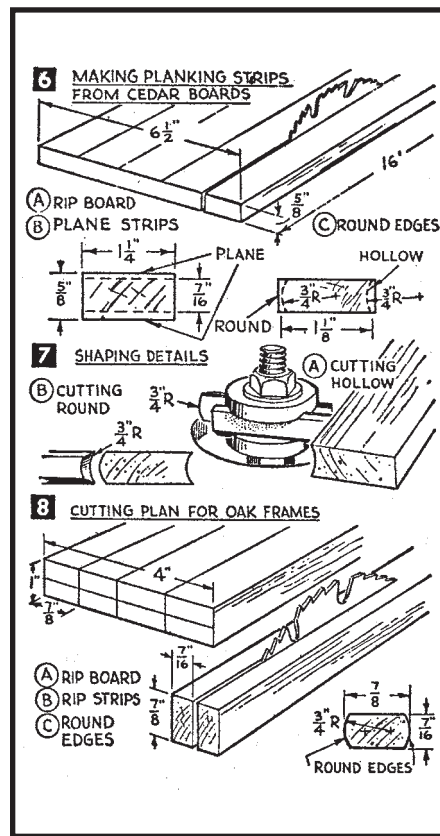
degrees to cut the top sides and you can then fair off the bend by hand.

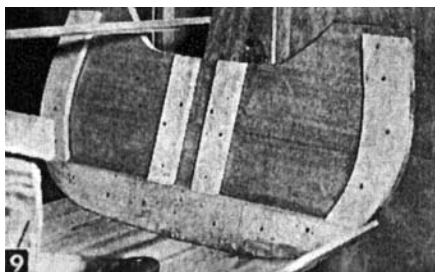
Erect this transom on the keel, using one #16x3" screw from the keel into the cheek piece, counterdrilled about 1" and plugged. Clamp or bolt the transom to the cant stock at the stem end of the stocks.

Fig.2 shows the stem dimensions for the 15½' boat. To build the stem for the 13' boat, eliminate the lower horn end and land the knee right on the keel, 2' shorter. Mark out the rabbet and take a light chisel cut along the rabbet line. The rabbet itself is best cut as you proceed with the planking, as the lay of each strip plank will best show you how to bevel. Rabbeting one strip at a time is simpler, easier, more accurate, and requires no more time.

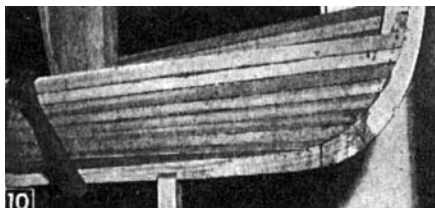
Clamp the stem to the fore post on the stock (Fig.5) and bore two ¼" holes through the horn end of the stem into the keel. Run through two ¼"x6" bronze hanger strut bolts in casein glue. Countersink outside the keel for the heads. Locate the molds on the "backbone," toe nailing the bottom of the molds at the proper intervals from the stem post. Mold #5 divides the distance between the transom and Mold #4 on both the 13' and 15½' models. Otherwise there is absolutely no difference in the two boats, as the heights are all the same.

Start the planking by putting in the shutter or stealer planks (Fig.3). Cut the first strips to length and bend them around the shutter and the molds. Use 3d or 4d galvanized shingle nails to fasten the strips into the oak cheek pieces on the transom, and 7d nails into the mahogany. Two nails of each size per 1¼" strip will do the job. Check the transom bevels frequently to see they are fair. A touch with a chisel or plane occasionally will keep them running fair. Nail two 8d shingle nails per hood end in the forward rabbet. Lay both ends of the strips in casen glue.

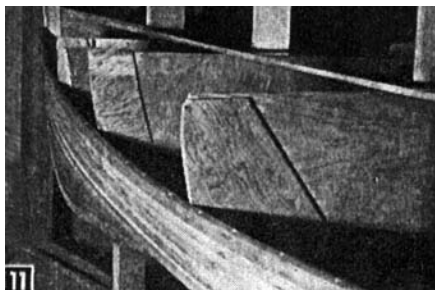




Forwards side of transom. Note cheek pieces and strip planks bedded in casein glue around the edges.



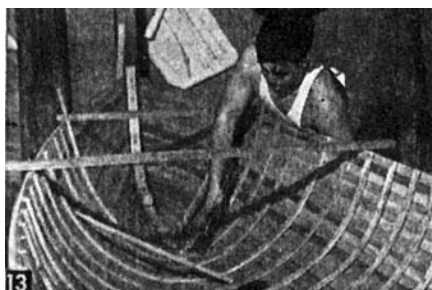
Port and starboard strip planking applied around forefoot and up the stem.



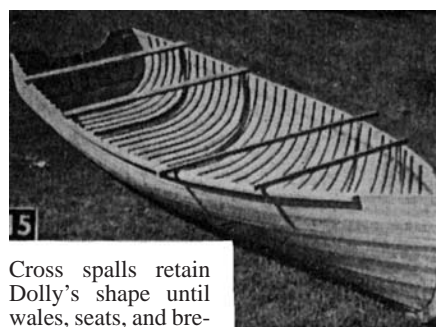
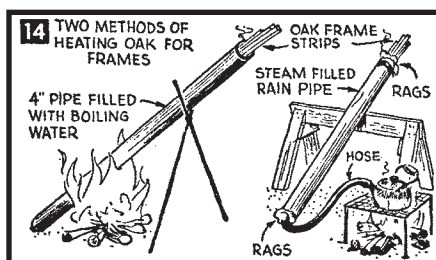
Each strip of planking is edge nailed in place. Strips flow smoothly around molds.



Frame positions are marked by pencil with thin batten at 8" centers. Spring batten from sheer to sheer.



An auto body bucking tool with handle helps in clinching the 1/4" copper clout nails.



Cross spalls retain Dolly's shape until wales, seats, and breasthook are installed and during planking.

oak batten. On every other plank strip as you go forward drill a pilot hole from inside to outside. From the outside tap the 1/4" copper clout nails (available at boat shops) in these holes to save time when you're ready to fasten in the frames. Using the marking batten, determine the lengths of each frame. From your green ripped oak strips cut the proper length frames and number them with indelible pencil starting from the transom with # 1.

Now for a word about steaming. Any means of getting the oak hot for 15 minutes will do the job. A pipe with boiling water or an old rainspout with a teakettle and a rubber hose to induce the steam will also do the trick. Steam bending is probably the most useful tool in boat building. A combination of moisture and heat does the trick. Oak to be bent is usually cut green and kept wet, but well-soaked oak stock will bend well if thoroughly saturated and heated. Any oak can be bent permanently to unbelievable shapes by a child after 15 minutes of steaming. The wetness of the wood allows heat to penetrate the fiber more quickly.

With steam bending you just wear a pair of gloves, grab a hot frame out of the box, tack the center down to the keel, bend the frame to shape, clamp the top edge to the sheer plank, and proceed to clinch nail the frame in place. All bevels are pressed in, and when the frame is cold it is stiff, the devil himself couldn't pull the nails out.

When the frames are hot and ready to bend, tack the center to the keel in position on the marks. Overbend the frame, pull it back to the sheer and clamp it. Set up a few 1/4" copper clout nails in the bottom of the hull and around the turn of the bilge. Go to the other side that is now cooler, overbend, clamp and clinch nail the whole works (Fig.13). Return to your original hot side and finish clinching. Set the copper nail heads well below the outside surface to allow later planing or sanding over them.

Saw off the frame ends and tack on the gunwales with galvanized nails from inner plank face outboard. Put in the inner wales and the seat risers with #10x1 1/2" flat head screws, one in every other frame.

Shape and install the breasthook and the stern knees. The seats are spaced as shown in Fig.2. Turn the hull over and plane with very light strokes any sharp edges. After smoothing with a plane, sand off and paint. Set the nails at the rabbet transom ends of the plank strips and plug the holes with putty mixed with varnish. One final sanding and you're ready to paint. Try varnished wales, buff hull, and green interior.

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10. Shore Bird: 14' Flat-bottom outboard skiff, wood. Here's a little "Grain Belt Yacht," in the words of the designer, for those lazy fishing days with a beer, out for sunnies or perch. As easy to build as baiting a hook, she features

a built-in live bait well. Includes construction drawings, outboard profile, plan of bottom, etc. and article reprint. Three sheets. \$50.

11. Irreducible: 10' Inboard launch, and is just what the name implies. Includes lines, construction plan, table of offsets, article reprint. One sheet. \$25.

12. Assassin: 16' Double ended launch, wood. Includes lines, table of offsets, scantlings, arrangements. One sheet plus article reprint. \$25.

13. Kingfisher: 17' Utility launch, inboard or outboard. Includes two profiles, arrangements, lines, table of offsets, construction plans. Three sheets plus article reprint. \$85.

14. Rob Roy: 15' Combination canoe and kayak. "She's a combination boat with two sheer heights. You'll use her as a one or two man canoe, a one man rowboat, or even as a large kayak," says the designer. "You launch and get into her just as you have built her, like a porcupine makes love: Carefully." Includes article reprint, construction drawings, profiles, offsets. Three sheets. \$50.

15. Piute: 25' Sensible deep sea runabout, wood. Go where far shores call, go when you want to go regardless of rough water in this fine family boat. Includes lines, offsets, profiles, construction drawings, etc. Four sheets plus article reprint. \$65.

16. Simplex: 18' Military type outboard cruiser, wood. Beam 7'6". Two bunks forward. Includes lines, offsets, construction drawings, etc. Four sheets plus article reprint. \$65.

17. Robinson Crusoe: 26' Cruiser, clinker built, wood. Includes outboard profile, lines, offsets, scantlings, arrangements, construction plans. Four sheets plus article reprint. \$80.

18. Sun Dog: 30' Cruiser, wood. Lines of 30' Elco but a few inches shorter. 9' beam, draft 2'2". Includes outboard profile, arrangements, lines, offsets, construction plans. Four sheets and article reprint. \$80.

20. Badger: Outboard modified dory, wood. 15'1" LOA, 4'3" beam. 275lbs. Plans include original article from *Sports Afield Boatbuilding Annual*, lines, offsets, profile, construction drawings, and suggested bill of materials. \$65.

21. Sun Dance: A sporty little 17½' outboard cruiser with a beam of 6'. Designed for 25-30hp outboard motor. Hull is wood, mahogany carvel planking. Designer calls her a "cruisemite." With this unique arrangement plan sleeping is done under the spray hood canopy, leaving the fore cabin for dry duffel, a practical set-up. Plans include lines, offsets, construction drawings, arrangement plan, outboard profile, article reprint, etc. Three sheets. \$80.

22. Whistler: A little 15'9" runabout, light enough to go on a trailer with ease. Beam is 5'6", draft is 15½" under the propeller tip. Simple-to-build strip construction makes her fast and inexpensive. Speeds to 22kts with the Brennan Imp or equivalent for power. Includes lines, offsets, construction drawings, article reprint, etc. Four sheets. \$80.

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My wife and I were still working in grim Manhattan offices when we inherited Aunt Sybil's house in Great Kills, Staten Island. We saw it as our weekend getaway place and maybe, since I was nearing 65, our eventual retirement home. From the porch we could see the forest of masts in the harbor. After being imprisoned in a bank all week it was a delight to be close to the sea. Whenever Jane and I weren't re-arranging furniture or phoning contractors I was studying the pages of *Easy Plywood Boats*. I kept dreaming about the dinghy I would build in our spacious backyard garage that was, at least for the moment, fairly uncluttered. In fact, there was nothing in there but a long workbench and her late uncle's 1992 Cadillac (with less than 20,000 miles on it).

I needed Jane to let me keep that Cad-dy parked in front of our house. I explained that backing such a big car out of the narrow driveway was a task for Mario Andretti. After watching me nearly demolish the chimney a couple of times, she gave in.

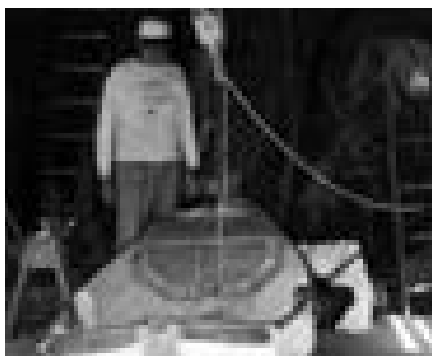
In *Easy Plywood Boats* the author said he'd built an 8' pram dinghy in a single weekend, although he admitted that his wife and a fellow boat builder lent a hand. I didn't know it yet but the same dinghy would take me eight months to build, or exactly one foot a month.

I spent my first few Staten Island weekends shopping at Home Depot, two sheets of plywood and 2"x4"s, the latter mainly for two sawhorses required in the plans. I also bought at least \$300 worth of tools; hammers, screwdrivers, a saber saw, a power drill, handsaws, chisels and drill bits from a marine hardware store a few miles away. I got lots of epoxy resin and a roll of fiberglass. I was obsessed with the little boat I would soon build.

But there was one hitch to living in our new getaway place. While we had inherited the workbench and a spacious garage, we had also inherited a feud. For years Aunt Sybil and Uncle Max had been at loggerheads with the Andersons, their neighbors across that narrow alley. Tall and rugged, Rick Anderson had once been a craftsman. His workshop near Tottenville produced beautiful wooden porch and lawn decorations. They say he was particularly good at miniature light-houses and signboards. But then the strip malls forced him out of business. Ever since he'd been driving trailer trucks between New York and Pennsylvania and reputedly had a nasty temper. Whenever he drank too much

How to Build a Boat in Your Garage

By Martin Sokolinsky



after one of these interstate runs he would get stopped for speeding in Staten Island. His two sons, though not quite as big, managed to get into just as much trouble.

The feud between Anderson and Jane's relatives had started over the huge sycamore tree in Anderson's front yard. As its massive trunk stood only a couple of feet from Aunt Sybil's driveway, the roots heaved up mounds in the asphalt surface, making it hard for the old folks to reach their garage. Ninety-year-old Uncle Max had twice phoned Anderson and asked him to cut away the roots under the driveway.

"My sons will take care of it," Mr Anderson had replied before hanging up. A year went by and his sons fixed neither tree roots nor driveway. Seeing her asphalt driveway heaved at an ever-steep angle, Aunt Sybil took charge of the situation. "Fix our damn driveway," she would shout from her back porch rocker every time Anderson came home from work, more than a bit tipsy.

The roots were bad enough. But then came a thunderstorm with 60mph winds. One huge branch in Anderson's tree snapped and fell 20' before coming to rest atop another limb so it was hung up over our front lawn. Now Aunt Sybil began yelling, "Get a tree surgeon and remove that branch. If you don't do it right away, I'll call the cops on you!"

"My sons will take care of it. They have ropes and saws." The Andersons had done nothing about the sycamore roots or Sybil's driveway. Likewise they did nothing about the branch suspended over her front lawn. Nothing happened, that is, until another strong wind shook the branch loose. It fell like a spear, burying itself 2' in the lawn. Aunt Sybil's lawn.

But now, with the old folks gone and us new people occupying the house, the Andersons didn't seem particularly contrite. They worked in their garden on the other side of the fence as if they meant to perpetuate the feud. As I hammered together the two sawhorses that would serve as a building jig for my boat, they stalked by. No greetings, no nods, total silence.

I visited Jane's brother, an engineer, who lived a few miles away. He looked at *Easy Plywood Boats* and said it didn't supply full-sized pattern sheets. For an hour he showed me how to transfer shapes for the 'midship frame, sides, bottom, and transom to the sheets of plywood. Afterwards, when I returned to our garage, I traced the outlines in pencil, took saber saw in hand and, for the

first time in my life, cut out the different pieces that would form an 8' dinghy.

But I knew I couldn't assemble the parts of the boat. Not alone, at any rate. So I phoned my daughter who'd done an apprenticeship as a carpenter, mainly, at the San Francisco Museum of Art. Now she was working on her master's degree in Manhattan and, having no assignments over the weekend, agreed to come over to Staten Island and help me knock together the dinghy.

Jacqueline, standing 5'2" and weighing 110 pounds, appeared in a Carhartt jacket and work boots. "Okay, Dad, just show me what we're doing. And remember, I'll only stay until tomorrow morning, so let's get it done today."

I explained that we had to build the dinghy upside down on the sawhorses. I positioned the frames the right distance apart and then Jackie, using wire brads, nailed the plywood sides to the 'midship frame. "Now we've got to pull the sides in at the ends, don't we? How can we do that?" my daughter asked.

"Well, why can't we use a Spanish windlass?" I said. "Isn't that what you carpenters use to glue chair legs back in their holes?" So we looped strong twine rope around the sides at bow and stern and slipped a stick through. Next we wound the twine until it was tight. Then she nailed the whole thing together with wire brads. It looked like we had done it.

Just then I had the strangest feeling that the Andersons, the husband and wife, were peeking at us through our garage window that faced their garden. Yes, they had stopped raking their leaves. Suddenly came the clatter of falling lumber as half a dozen boat pieces hit the garage floor at once.

I unleashed a volley of expletives. Every fifth word was #%*@!!! And I hadn't imagined it. Our neighbors, Mr and Mrs Anderson, were actually hovering around the garage window, taking turns looking at Jackie and me try to set up our building frame. At one point, the two of them almost seemed to smile.

Undaunted, we got the two station molds back into alignment and ratcheted up the Spanish windlass and once again, amid a clatter of falling plywood and 2"x4"s, the garage was filled with #%*@!!s I'd learned in the army. The face of Anderson was no longer at the window. This time he was on our property and striding towards us. He came past the chimney, past the back porch. He was carrying a couple long metal things. Were they spears? Had our noise pushed him around the bend?

I heard Jackie say, "Pipe clamps." He was bringing two of them with orange-painted handles. Stopping just before the open doors of the garage, he said, "Whatcha need to hold them sides in is clamps. You just use these as long as you want and when you're through just toss 'em over the fence."

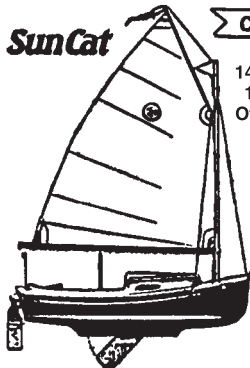
"Well, that's mighty kind of you, Mr Anderson."

"Oh," he laughed, shaking my hand, "everybody calls me Rick."

"Well, thank you, Rick. Thanks a lot. We'll return them."

"Don't worry. I gotta a whole workshop down in my cellar. With my power tools I can mill boards down to any size. Whenever you need something, just come right up on the porch and knock at our door."

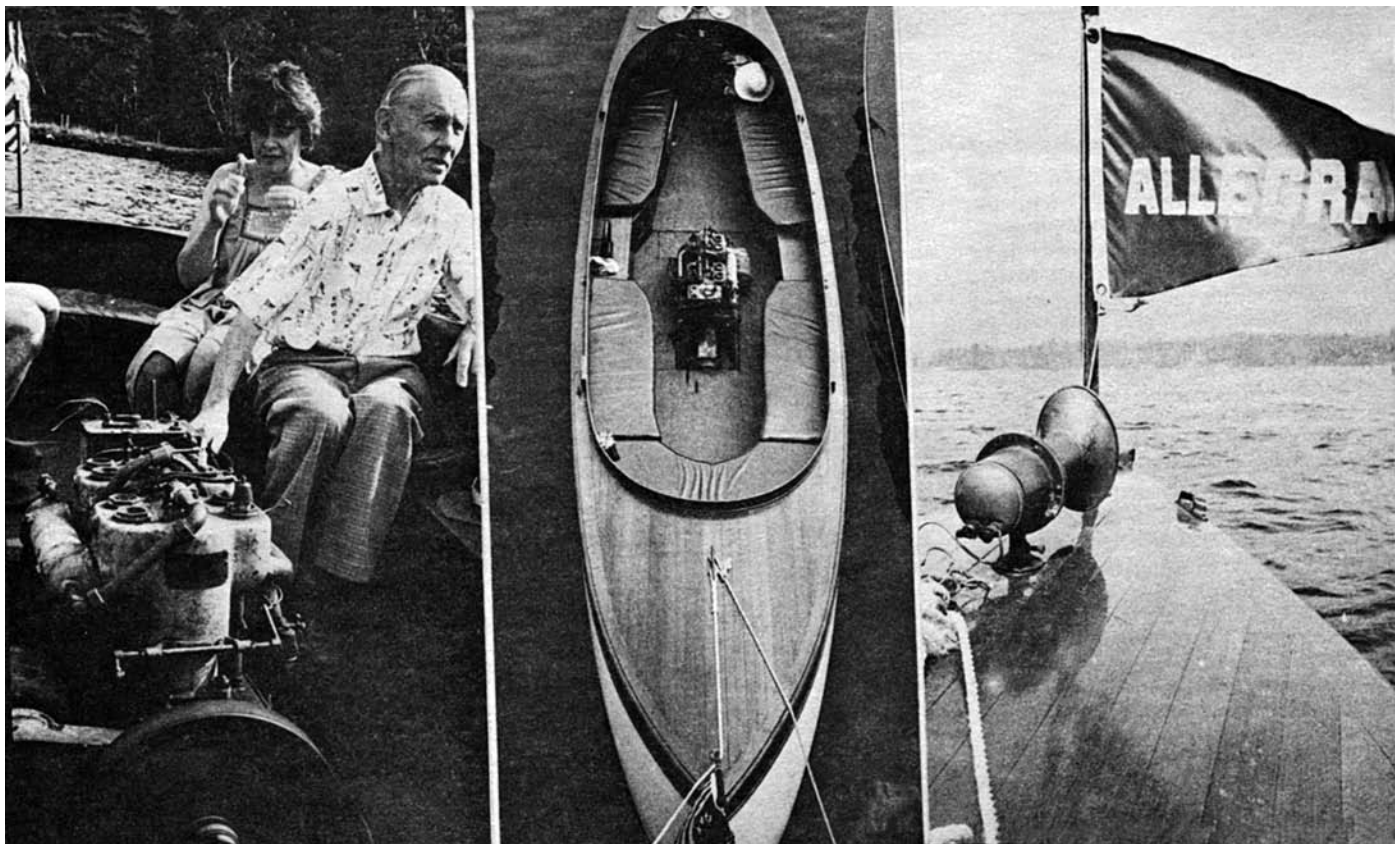
As Anderson turned and walked away, my daughter gave me a knowing look. Something much larger than the dinghy's keel had been laid down that day.



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Chapin at the helm. Friend Ginny Dutcher has first refusal should *Leal* ever be sold. The Fay & Bowen launch is a sociable craft. *Allegra* was the original name, still flies from the bow flagstaff just ahead of that original brass electric horn.

There were ten people in Chapin's launch coming back from Silver Bay on Lake George, New York. We'd all been over to see the Antique & Classic Boat meet there on August 27. "You realize there are TEN people in this boat, Chapin?" one of us asked.

"Sure, well that's what she's made for," Chapin rejoined. He should know, he's been cruising around Lake George in *Leal*, a 1912 Fay & Bowen inboard launch, since the '30s and knew her before that as a neighbor's boat. Now 82 and retired, Chapin still uses *Leal* all summer long, including making Sunday runs to church in Silver Bay with his wife.

Chapin used to be a field service engineer for Sun Oil Co and his affinity for the internal combustion engine is very obvious as he runs *Leal* down the lake. The Fay & Bowen engine is a 1916 model, installed when it came out because it had electric starting. It's a four-cylinder flathead and turns about 800rpm (my guess) just chuffing along at a steady 10mph. "One thumb width is about 10mph miles an hour," Chapin explains. The lever throttle moves over a comb arc and by inserting his thumb between the lever and its idling stop, Chapin knows he's doing 10mph.

On the inlet manifold is a small bleeder valve, one of those gas line shut-offs with a bat handle. Chapin makes fine adjustments in engine rpm as he goes by, letting a bit of air in, this slows the engine just a mite without a change in throttle setting. Periodically he also clears each cylinder by opening the bleeder valve under each of the small priming cups over each piston. It's all out in the open, no cover, we all sat alongside this gray chuffing iron heart, part of the experience.

Up on the foredeck is a brass horn, original equipment. Chapin would occasion-

25 Years Ago in MAIB

This Fay & Bowen Keeps on Going

By Bob Hicks

ally hit the button for the "Ah-ooo-gha" of that era, but then with a smile would apologize that it was a bit too shrill, the horn was made for a six-volt system and right now it was hooked up to a 12-volt battery, sort of hurrying up the "Ah-ooo-gha." Just ahead of the horn on the bow flagstaff fluttered a green banner announcing *Allegra*.

"That was the name of this boat back when the neighbors owned her in the '20s," Chapin explains. "When my family got her it was Depression time and Dad couldn't find all the brass letters for *Allegra* so he renamed her *Leal* (a local wildflower) with what he did have. Couldn't afford brass letters for a boat in those times." Today the *Allegra* banner is to please the neighbors (still there) as they look over at Chapin's boathouse.

But the boat is also lovely, even if the engine tends to dominate things. It's a 25-footer, long and narrow with a torpedo stern. Along both sides run benches with cushions and all around the back. Up forward is a wheel alongside the engine. Chapin prefers to run the launch from that engine location. The deck and interior are varnished in nice, but not show, condition. The topsides are white paint-

ed, the bottom green. The exhaust burbles out just at the waterline on the transom.

En route home on the ten-mile trip someone suggested we "thread the needle," a narrow passageway amongst several rocky islands in the lake. Chapin took us through, even entered one tiny cove where two modern sailboats were moored, backed and filled *Leal* around as the sailboat owners looked on. We struck a rock at one point in the narrows and one concerned friend suggested he go under to check on prop damage. "No need for that," Chapin shrugged, "she's got a big steel skeg runs right under the prop and there's no change in the feel of her." Matter of fact. Yes, this is a real antique, been in service just about all her age of 70 years but, after all, Chapin drives her around the lake routinely. *Leal* isn't "saved" for special occasions.

At the Antique & Classic meet we were moored right up to the dock of the boathouse stern to, along with the other, mostly much more glitteringly restored, longer boats. *Leal* wasn't out to win a prize on flash, she was just there because she belonged, as did Chapin Condit, a man and his boat that span the entire era of what we know today as "Antique & Classic" and still going strong.

Editor Comments: In 1993 we visited the Dutchers on Lake George, who in the intervening years had indeed purchased *Leal* from Chapin Condit and had it fully restored. We went for another ride and reported on it in the October 15, 1993 issue. Today we believe (having not heard otherwise) *Leal* still lives in the Dutcher's Lake George boathouse.

There is at present no distinct definition of a speed launch, although the advent of this peculiar craft has been heralded for several years. As it is now almost any launch, whether large or small, capable of making ten miles per hour is honored by the prefix "speed" unless it is built outright like a scow or barge. But it is a well-known fact that a large vessel may be driven with comparative ease at a speed that it would be impossible to attain in a small boat. Hence the length of the launch plays a very important part in its speed and a small, short launch should be credited with its higher relative speed which is always proportional to the square root of the length on the load water line.

The writer would therefore propose the following definition: The speed launch is a vessel built to offer the smallest possible resistance when running, capable of a rate of speed, in miles per hour, equal to twice the square root of its length on load water line.

For instance, a 25' launch must make at least ten miles to be called a speed launch, as the square root of 25 is five, and two times five equals ten. For a 36' launch 12 miles is the lower limit, and so forth. And to call a 60' boat making only 14 miles a speed launch, as I saw in an advertisement some time ago, is certainly to stretch the limit a little. Fifteen-and-a-half miles would be the proper speed for a 60' launch if this definition is accepted. The speed limit is by no means arbitrary but derived from the relation between the length and resistance of a vessel. At this speed the launch has just passed safely over the most critical point as regards its resistance.

"Speed" has a peculiar charm of its own, quite apart from its business aspect of saving of time. One of the most pleasant impressions of speed is to glide along swiftly over the calm surface of the water among beautiful scenery. This mode of traveling has gained many admirers and created a widespread interest in the modern high-speed vessel. The invention of the internal combustion engine has made the small speed launch a possibility, owing principally to the lightness, compactness, and small cost of such engines compared with steam engines.

The Limits of the Speed Launch

By C.O. Liljegren NA
Reprinted from *The Rudder*, March 1903

It is not too much to say that the general use of the speed launch will revolutionize yachting as a pastime, if not as a sport. Of course, old salts and sailing yachtsmen do not consider "perfume-boating" as a sport but driving, for instance, is called sport and there is much in common for both. Be this as it may, the speed launch has come to stay and new ones are being built all over the country.

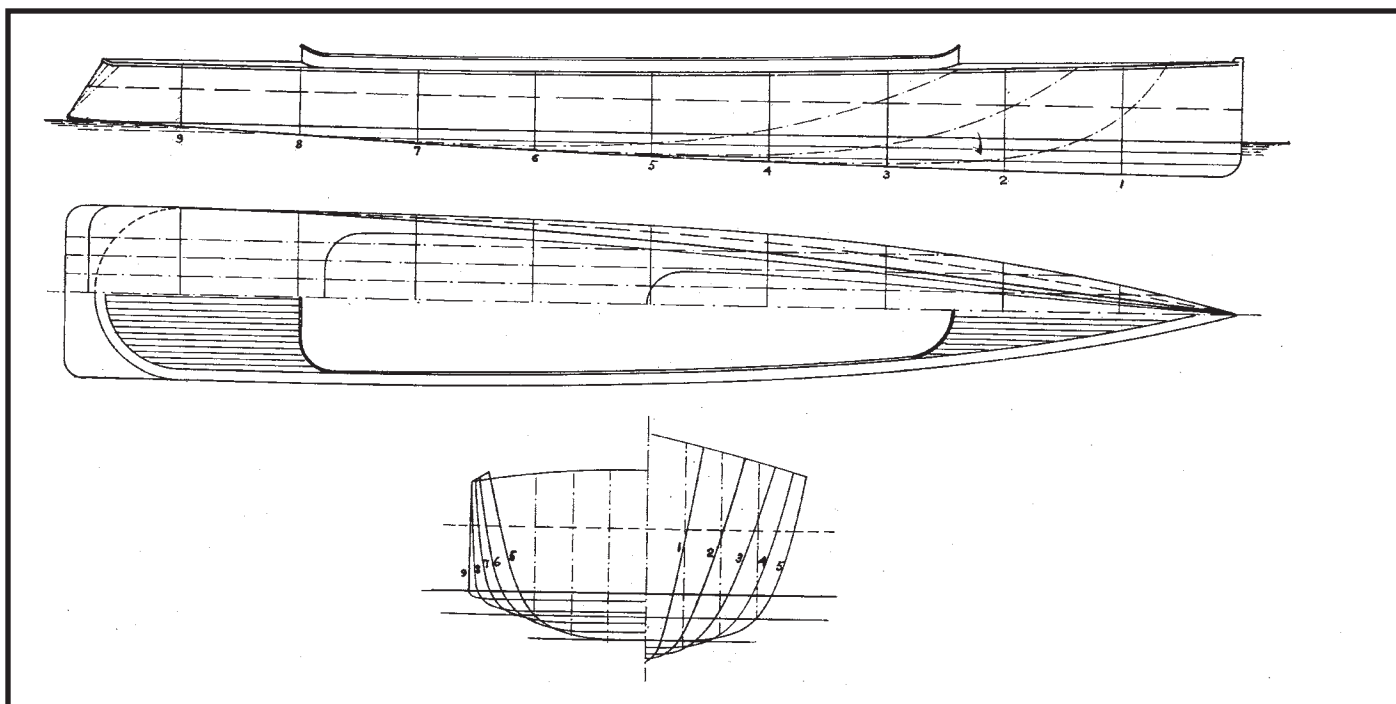
No doubt many of these launches will fail to attain their estimated speeds by a wide margin; of course, all the blame will be laid on the engine when, in fact, the hull itself is the real cause of the failure in nine cases out of ten. For there is such a thing as the form of least resistance and unless a hull is properly designed and its speed has a certain relation to its length it cannot be driven fast, no matter how much power you put in it. The more power, the more weight, and the more resistance, yes, and there you stick.

But given a hull of fine form, the more power you put into it the faster it runs. There is practically no limit to speed in this case except strength of hull and space for the machinery. But the higher the speed, the less the increase for a certain extra power because the power to drive a vessel runs up much faster than the speed, although the rate of increase is not regular by any means. That is, at certain speeds, depending on the length of the launch, a slight increase in power makes the boat go perceptibly faster, while at other speeds the proportionate addition to power does not seem to make any change in speed at all and the launch seems to just stick in the water. This phenomenon is caused by the interference of the bow and stern waves and, without now going into further details, the writer would here state that for a slight difference in length, other things being equal, the power necessary to drive a vessel at a certain speed, may vary as much as 50% or more.

Hence the imperative necessity of giving a high speed launch a length suited to her speed in order to make the resistance as small as possible. Only so can the best results be obtained. Yet hitherto launches as well as ships have been designed mostly without reference to speed and it is safe to say that millions of dollars are lost yearly in attempts to force ships to speeds where there can be very little economy of propulsion.

But there are other qualities besides a fine form that a successful high speed launch must be given. In the first case, everything must be sacrificed to speed, the hull and the machinery made as light as possible consistent with strength, and further, the hull must have the form of least resistance at the particular speed and displacement required. All this sounds formidable, and indeed, the highest skill of the naval architect and engineer is necessary to bring out a real high-speed vessel. The difficulties to surmount are tremendous for what you try to gain in one part of the design you generally lose in another and, in fact, the more you get acquainted with the subject, the more intricate it becomes. After years of hard study and work only will you begin to see the principles clearly. But it is an interesting study, the designing of high speed launches, and carries its own reward.

In the design of a speed launch the main desideratum consists in reducing the resistance to the lowest possible amount of a displacement large enough to carry the machinery necessary to drive the launch at the required speed. Now at low speed (relatively to the length of the vessel) the resistance is almost entirely caused by the adhesion of the water to the surface of the launch, skin resistance, as it has been called. A full, round form has very little surface in proportion to its displacement, hence such a form gives the least resistance at low speed. But as the speed increases, the waves created by the launch begin to take a very active part in the resistance until at last the skin resistance would sink into insignificance if we were to retain the full round form. To put it in figures, we will say that the skin resistance increases as the square of the speed,



which is very nearly true, and the wave resistance as the fourth power, on an average. For instance, a 30' launch may have at ten miles a skin resistance of 110 pounds and a wave resistance of 75 pounds. At 30 miles, if such a speed were possible, the former resistance would be four times 110 equals 440 pounds while the latter has grown to 81 times 75 equals 6,100 pounds about.

The wave resistance, however, is dependent on the fineness of the hull, hence in order to keep it within reasonable limits we must make the launch long and narrow. But hereby we increase the surface and the skin resistance, therefore we cannot keep on increasing the fineness of the hull beyond a certain point, depending on the speed and the size of the vessel. It is possible to determine this point by calculation.

When a launch is speeding through the water at a good rate the bow pushes the water aside, largely in a horizontal direction, said water being replaced at the stern by other coming up from under the hull, not from the sides. This phenomenon can be seen in brackish water when the wake of the ship is always clear, salt water but along the sides is the lighter fresh, mostly discolored water.

To assist the water particles in their natural motion caused by the force of gravity, the forebody must be made to extend vertically and the afterbody horizontally. In other words, the forebody must be designed deep and narrow in sections, the afterbody shallow and wide. Incidentally, this form also keeps the bow of the launch from rising and the stern from sinking in the water, or squatting, at high speeds. This change of a vessel's trim at high speeds does not, however, change the displacement, which always remains the same contrary to the popular notion.

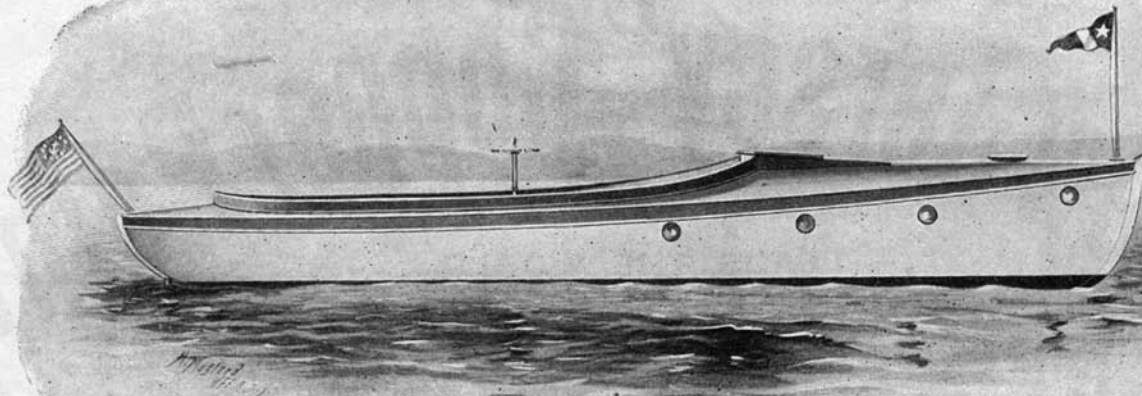
The considerations now mentioned, pushed to their utmost limits, produce a form of hull as shown in the accompanying design of a speed launch which is the logical product of the theory of least resistance as developed by the writer after years of study and experiments.

The widest part of the underwater body is at the stern, from where it gradually tapers to the bow, and the deepest part is at the bow, rising in a fair curve to the stern. In each case the longitudinal form is such as to displace and replace the water with the least possible disturbance and consequently, with the least possible resistance at high speed.

Thus, to all intents and purposes, the forebody of this design has a length equal to

the length of the hull and the afterbody extends also through the entire length. Hence the lines are as fine as if the hull really were twice as long as shown with the wave resistance reduced in proportion. But the skin resistance is little, if any, larger than that of a common hull having the same general dimensions and the displacement remains unchanged, no matter where the midship section is placed, as long as the general form of the longitudinal lines remains the same.

In this manner the resistance, for a given speed and displacement, can be reduced to a minimum, hence we may properly call the design here shown the form of least resistance. Of course, the dimensions and the proportions will change with the speed but the form, taken as a whole, remains the same. It is not a form to be recommended in open waters or in a seaway as its razorlike bow would dive right through the waves, but for smooth water it would be just the thing for a speed launch of any size which, furthermore, is not required to be driven fast in the open sea. Still, even in the case of a sea-going launch, an approximation to this form should give very good results as shown by the modern torpedo-boats, for instance.



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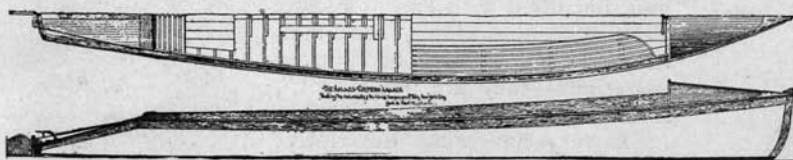
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Today's factory showroom at 20 Water Street in Orono, Maine. That's one of Steve Holt's new flagpoles.



The artwork by famed traditional northwoods canoe builder Jerry Stelmok which appears on this year's limited edition commemorative paddle.

Shaw & Tenney, the oldest manufacturer of oars and paddles in the US (and the third oldest manufacturer of marine products) turns 150 this year. Started in 1858 as a water-powered manufacturer on the Stillwater River in Orono, Maine, the company has moved twice within the same town and changed owners only three times, remaining much the same business.

In addition to manufacturing the traditionally handcrafted solid wooden oars, paddles, and other related items, owner Steve Holt has introduced wooden masts, spars, flagpoles, and specialty paddles. Shaw & Tenney now offers custom laser engraving on many items, most notably on commemorative paddles for the Marine Reconnaissance units which honor their members for their service.

Shaw & Tenney Celebrates Its 150th Anniversary

Steve credits the company's longevity to the employees whose craftsmanship, consistency, and commitment to the customer are first class. "We're a manufacturer, not a production company, and making these products takes a lot of hand/eye coordination, the key is wood, but the craftsmen need to know how to respond to wood."

"On a daily basis we are both excited and honored to carry on the incredible reputation for excellence that Shaw & Tenney has developed worldwide," says Holt. Its

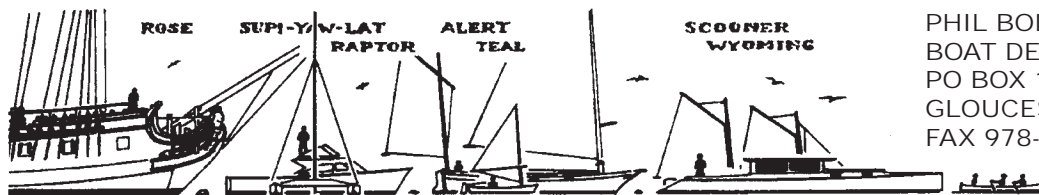
commitment to quality is also reflected in its choice of raw materials that come primarily from Maine. "We get unsolicited letters and comments often, people saying thanks for being what you are, for doing what you do, that we have exceeded all expectations," he adds.

The Shaw & Tenney website features descriptions and photographs of all products as well as an online store for purchase of most items. The entire Shaw & Tenney product line is on display at www.shawandtenney.com, including specialty items such as boathooks, canoe seats, handmade pack baskets, and marine hardware. A factory showroom at 20 Water Street, Orono, is open most business days.

In celebration of its 150th anniversary, the company is offering a limited edition paddle with laser engraved artwork by renowned canoe builder Jerry Stelmok of Atkinson, Maine.

"Lawrence" and Steve hard at work. Lawrence came to work at Shaw & Tenney in 1950 when their new (second shop) was built, and retired in 1982. He's been featured in Shaw & Tenney advertising forever. Steve Holt, third owner of the 150-year-old firm, bought the business about four years ago from second owners Paul and Helen Reagan who ran it for 28 years.





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Recapitulation

Last time we discussed the matter in the December 15, 2007 issue in our Chapter 8, we shared with you three dense one-page pieces:

1. "A Petition in Support of Gloucester's Working Inner Harbor" outlined one approach to deal with an underutilized port and its diminished tax and jobs generating capability for the community at large. It proposed to re-establish serious commercial boat building capability through the experimental pursuit of advanced fishing craft geometries and economies, building first for the fleet and then for this largest pleasure craft market, with research craft spinoffs inevitable. With 97% of the current commercial fleet having been built nowhere near here, keeping a good chunk of that money here in town spread across various yards is obviously an appropriate must-do and yet no local economic or political forum has focused on this immediate objective. We believe that rugged year-round fishing fleet duty under \$120 per barrel of oil economics will indeed be a sound basis for a broad range of respective civilian, institutional, and 24/7 security applications. Gloucester is not in a low wage region but it is close to a major market, right on the Intra-Coastal Waterway, and is known for its history of no-nonsense fishing pursuits and related industries, never mind its current slump on most accounts.

2. "Some Fishermen's Perspective on the Future Fleet" added more focus on economics and politics with ecological considerations emphasized. The list of proposed boat building projects towards "greening" of the fleet, primarily to survive the oil price jump from \$20 to \$120, continues to undergo review as operating cost and repair and new build prospects are worsening. "Lowest Carbon Footprint" may to some still sound like some lofty greenie preoccupation but is actually just the flip side of daily hard nosed black numbers only economical control of operating cost.

3. The "Request for a Public Statement on this Sustainable/Green Commercial Fisheries Project" went out in late summer '07 to various environmental advocacy groups as part of a packet of our collected wisdom and articles.

So What Has Happened Since?

Part I

Advertised as "America's Oldest Seaport," Gloucester's harbor is inherently also America's oldest dedicated fully zoned and permitted Industrial Park! As such it has been the subject of an extended multi-year analysis by a dedicated community panel reflecting various interests group tasked to formulate a "Draft of a Harbor Plan for the City of Gloucester." It was assisted by the Urban Harbor Institute at UMass (University of Massachusetts) Boston. Extensive analysis from historical use patterns, over infra-structural features down to individual property lines and permits, resulted in a dense 115-page

Bolger on Design

Messing About in Fishing Boats

Chapter 9

document published in May 2006 (it should remain viewable for a while via Internet). After an 18-month policy of stagnation by the previous administration, that draft plan is now under community review across various workshops and discussions and we've found the need to add our perspective to it as well.

Remarkably, as a plan to reinvigorate the economic capabilities of this port, it seemed to take for granted that the two key value adding activities of boat building and fish cutting would never much amount to anything worthwhile integrating into this proposal for the future.

Indeed, very little commercial boat building is pursued here, despite our best efforts, as fishermen and yachties have, over years and now decades, frequently not even considered going local, while most of the remaining boat builders insisted on selecting mostly traditional approaches which, in turn, did not meet much of the apparent market demands here. While we kept presenting our input to the coordinator of this planning effort during private and public meetings, we were never invited to join the committee proceedings, nor did we see any builders listed in the roster of waterfront stakeholders consulted across the years. By the end of the extensive cycle of formulating the proposal, boat building was briefly mentioned in passing but never seen as anything amounting to even a modest economic benefit for the port.

You'd figure selling an inshore outboard skiff for say \$10k might equal a lot of lunch orders at shore side eateries, requiring just one truck and boat trailer movement per episode, vs say 500 \$20 lunches off ten to twelve bus loads of people. Contemplating selling a few \$150k coastal cruisers would begin to appear a lucrative economic proposal indeed, not to mention the results of attracting business for much bigger hulls. And there could be locally built charter fleets for day and weekly contracts, yielding steady 'rental' income and the predictable sale of used and new hulls due to clients' in-depth testing of the craft during a charter.

Finally, and most importantly in the context of Messing About in Fishing Boats, in light of the needs of the fleet to restructure itself to match the mounting energy costs, it appears rather stunning to leave out of this official economic proposal for the future port the opportunity and obvious need to keep local money local by fishermen frequenting local builders for hand-in-glove relationships in

pursuit of the best match of distinctive needs along with the best economies for both. And then imagine the commercial and institutional craft spinoffs possible from the construction and extensive daily use in the northwest Atlantic of advanced fishing craft working 12 months every year and often across extended periods of harsh weather in dark months.

Whatever the reasons, the majority on that committee seemed convinced that boats always come from somewhere else, not necessarily WalMart but at least from several states away. And the local Chamber of Commerce added no optimism either on the need and opportunities in terms of jobs, profits, and tax base enhancement from such thriving ventures.

Fish cutting, preserving, and shipping used to be extensive here with railways carrying Gloucester's products out across the continent with well-known painted logos across wooden and later steel-bodied freight cars. But like fishing, it was done for too long in ways unsustainable, here in the use of fresh water and pollution of the harbor's water. And as a matching example of various colorful forms of myopic governance and planning by certain previous mayoralities, Gloucester now is the last community out of 354 in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts to still get along with just a primary sewage treatment plant, aided by the patience of various generations of state officials who wrote extension papers allowing additional years of status quo.

The point seems to be for fish cutting that that archaic system is deemed unable to digest the waste water inherent in the process of adding value to local landed seafood. Various (long overdue) water quality acts did put the stop on large scale flush and dump operations in Gloucester, with Boston instead now featuring a corresponding increase in that business, fully plumbed to code, even though, unlike Gloucester, its fishing fleet has already shrunk into insignificance. Lots of ironies to feast on here.

With a new mayor in Gloucester, a woman from out of state no less, here barely a decade or two and swept into office with 60-40 advantage over yet another clone of previous statesmanship, the future now will see a costly, but long overdue, upgrade of the sewer system all the way to the outfall pipe beyond the breakwater. And while the Harbor Plan Draft assumes little future in value adding to locally landed seafood due to the waste water challenge and Boston's extant infrastructure, we now see little reason to be pessimistic on this issue here in Gloucester. The waste water issue is clearly addressable in a number of ways and value adding of locally landed seafood should add to Gloucester's jobs and tax base.

It seems appropriate to assume that the apparent pessimism on the these two key value adding industries expressed in the Plan is much more a reflection of this peculiar "see little future in what we have" spirit hovering over too many quarters of this shore side

community. With sustainability based regulatory pressure on the fleet and thus the shore side marine/industrial ventures, breath-takingly gloomy assumptions deepen and further skew perspectives of too many on the future of this port and thus its meaning to this community. In words and print an odd mix bubbles and oozes in predictable and unexpected venues, reflecting recalcitrance against must-dos, lurid expressions of victimization and colorful resentment against "outside" forces of various dark motivations, and the near sporting impulse by way too many to reject before examination alternatives to the city's presumed lot.

All this appears embroidered with selective memories of "Them Golden Years" with just a very few threads of critical self-examination woven in here and there as to how Gloucester and the fleet got to this point. Indeed, even the freshening wind through City Hall still carries with it surprisingly substantial clouds of trace elements of that spirit spawned in countless examples of previous policies.

We suggest keeping doors and minds exposed a bit longer to that fresh breeze until the worst of that self-destructive fog in the head has been blown out of most corners, with remnant just there to remind us on how not to do things again. We suggest a policy of flagrant bullshitness on the future of Gloucester, firmly rooted in its best "Can-Do" traditions, with upgraded infrastructure and a determined focus on sustainability of this port, the city and resource out there.

So What Has Happened Since? Part 2

Good things have happened. One senior member of the fleet finally gave up resisting our advances and came over for an evening. Beyond our aggressive poking at him over the years, the accelerating rise of fuel cost last summer added to his motivation. After some three hours he called for time out as he had to be on the boat tomorrow at 0400. But he also asked to come back! He eventually spent over 15½ hours across five sessions sounding us out. He then went out through his fellow members of the fleet collecting signatures on Paper #1, the Petition. No slouch, another fisherman who'd been here a year ago with interest but pessimism about the fleet's receptivity felt compelled now to keep up and produce his share of signatures, trolling in the "Crow's Nest." A few others followed and we now have a reasonable number of mostly well-known owner/operators, crew, local captains for hire, across the tribes and fisheries, ranging from gillnetters over longliners, rod and reel types to lobstermen and the stern draggers, an untypical mix of folks across various chasms.

Key shore side stake holders along the harbor read this momentum and joined with their voice in support of our project. After all, we ask for no money, just signatures. And on state and federal levels R&D money is supposed to be available for such de facto scientific work on carbon footprint reduction and advances in vessel safety. Yes, the city is near broke and we won't even ask.

With this long denied treasure trove of warm bodies in support of our perspective at last beginning to float this project, we compiled our collected wisdom with these names and approached the fishing industry's most ardent environmental watchdogs (see Paper #3) asking for a public statement. After two months The Ocean Conservancy offered this perspective:

"Dear Ms Altenburger: Thank you very much for sharing your company's ideas on the Green Commercial Fisheries Project. I have reviewed the briefing book that you provided and have consulted with others in this organization. Though fishing vessel design and fuel costs are major concerns for the fishing industry, these factors are outside the realm of our expertise and we do not feel it is appropriate to offer comment. However, we do urge you to continue to work with commercial fishermen whom are the best judges of what constitutes economical vessel design and operation.

John Williamson, Fish Conservation Program Manager, New England Region."

A bit tepid, to say the least, as their policies are very much based on using technology, directing vessel effectiveness and thus economics with full claims to legitimacy of seasoned expertise always ready, eager, and frequently quite insistent to offer comment.

But then a friendly letter arrived from the New England-focused Conservation Law Foundation interested in a serious sit-down. After extensive in-house deliberation within CLF, we received this letter dated March 30, 2008:

"Dear Phil and Susanne: Thank you for sharing your ideas with us about potential new directions for the New England fishing fleet. While it is premature to reach any conclusions about the role the vessels you have designed might play in the regional fishing fleet in the 21st century, we completely agree with you that market and world circumstances have shifted to such a degree that the future challenges that New England fishermen face will be shaped by a different set of factors than their predecessors faced. The vision that you have set forth of a lighter, more adaptable, and safer fishing platform that has lower capital and operating costs is worth exploring as a means for meeting these challenges. Conservation Law Foundation fully supports your efforts to take this vision into a serious research and development phase so that the benefits of your proposal can be assessed and understood more thoroughly by regional fishermen.

The modern groundfish fleet in New England was enabled by the extensive federal government grant and subsidy programs of the 1980s that encouraged fishermen to build bigger and more powerful boats. While there are many who, in hindsight, now question the ultimate wisdom of that initiative in light of the over-capitalization of the New England fleet relative to fish abundance and reproduction, the current inventory of high-horsepower, steel vessels reflects the success of that federal effort. Notably, the current New England fleet was built at a time when fuel costs were low and climate chance was not even a topic of speculation.

Circumstances have changed significantly. The management system has improved so that effort is being increasingly constrained to more appropriate levels with the result that the industry is less able to support the costs of fishing on unsustainably high catch levels. At the same time, the costs of operating a fishing boat have multiplied, primarily as the result of soaring fuel expenses. While prices for fish to the boat have been slowly rising during this same time frame, the variable costs of catching those fish have increased much more rapidly. The result is declining profitability for individual operations even as fish populations rebound. Given the global demand for fuel and steel, there is

little likelihood that the current high costs of boat construction and fuel consumption are ever likely to return to previous levels.

It seems to us that there are two options in these circumstances. Fishing effort can be consolidated with fewer boats and people catching more of the fish, creating increased efficiencies of operation. This has already been happening over the past decade and the recent efforts to form sectors in the groundfish industry will facilitate that consolidation even more over time. The second option, and the only option that may be available to the smaller, coastal fishermen, is to reduce costs. While we are not in a position to determine whether the designs you are advancing are the only or even the best means of reducing costs for fishermen in the hook and gill net fleets, they are certainly worth exploring.

The second structural change since the 1980s is global warming. We find the vision you offer of "greening" a significant segment of the New England fleet to be very attractive from the perspective of reducing diesel fuel consumption. We have not attempted to estimate fuel consumption in this sector but believe that it is significant. If your designs or other designs that are based on similar principles are functionally viable from a fisherman's perspective and reduce fuel consumption significantly, they may form the basis for a "green fleet" that could reduce regional greenhouse gas emissions and, perhaps, form the basis of a marketing effort built around sustainable harvesting practices.

Finally, we also appreciate and applaud your efforts to rehabilitate the Gloucester boat building tradition. While it is hard to imagine that this region will ever recapture any competitive advantages with respect to steel hull boat construction, there are a number of yards that are well situated to your construction techniques. Indeed, many fishermen themselves are likely to have more than adequate skills to build their own vessels. Although experience prevents us from being sanguine about any prospects of a rebirth of Gloucester's maritime heritage, we applaud your optimism.

We don't have to tell either of you that this is uphill battle on all fronts. There is always tremendous resistance to change and what you are suggesting is radical change by any measure. Nevertheless, your ideas are make intuitive sense and the cost effective opportunities that you are trying to create for new entrants to the fishery and for the smaller scale coastal fishermen are important. The next key action in our view is to get a prototype vessel built so that fishermen can assess the design and understand its performance better. To that end, we would love to see some of the LNG mitigation funding that has come to Gloucester or the federal "disaster" funding be used to take some of your ideas from the drawing board to the water. Ultimately, perhaps we can look forward to another federal subsidy program that would enable a restructuring of the current fleet to one that could be competitive, safe, efficient, and "green" in the future.

Again, thank you for asking our opinion about your project. We wish you the best of luck with this effort and would be pleased to support your efforts in any way possible.

Peter Shelley, Vice President and Massachusetts Advocacy Center"

Serious words by serious folks. Incredulous fishermen read this letter formulated by their erstwhile adversaries who had been

part of the most recent and most draconian legal proceedings to force the National Marine Fisheries Service and thus the fleet to further reduce their catch to allow rebuilding of depleted stocks. The limits cut deep into the fleet, culling a good number of ventures under this pressure, with the remaining operations taking very serious losses in income and long-term viability, essentially leaving the most determined and best positioned folks. CLF had been most insistent and effective in its position "to protect the resource." And now fishermen find themselves in company with CLF supporting our project to see the remaining fleet find ways to survive the destructive impact of massive increases in fuel costs!

Chieftains of the leading industry group apparently will continue to refuse even talking to us about what we are in fact proposing. We still hand delivered our packet of statements, petitions, and articles on the effort in industry mags. They may change their minds yet...

We did sit down with our district's state politicians, certain state officials, district managers of Congressmen, with packets also now in the offices of US Senators Kennedy and Kerry and we just assume that this is the time, the place, and the topic that should warrant serious attention and we hope tangible support. We'll see and we'll report.

We had already observed a surprising absence on any regional academic level of research on this issue, heard of no known effort on the New England Fisheries Management level. Now we found another example of this indifferent mindset apparently pervading the design industry as well, confirmed by an informal survey of just about all design houses and boat builders represented at the recent Fish Expo Atlantic in Providence Rhode Island, none of whom advertised any proposals on how to cope with \$120/barrel oil through advanced design concepts.

Whatever the grand historical realities to record, supported by the local signatures and CLF's strong statement, we at last see doors opening here in Gloucester and are targeting key actors with packets of our material. After unequivocally expressing our concerns of the blind spots in the Harbor Plan Draft, we formulated a letter on 04/07/08 to Prof Wiggins at U-Mass Boston. And it seems a good foundation for key talking points in the ongoing review of wide ranging opinions, the plausibility of policy options, and the political and fiscal feasibility to reorient towards sustainability the course of the oldest Marine Industrial Park in America. Here are some excerpts:

"Dear Prof Wiggins: This letter of endorsement of our project by the Conservation Law Foundation constitutes a remarkable confluence of interests between New England's leading regional environmental advocates and a growing group of commercial fishermen of all fisheries, tribes, and other chasms. We have shared this public endorsement with Mayor Kirk, the City Council, and the City's Planning Board and, of course, key supporters in the fleet and amongst shore side stake holders.

We believe that our Fourth Proposal in addition to your/the Harbor Plan Draft working group's proposal, the Chamber of Commerce's Taskforce approach (mostly pushing for marinas, hotel and restaurants), Rosenfeld's Riviera perspective (no comment necessary) is a constructive and realistic addition to your approach:

It accepts the dictates of the state's clearly delineated Designated Port Area (DPA) usage limits and economic opportunities.

It reflects the obvious energy cost related realities for fleet and harbor function forcing greener approaches.

It respects the state's significant increase in strong environmental sustainability policy initiatives.

It strongly underscores value-adding opportunities maximizing this port's extant infrastructural characteristic to leverage additional but nascent capabilities in keeping with the notion of a Hub Port for commercial fleet, fish processing, and tourism/pleasure boating.

It re-energizes the harbor's commercial stature after years of fishing regulation related decline, reformed the hard way in thinking about and capitalizing upon the recovering resource matrix in the fertile fishing grounds so close to Gloucester.

And it strongly suggests immediate and coming business opportunities including for members of the Chamber's taskforce.

Based on the incubator potential of our project, here is a list of progressively unfolding opportunities to increase the port's jobs and tax base within the DPA:

1. The immediate opportunity to build now a charter fleet of trailerable coastwise low carbon footprint power cruisers to explore all of Massachusetts coastline from Narragansett Bay around Cape Cod, past our waters here, all the way into Great Bay, New Hampshire, and then Maine's waters, maximizing Gloucester's location at the northern end of the Intra-Coastal Waterway both close to Boston and the Great Marsh.

2. Initial experimental development work to explore advanced commercial fishing hull geometries and energy cost correct propulsion configurations funded by private, state, and federal sources already underway on a modest level.

3. Subsequent multiplication of successful designs for this fleet and those of other ports under the pressure to reduce their carbon footprint, conceivably pushed along by respective federal policies (see CLF letter's last paragraph).

4. The obvious opportunities to offer for charter and sale Gloucester built civilian derivatives of these commercial hulls, "21st century trawler yachts," tested in the year-round rigors of the fishing industry offered to the world's largest market of holiday cruisers and liveaboards. We personally lived on our 51' liveaboard motor-sailer year-round for many years, including in winter either afloat and solidly frozen in or surrounded by large snowdrifts high and dry on land.

5. Inciting the three local yacht clubs to begin again frequenting local builders for a direct personal relationship between builder and client, matching personal wish lists and pride in local industry.

6. The parallel re-emergence of respective shore side support industries for the recovering fishing fleet and its steady flow of sustainably caught seafood, Gloucester built and based charter fleet, along with boat building for pleasure, other commercial, and institutional/research purposes.

7. The re-emphasis of sustainable Gloucester caught and branded fish processing, as the fleet's viability is recovered through sustainability based regulation, vessel design, and fishing practices.

A number of solutions are within reach to manage water consumption and waste water issues.

8. The perhaps unique, since distinctly Gloucester notion of working harbor tourism, emphasizing the marine/industrial nature of this destination with its sight/sounds/smells of purposeful industrial activities on the water and on land, observable in passing or followed with great interest along a "Fishing Port Path" with signage, guidebooks, walking and boat guided tours, primed by videos and schedules of boat launchings, etc, with activities observable through picture windows, from "peanut galleries" and "nose over the fence" positions watching key port processes of vessel departures, catch landings, fish auctions, some aspects of fish processing, and observing at some yards from safe distances boat building and repair, sharing with the paying visitors what happens in this oldest seaport, what it takes to build vessels for fishing, what happens during fishing, watching landing of the catch, all capped by the "fresh off the boat" experience at various styles of eateries to all budgets and inciting a number of visitors every week to pick up a dinghy for the kids, a dayboat for sunbathing and rod fishing, or to sit down for negotiations about that retirement liveaboard cruiser, already well understood after chartering a sistership.

We see some of the more ambitious notions of redoing the harbor in large scale as primarily rooted in:

- a.) The deep frustration of economic decline due to past sins of under-regulation and overfishing.

- b.) The negative effects of understandable but ultimately inappropriate defeatist doomsday attitudes.

- c.) The surprising lack of understanding by too many of allowable economic opportunities within DPA.

- d.) Fatigue of civilians and harbor property owners from certain attitudes exhibited by certain entrenched voices within the fleet, of which a good number of our supporters in the fleet are tired as well, suggesting a sense of entitlement based on past economic standing that for the time being is no more,

- e.) And until this current administration, a surprising persistent resistance to thoroughly examine all possible opportunities and schemes, silly and realistic ones, due to...

- f.) The absence of an Open Permanent Port Roundtable where opportunities can be noticed, formulated, shared, and examined, where examples of small or systemic mis- or under-development can be tracked and (hopefully) corrected to protect the sustainability of the port.

This port cannot cure what ails the city's budget elsewhere. It cannot make up for past omissions or lack of initiative by some inner harbor property owners. But taking the can-do spirit of those still successful around the port and fishing out there, it can multiply its current contribution in jobs and tax base with a purposeful pursuit of opportunities that come from resource recovery, rationalized city zoning, state support for key DPA attributes enhancements, such as kick starting commercial boat building to support the fleet, and community-wide support for the future of the port, not mourning its past.

Feedback? Phil Bolger and Susanne Altenburger, PO Box 1209, Gloucester, MA 01930

Sometimes equipment fails for any number of reasons. If you are out on the water when this happens you either call for help and/or fix it yourself. There is an old saying from the Depression era along the lines of "use it up, wear it out, make it do, or do without." On a boat we make it do. The chewing gum and baling wire approach has become duct tape and nylon twist ties.

With a boat, one question is what can or cannot be bypassed to get the boat back to the dock. I now carry a spare can of diesel fuel that can be plumbed into the fuel system if necessary due to water/solids, etc in the fuel tank. I also carry two spare filters as one does learn over time. Because of a dead cell in one of the starting batteries I have a spare heavy battery cable with the proper connections to allow me to jump start the diesel. With the extra cable I can convert the power to the starter to 24v. Such voltage may burn out the starter if cranked too long, but if the engine starts I will be able to get back to the dock where repairs are a lot easier. I know where the electrical connections are for the pre-heat glow plugs and the starting switch and can bypass both to get the glow plugs to glow and the starter to spin. And I have the necessary spare wires to do both. Granted, the above is not my idea of a nice day on the bay but there may be a time when bypassing something will be the only way off the bay in a reasonable period of time.

I also carry a metric and American Standard socket set (all the usual sizes in one container). I purchased the set following our acquisition of the Sisu-22 with its Perkins Diesel (metric nuts/bolts). While disassembling a Tornado crossbeam once (all metric) I started wondering what sizes in metric would fit standard and vice versa. After some research I found the good people at Northeast Fasteners Co (Granby, Massachusetts) who sent me some information so I now know that a 18mm socket is almost the same as a 1 1/16" socket and the information confirmed what I had found from experience that a 10mm socket is almost the same as a 3/8" socket. But, as those who have worked with both sets of wrenches/sockets know, while a 3/8" socket will "fit" a 10mm nut, a 10mm socket will not fit a 3/8" (10mm is slightly smaller than 3/8").

What is of great use is the knowledge that if the edges of a nut are worn and the "right" sized wrench/socket will not fit snug-

From the Lee Rail

By C. Henry Depew

ly, a sufficient fit can be achieved with the metric wrench/socket of similar size. Such information may come in handy on the water some day when I have need for a socket or wrench for a nut or bolt head and do not have the correct size available. Of course, there is always the adjustable crescent wrench but it does not work well in confined spaces.

Something else that is sometimes needed is a length of line of the right size for the job. Most of us carry an anchor rode, dock lines, and some odds and ends for use as needed. It usually works out that whatever is on board is not quite right for the need and so what is available has to be used. After a couple of such adventures my boat has a 25' hank of 1/4" nylon, some polypropylene line, and my always available dental floss. As the 1/4" nylon gets cut and used for various projects, it gets replaced about once a year (local hardware store is a good source). I may not have quite the right line for the job but I can get close enough for the purpose.

My wife and I were scheduled to be the Race Committee for the Apalachee Bay Yacht Club's "Murphy Regatta" held near St Patrick's Day in honor of one of our members. Our boat was not ready to go so we were loaned another boat, with owner on board, for the event. The morning brought a stiff 10-15kt breeze from the south and haze. By the time we had the gear on the boat and were ready to head out, fog rolled in to the point that visibility was under 100 feet at times. The owner turned the key to start the engine only to hear the "click, click" of a low battery.

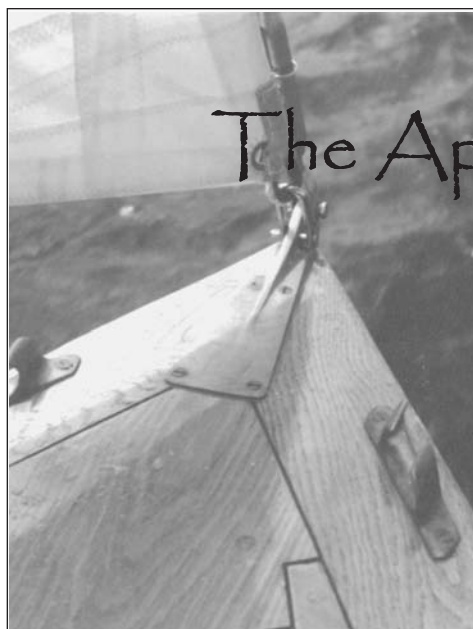
At that point I used the VHF radio to inform all concerned that the race was cancelled. With a steady, strong wind, building seas, poor visibility, and dead batteries, I decided that the omens were against a sailboat race that day (none of the race participants protested the cancellation). Of interest to me was how the boat was rigged. We have learned not to take someone else's boat out without the owner along as things are never as they seem to be on a boat. In this case the visible battery switch did not control the electronics which had a separate battery and

switch. The VHF radio was not turned on at the radio, it had a separate switch at the circuit breaker panel that had to be turned on. The diesel engine did not have a glow plug button to hold down while starting the engine like my boat has, rather the ignition key is held in "position two" for a couple of seconds and then switched on to the starter position.

I have been working on my dinghy. I used a piece of purpleheart wood left over from a previous project to create a stiffener for the mast step. The factory-built step has two short screws holding it in place. Those who have sailed such boats in the past say that the screws work loose and the aluminum step separates from the wood pad underneath. The plan is to glue, with 5200 adhesive, the purpleheart down around the existing mast step to provide additional lateral motion restriction. Purpleheart is a very dense wood (it must be cut with a hacksaw blade and any screw/nail holes must be pre-drilled). With luck my installation will provide more support for the mast step.

I am also installing a boom vang and a mainsheet cam to improve the sail shape and lessen the strain on my arm when sailing. Another owner of this model of dinghy does not have the cam for the mainsheet. In his view, if he needs the cam it is time to get off the water with the boat. On some sailboats a cam for the mainsheet is not a good idea as it is difficult to release the sheet in a hurry. Of course, if someone is at the tiller they can head up to windward in a gust and keep everything sort of level. Time and some additional sailing will tell on this project.

All the above aside, sometimes all can go nicely and a lovely day on the bay will be enjoyed. A light wind, gentle swells, and the beginning of a beautiful sunset are some of the reasons one does go out in a boat. Those with power boats wax eloquent on the smooth ride, the sound of power, and the speed of the boat. Those with sailboats do the same without the emphasis on power and speed. Then there are those who go in the canals and along the coast in their rowing shells, kayaks, or canoes and speak of drifting up on the birds and other wildlife along the shore. All of this is very neat for those involved until a squall line moves across the bay with a few minutes of stiff, cold wind, driving rain, and then sunshine again. One rides out the storm and then goes back to enjoying the boating.



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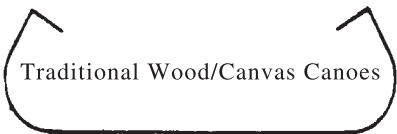
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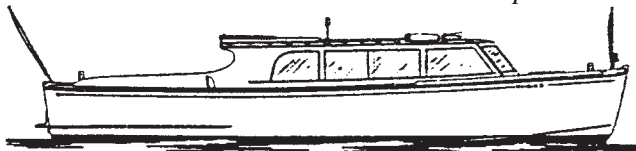
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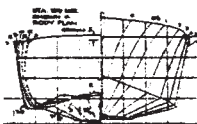
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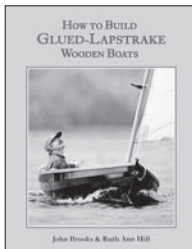
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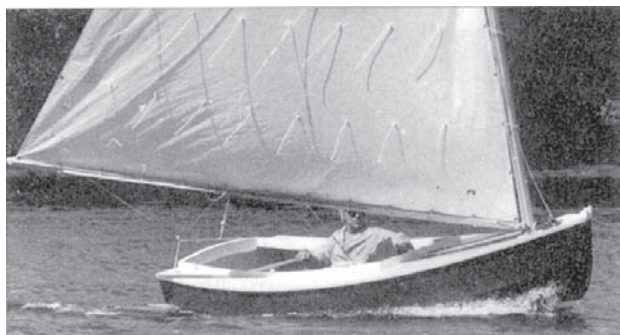
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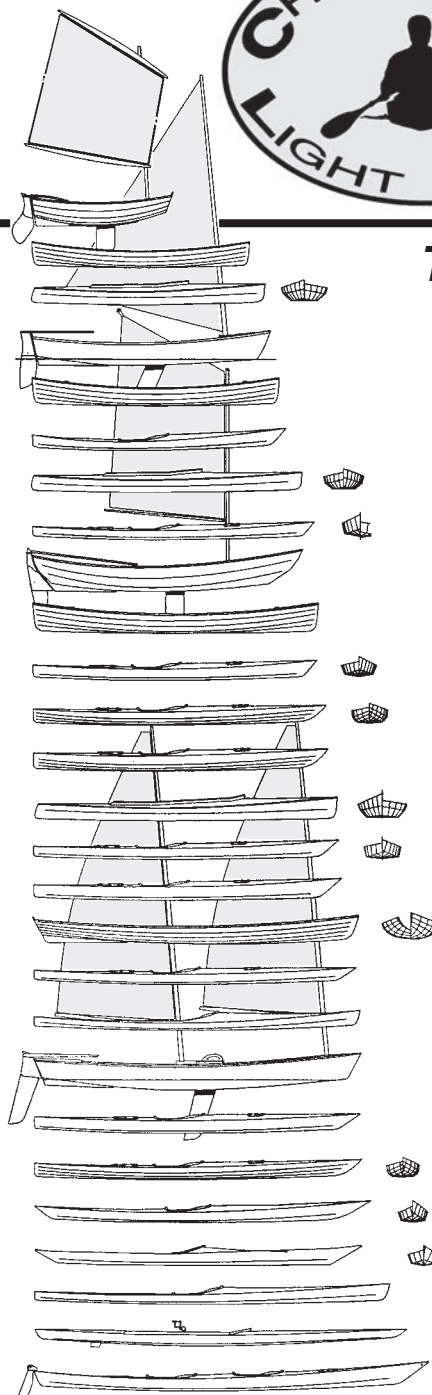
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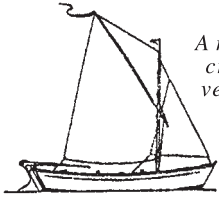
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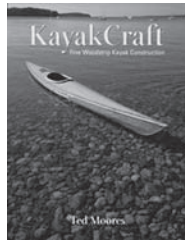
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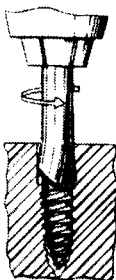
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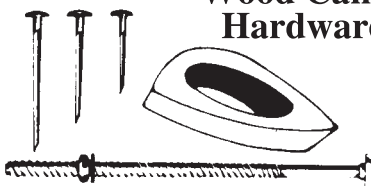
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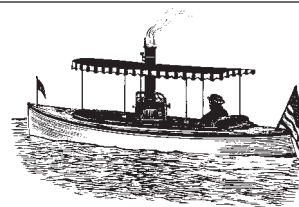


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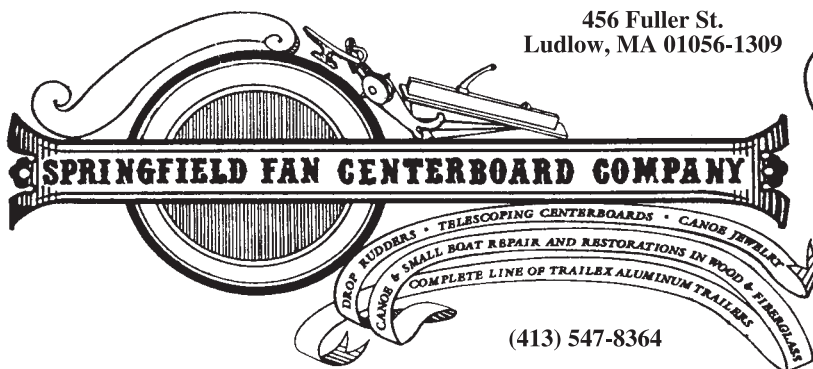
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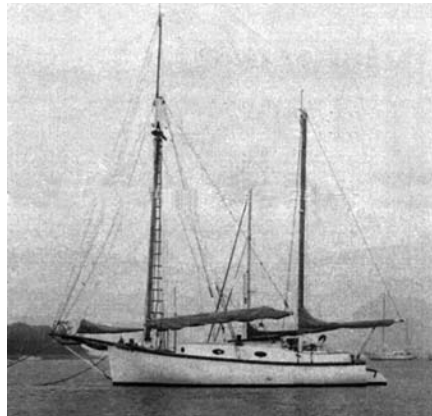
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BOAT PLANS & KITS - WWW.GLEN.COM: Customer photos, FREE how-to information, on-line catalog. Or send \$9 FREE Supplies catalog. Over 240 proven designs, 7'-55'. "How To Use Epoxy" manual \$2.00.
GLEN-L, Box 1804MA, 9152 Rosecrans, Bellflower, CA 90707-1804, (562) 630-6258, www.Glen-L.com (TFP)

Sight Reduction Tables for Marine Navigation, Compl series. Vols 1 thru 6, 0 degrees thru 90 degrees inclusive, to facilitate celestial navigation at sea. U.S. Gov. printing office, Washington. 1975 Pub. #229. Gd cond. All 6 volumes for \$50 plus \$9 shipping.
LAWRENCE BECK
 Pittsburg, PA
m_lbeck@yahoo.com (7)

Skipper Magazines, '60-'70, about 30 or so. **Yachting**, '34 & '72. Free, you pay shipping.
JOANNE SCOTT
 Chestertown, MD
 (410) 810-3663
j.s.scott@verizon.net (6)

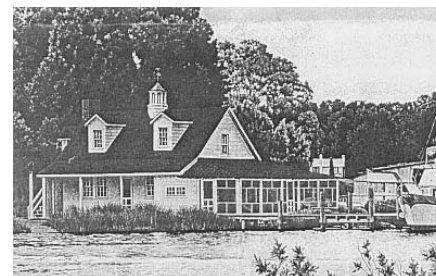
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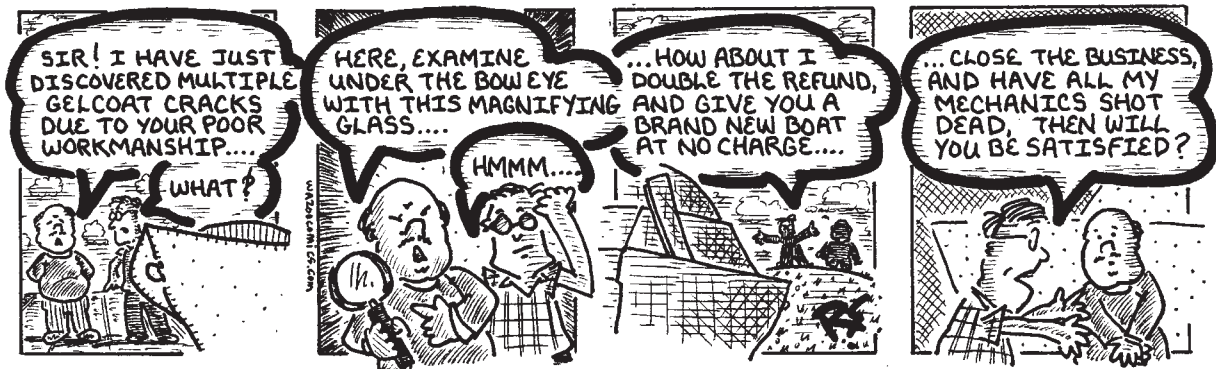


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WOLF BARTZ, Chelmsford, MA, (978) 256-5257 www.islandvacationrentals.biz, "Maple Cottage." (6)

Shiver Me Timbers *By: Robert L. Summers*

Boatyard Customer Relations



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Upcoming Shows:

June 5-8 The Yacht Show, National Harbor, MD ***
June 6-8 Fairport Canal Days, Fairport, NY ***
June 13-15 Antique & Classic Boat Festival,
Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum, St. Michaels, MD ***
May 24-26 Woodstock Craftshow, New Paltz, NY ***
Jun 14-15 Cape Cod Life Boating Expo (tentative) Hyannis MA ***
Jun 21-22 Crafts at Rhinebeck, Rhinebeck, NY
Jul 4-6 Berkshire Crafts Festival, Great Barrington, MA ***
Jul 12-13 Lake Champlain Maritime Festival, Vergennes, VT ***
Jul 18-20 Antique and Classic Boatshow, Hammondsport, NY ***
Jul 18-20 Lakeside Living Expo, Guilford NH ***
Jul 25-27 Finger Lakes Boat Show, Skaneateles, NY ***
Aug 1-3 Antique & Classic Boat Show, Clayton, NY ***
Aug 2-3 Champlain Valley Folk Festival, Kingsland Bay, VT ***
Aug 8-10 Maine Boats & Harbors, Rockland, ME ***
Sep 5-7 Port Townsend Wooden Boat Showl, Port Townsend, WA ***
Oct 9-13 United States Sailboat Show, Annapolis, MD

*** signifies on-water demos



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